

The Grimms'

German Folk Tales

**Translated by Francis P. Magoun, Jr.,
and Alexander H. Krappe (Carbondale, Il., 1960)**

Wikipedia:

[Brothers Grimm](#), Jacob and Wilhelm,
19th-century German scholars and folklorists.

[Grimms' Fairy Tales](#).

[List of Stories](#).

Writings by folklorist [Alexander H. Krappe](#), at Internet Archive.

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TO

Dag Strömbäck

IN FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM

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FOREWORD

KINDER- UND HAUSMÄRCHEN (*"Folk Tales for Children and the Home"*), as gathered and brought out in its more or less canonical form by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in 1857 and often loosely and inaccurately referred to as "Grimms' Fairy Tales," is a collection of eighteenth-century and earlier German folk tales, in part taken from contemporary oral tradition, in part from older printed sources. As finally presented by the Grimms, these appear in a straightforward, somewhat unadorned though by no means barren style, while a certain matter-of-factness and chattiness colors the whole. Here the translators have assumed the challenging task of trying to reproduce some of these agreeable effects though without hope of more than suggesting Wilhelm Grimm's final achievement of one of the noblest monuments of German prose.

Originally composed by intelligent, keen-witted German peasant folk and told for mutual entertainment by grown-ups for grown-ups, these famous folk tales are, contrary to popular notion, not essentially for younger children, to whom, in fact, only a few are likely to appeal. A limited number, perhaps some twenty or thirty commonly included in almost innumerable select translations especially designed for children, have, to be sure, achieved notable success among children; yet because of its false emphasis, the Grimms subsequently regretted using the word *Kinder* in their title. In favor of the present title, *German Folk Tales*, substituted for the somewhat unwieldy translation of the German original, is that it quite exactly describes the contents, disposes of the misleading emphasis on "children," and leads to no ambiguity since there are no other genuine German folk tales outside of the Grimms' collection. The tales will, as a whole, appeal essentially to grown-ups with a taste for a good story well told. In the diction, style, and development of the various narratives there is nothing childish or juvenile, still less anything mannered or from the point of view of the original teller anything

archaic. Consideration of these last points has, it may be remarked, influenced the translation.

The present work is a complete and entirely new and independent translation of the two hundred *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, together with the appended *Kinderlegenden* ("Religious Tales concerning Children"), and aims at as high a degree of fidelity to the original as has seemed compatible with appropriate and idiomatic English; it is based on the Jubilee-edition (1912) of Reinhold Steig.

This book aims to bring to the general reader a renewed or increased familiarity with the collection as a whole, to the folklorist a trustworthy rendering of the German text, which is often only in appearance easy to translate. Particular pains have been taken to find the correct English equivalents of many words connected with now obsolete occupations and crafts and of objects no longer in common use. In connection with this and for the correct interpretation of certain unusual, dialectal, and today archaic German words and phrases the Translators are grateful to many kind friends, most particularly to Professor Otto Springer, of the University of Pennsylvania.

No attempt has been made at annotation, but the tale numbers will permit ready reference to Johannes Bolte and Georg Polívka's *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (5 vols.; Berlin, 1913 ff.). In this classic collection of variants and analogues, the wider affiliations of the tales with one another and with those of other lands is brought out. Alphabetical indexes of the English and German titles of the tales will, it is hoped, prove a useful finding list.

Finally, a special word of appreciation is owing to Mr. Ojars Kratins of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences for help with the final check against the German text in June, 1960.

F. P. M., JR., *Harvard University*

I The Frog King, or Iron Henry

Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich

IN DAYS OF OLD when wishing still did some good, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has, to be sure, seen so many things, was astonished every time it shone in her face. Near the royal manor was a big dark forest, and in that forest under an old linden was a well. Now whenever the day was quite hot, the king's daughter used to go out into the forest and sit down by the cool well. If time hung too heavy on her hands, she would take a golden ball, toss it up in the air, and catch it again; and this was her favorite pastime.

Now it once happened that the golden ball of the king's daughter did not drop into the little hand which she held up but fell to the ground and rolled straight into the water. She followed it with her eyes; but the ball disappeared, and the well was deep, so deep that one couldn't see the bottom. Then she began to weep and wept louder and louder and was unconsolable. And as she was thus lamenting, someone called out to her: "What is the matter, king's daughter? You're crying hard enough to move a stone to pity." She looked about in the direction of the voice and then saw a frog sticking its big ugly head out of the water. "Oh, it's you, old water-splasher," she said. "I'm weeping over my golden ball which fell into the well." "Be quiet and don't weep," answered the frog. "I can certainly help you. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything up again?" "Anything you wish, dear frog," she said, "my clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown I'm wearing." The frog answered, "I don't want your clothes, your pearls and jewels, and your golden crown; but if you'll love me and let me be your companion and playmate, sit beside you at your table, eat from your golden plate, drink out of your cup, and sleep in your bed—if you'll promise me that, I'll go down and bring up your golden ball." "Oh, yes," she said,

"I'll promise you everything you want, if you'll only bring back the golden ball." She thought to herself, however, "How foolishly the silly frog's talking; it sits in the water with its kind and croaks and can't be anybody's companion."

On receiving her promise the frog dived in headfirst and in a short time came paddling up again; it had the ball in its mouth and threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was very glad to see her pretty plaything again, picked it up, and ran off with it. "Wait, wait!" cried the frog, "take me with you; I can't run like you." But what good did it do to croak after her, no matter how loud! She didn't listen but hurried home and soon forgot the poor frog, who had to crawl down again into its well.

The next day when she sat down to dinner with the king and all his court and was eating from her golden plate, suddenly, plump, plump, something came crawling up the marble stairs, and when it reached the top, there was a knock at the door and a voice cried, "King's daughter, youngest daughter! Open the door for me." She ran to see who might be outside, and when she opened the door, there was the frog. Then she hurriedly shut the door, sat down again at the table, and was quite frightened. The king saw clearly that her heart was beating furiously and said, "My child, what are you frightened of? There isn't by chance a giant at the door who wants to take you away?" "Oh, no," she answered, "it isn't a giant; it's a nasty frog." "What does the frog want of you?" "Oh, father dear, yesterday as I was sitting in the forest near the well and was playing; my golden ball fell into the water, and because I wept so hard, the frog fetched it up again. And because it insisted, I promised that it should be my companion, though I never thought it could get out of the water. Now it's outside and wants to come in here to me." Meanwhile there was a second knock, and a voice cried:

"King's daughter, youngest daughter,
Let me in.
Don't you know what yesterday
You told me
By the cool water of the well?"

King's daughter, youngest daughter,
Let me in."

Then the king said: "You must keep your promise. Go now and let it in." She went and opened the door; then the frog hopped in right behind her to her chair. There he sat and cried, "Lift me up." She hesitated, till finally the king commanded her to do so. Once the frog was on the chair, it wanted to get onto the table, and when it was sitting there, it said: "Now push your golden plate nearer me so that we may eat together." She even did this, but it was clear she didn't like doing it. The frog enjoyed its meal, but nearly every morsel stuck in her throat. Finally it said, "Now I have eaten my fill and am tired, so carry me to your room and make ready your silken bed; then we'll lie down to sleep." The king's daughter began to weep and was afraid of the cold frog, which she didn't dare touch and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean bed. But the king grew angry and said, "You mustn't despise anyone after he has helped you when you were in trouble." Then she took it between her two fingers, carried it up, and put it in a corner; but when she was in her bed, it crawled up and said, "I'm tired and want to sleep as well as you; pick me up or I'll tell your father." Then she got very angry, picked it up, and threw it with all her might against the wall: "Now you can take a rest, you nasty frog!"

But when it fell it wasn't a frog but a king's son, with handsome kindly eyes. Now, as her father wished, he became her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how a wicked witch had laid a spell upon him and how no one could have disenchanted him out of the well except herself, and the next day they'd go together to his kingdom. Then they fell asleep, and the following morning when the sun woke them up, a coach came with a team of eight white horses with white ostrich plumes on their heads and harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young king's servant. That was Faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so distressed when his lord was transformed into a frog that he'd had three iron bands put around his heart lest it should break from sorrow and sadness. The coach, on the other hand, was to take the young king

to his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both into the coach, once again took up his place behind, and was very happy about the disenchantment. When they had gone some distance, the king's son heard a cracking noise behind him as if something had broken. He turned around and said:

"Henry, the coach is breaking."

"No, my lord, not the coach;

It's a band from my heart

Which suffered sorely

While you were sitting in the well,

While you were a frog."

Again and again on the way there was a cracking noise, and every time the king's son thought that the coach was breaking; but it was only the bands snapping from Faithful Henry's heart because his lord was now disenchanted and happy.

2 A Cat and a Mouse in Partnership

Katze und Maus in Gesellschaft

A CAT made the acquaintance of a mouse and talked so much about its great love and friendship for it that the mouse finally agreed to share a house and the housekeeping with it. "But we must make provision for the winter," said the cat, "otherwise we'll suffer from hunger. You, little mouse, can't venture everywhere, and one of these days you'll fall into a trap." They acted on this good plan and bought a pot of fat, though they didn't know where to put it. Finally after long reflection the cat said, "I know of nowhere it might be kept more safely than in the church; no one dares take anything away from there; let's put it under the altar and not touch it till we need it." Thus the pot of fat was put safely away. It wasn't long, however, before the cat got a craving for it and said to the mouse: "As I was about to say, mouse, I've been asked by my cousin to stand sponsor. She's given birth to a son, white with brown

spots, and I'm to stand sponsor for him. Let me go out today, and you look after the house yourself." "Yes, of course," answered the mouse, "for goodness' sake go along and if you eat something good, think of me. I, too, should very much like a drop of the sweet, red christening wine." But all this was quite untrue: the cat had no cousin and had not been asked to stand sponsor. It went straight to the church, sneaked to the pot of fat and began to lick it and licked the top layer off. Then it took a walk over the roofs of the town, enjoyed the view, finally stretched out in the sun, and licked its whiskers every time it thought of the pot of fat. It didn't come home until nightfall. "Well, here you are back again!" said the mouse. "You've no doubt had a splendid day." "It wasn't bad," answered the cat. "What name did they give the child?" asked the mouse. "Top-Layer-Off," said the cat rather dryly. "Top-Layer-Off!" exclaimed the mouse. "That's a strange and very odd name. Is it common in your family?" "What of it?" said the cat. "It's no worse than Crumb-Thief, your godparents' name."

Not long afterward the cat got a fresh craving. It said to the mouse: "You must do me the favor of once more tending the house alone; I've been asked to be sponsor a second time, and since the child has a white ring around its neck, I can't refuse." The good mouse consented, but the cat sneaked behind the town wall to the church and ate up half the pot of fat. "Nothing tastes better," it said, "than what one eats oneself," and was quite content with its day's work. When it came home, the mouse asked, "What name did they give this child?" "Half-Gone," answered the cat. "Half-Gone? Not really! I've never heard that name in all my life. I'll bet it's not in any regular list of names."

The cat's mouth soon watered again for the delicacy. "All good things go by threes," it said to the mouse. "Now I'm again to stand sponsor; the child's all black and only its paws are white; otherwise there's not a white hair on its body. Such a thing occurs only once every few years. You'll surely let me go?" "Top-Layer-Off, Half-Gone," answered the mouse. "These are such curious names and give me such food for thought." "There you sit home in your dark grey woolen coat and your long pigtail," said the cat, "and get notions; that comes from not going out in the day-time." In the cat's absence the mouse tidied the house and set it in order, but the cat with its taste for dainties emptied the pot

completely. "Only when it's all gone is one at rest," it said to itself, and, fat and full, didn't come home till after nightfall. The mouse at once asked the name given the third child. "You probably won't like it either," said the cat. "It's All-Gone." "All-Gone!" exclaimed the mouse. "That is a most suspicious name; I've never seen it in print. All-Gone! What can that mean?" It shook its head, rolled itself up in a ball, and lay down to sleep.

From now on the cat was no longer asked to stand sponsor. However, when winter came and nothing to eat was to be found outdoors, the mouse thought of their store of fat and said, "Come, cat, let's go to the pot of fat we've saved up; it'll taste good." "Yes, indeed," answered the cat "you'll relish it as much as if you stuck your tongue out the window." They set out, and when they arrived, there was the pot where they'd left it—only it was empty. "Oho," said the mouse, "now I see what's happened; now it's as clear as day; you really are a true friend to me! You ate everything up while you were standing sponsor: first Top-Layer-Off, then Half-Gone, then . . ." "Will you be still!" cried the cat. "One word more and I'll eat you up." The poor mouse already had "All-Gone" on the tip of its tongue. No sooner had it said it than the cat made a jump at it, seized it and swallowed it up.

See, that's the way the world goes.

3 A Child of Saint Mary

Marienkind

ON THE EDGE of a large forest lived a woodcutter and his wife, and he had only one child, a girl three years old. They were, however, so poor that they no longer had their daily bread and did not know how they could feed her. One morning the woodcutter, bowed down by worry, went out into the forest to work, and as he was chopping wood, suddenly a tall and beautiful woman stood before him with a crown of shining stars upon her head and said "I am the Virgin Mary, mother of the Christ Child; you

are poor and needy; bring me your child, and I shall take her with me and shall be her mother and care for her." The wood-cutter obeyed, fetched his child and gave her over to the Virgin Mary. She took her with her to Heaven where she fared well, ate cake and drank sweet milk, and her clothes were of gold, and the angels played with her. When she was fourteen, the Virgin once called her and said: "Dear child, I am about to make a long journey; take charge of the keys to the thirteen doors of the Kingdom of Heaven. Twelve of these doors you may unlock and marvel at the glories within, but the thirteenth door, which this little key opens, is forbidden to you. Be careful not to unlock it, otherwise misfortune will befall you." The girl promised to be obedient, and when the Virgin had gone, she began to look at the dwellings of the Heavenly Kingdom. Every day she unlocked one door until she had opened the twelve. In each dwelling an apostle was sitting in great glory. She delighted in all that pomp and splendor, and the angels who always accompanied her rejoiced with her. Now the forbidden door alone was left, and she felt a great desire to know what was hidden behind it and said to the angels, "I won't open it wide nor will I go in, but I'll unlock it so we may get a tiny peek through the crack." "Oh no," said the angels, "that would be a sin; the Virgin Mary has forbidden it, and some misfortune might easily befall you." Then she kept still, but the desire deep down in her heart did not keep still but gnawed and gnawed at her and left her no peace. Once when the angels had all gone out, she thought, "Now I'm quite alone and might as well look in; no one will know if I do." She searched out the key and when she had it in her hand, she couldn't help putting it in the lock, and once she'd put it in, she couldn't help turning it. Then the door flew open, and she saw the Holy Trinity sitting in fire and glory. She stopped a while, viewing everything with amazement; then she touched the glory a little with her finger, and her finger became all golden. At once she was seized with a great fear; she slammed the door and ran away. But her fear didn't leave her, do what she might, and her heart beat continually and couldn't be quieted. The gold, too, stayed on her finger, no matter how much she washed it and rubbed it.

Not long afterward the Virgin Mary returned from her journey. She called the girl to her and asked her to give back the keys

of Heaven. When she handed her the bunch of keys, the Virgin looked into her eyes and said, "Didn't you open the thirteenth door, too?" "No," she replied. Then the Virgin put her hand on the girl's heart, felt it beating violently, and knew very well that she'd transgressed her command and had unlocked that door. Then she said again, "Are you sure you didn't do it?" "No," answered the girl a second time. Then the Virgin looked at the finger which from touching the Heavenly fire had become all golden and saw clearly that the girl had sinned and for a third time said, "Didn't you do it?" "No," said the girl for the third time. Then the Virgin Mary said, "You disobeyed me and, besides, you lied; you are no longer worthy to be in Heaven."

Then the girl sank into a deep sleep, and when she awoke, she was lying down here on Earth in the midst of a wilderness. She wanted to call out but was unable to utter a sound. She jumped up and wanted to run away, but wherever she turned, she was held back by dense thorn hedges which she couldn't break through. In the wasteland in which she found herself there stood an old hollow tree that had to be her dwelling. When night came, she'd crawl into it and sleep there, and when it was stormy and rainy, she'd find shelter in it. But it was a miserable life, and when she thought how fine it had been in Heaven and how the angels had played with her, she wept bitterly. Roots and berries were her only food; she searched for them as far as she could walk. In the autumn she collected the fallen nuts and leaves and carried them into her hollow tree. The nuts were her food for the winter, and when snow and ice came, she'd crawl like a poor little animal into the leaves so as not to freeze. Soon her clothes became torn, and one piece after another dropped off her body. But when the sun shone warm again, she went out and sat down before the tree, and her long hair covered her on all sides like a cloak. Thus she sat year after year, feeling the woe and the misery of the world.

Once upon a time when the trees again were fresh and green, the king of the country was hunting in the forest and was chasing a roe. And because it had fled into the thicket that surrounded that spot in the forest, he dismounted, pulled the bushes apart, and cut a path with his sword. When he finally broke through, he saw a beautiful girl sitting under the tree, and her golden hair covered her to the very tip of her toes. Amazed he stopped and

looked at her, then addressed her, saying, "Who are you? Why are you sitting here in the wasteland?" But she made no reply, for she couldn't open her mouth. Then the king continued, "Will you come with me to my palace?" Then she merely nodded a little with her head. But the king took her in his arms, put her on his horse, and rode home with her. When he reached the royal palace, he had fine clothes put on her and gave her everything in plenty, and though she was unable to speak, she was so beautiful and gracious that he began to love her with all his heart, and it wasn't long before he married her.

When about a year had passed, the queen gave birth to a son. Thereupon the next night as she was lying alone in her bed, the Virgin Mary appeared to her and said, "If you will tell the truth and confess that you unlocked the forbidden door, I will unseal your mouth and restore your power of speech; but if you persist in your sin and your stubborn denial, I will take your newborn child away with me." Then the queen was given the power to answer, but she remained obstinate and said, "No, I didn't open the forbidden door," and the Virgin Mary took the newborn child from her arms and disappeared with it. The next morning when the child was not to be found, a rumor spread among the people that the queen was an ogress and had killed her own child. She heard it all yet couldn't deny it. The King, however, was unwilling to believe it because he loved her so.

A year later the queen again gave birth to a son. In the night the Virgin Mary again came to her and said, "If you will confess that you opened the forbidden door, I shall give you back your child and free your tongue, but if you persist in your sin and deny it, I shall take this newborn child with me, too." Then the queen again said, "No, I didn't open the forbidden door." The Virgin took the child out of her arms and carried it with her to Heaven. In the morning when the second child had disappeared, the people said quite openly that the queen had swallowed it, and the king's councilors demanded she be tried. The king, however, loved her so that he didn't want to believe it and ordered his councilors not to mention the subject again on pain of death.

The following year the queen gave birth to a lovely little daughter. Then at night the Virgin Mary appeared to her for the third time and said, "Follow me." She took her by the hand

and led her to Heaven and showed her there her two eldest children: they greeted her with joyous laughter and were playing with the globe of the earth. As the queen was rejoicing in all this, the Virgin said: "Is your heart not yet softened? If you admit that you opened the forbidden door, I shall give you back your two little sons." But for the third time the queen replied, "No, I didn't open the forbidden door." Then the Virgin again let her sink down to Earth and took away her third child, too.

The next morning when this became known, everybody cried out, "The queen is an ogress and must be sentenced," and the king could no longer reject his councilors' advice. Accordingly, she was tried, and because she couldn't reply and couldn't defend herself, she was condemned to die at the stake. The wood was gathered, and when she was tied to a stake and the fire began to burn round about, the hard ice of her pride melted and her heart was moved by repentance, and she thought, "If only before I die I could confess that I opened the door." Then her power of speech was restored, and she cried out in a loud voice, "Yes, Mary, I did do it." Immediately it began to rain, and the rain put out the flames, and a beam of light descended upon her, and the Virgin Mary descended with the two little sons at her side and the newborn daughter in her arms. She spoke kindly to her, "Whoever repents his sin and confesses will be forgiven," and gave her back the three children and freed her tongue and bestowed happiness upon her for the rest of her life.

4 A Tale of a Boy Who

Set Out to Learn Fear

Märchen von einem, der auszog das Fürchten zu lernen

A FATHER had two sons: of these the elder was bright and clever and knew how to get along everywhere, but the younger was dull and couldn't understand or learn anything, and when people saw him, they'd say, "He'll be a burden to his father." Whenever something was to be done, it was always the elder who had to

do it. Nevertheless, if his father bade him fetch something late in the evening or even at night and if the way led across a churchyard or some other creepy place, he'd reply, "Oh, no, father, I won't go there, it makes me shudder," for he was afraid. Or, if of an evening stories were told by the fireside that made one shudder, those listening would sometimes say, "Oh, it makes me shudder." The younger son used then to sit in a corner and hear this and couldn't understand what it meant. "They keep saying, 'It makes me shudder, it makes me shudder'; it doesn't make me shudder, there must be some trick I don't understand."

Now his father once happened to say to him, "Listen, you over there in the corner, you're getting big and strong; you've got to learn something to earn your living by. See how hard your brother works while you're just hopeless." "Why, father," he replied, "I very much want to learn something; indeed, if possible, I'd like to learn shuddering; that's something I don't know anything about yet." On hearing that, the elder brother laughed and thought to himself: "Dear God, what a fool my brother is! He'll never get anywhere that way. As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." The father heaved a sigh and answered, "You'll learn shuddering all right, but you won't earn your living that way."

Soon after that the sexton came to call, and the father told him his tale of woe, how his younger son was so ignorant in everything that he knew nothing and learned nothing. "Just think, when I asked him how he was going to earn his living, he actually asked to learn shuddering." "If that's all," answered the sexton, "he can learn that from me; turn him over to me and I'll plane off the rough edges all right." The father agreed, for he thought, "The boy'll at least be trimmed up a little." So the sexton took him into his home, and he had to ring the church bell. After a few days the sexton roused him at midnight, bade him get up, climb the steeple, and ring the bell. "You'll certainly learn what shuddering is," he thought, and went out secretly. When the boy was up in the steeple and turned around and was about to take hold of the bell rope, he saw a white form standing on the stairs opposite the sound hole. "Who's there?" he cried. But the form made no reply and neither moved nor stirred. "Answer me!" cried the boy, "or else get out; you've no business here at night." But the sexton remained motionless, so that the boy might think it was a specter. The boy called out a second time,

"What do you want here? If you're an honest fellow, speak, or I'll throw you down the stairs." The sexton thought, "His bark's probably worse than his bite," didn't utter a sound, and stood stock-still. Then the boy called to him a third time, and when that did no good, made a dash and pushed the specter down the stairs so that it fell ten steps and lay in a corner. Then he rang the bell, returned home, and without saying a word went to bed and fell asleep. The sexton's wife waited a long time for her husband, but he didn't come back. Finally she got frightened and woke the boy up and asked, "Do you know where my husband has got to? He climbed the steeple ahead of you." "No," answered the boy, "but somebody was standing there on the stairs opposite the sound hole, and because he didn't answer me and wouldn't go away, I took him for a rogue and pushed him downstairs. Just go there and you'll see whether it was he; I'd be sorry if it were." The woman ran off and found her husband lying in a corner; he was groaning and had broken a leg.

She carried him down and then, crying loudly, hurried to the boy's father. "Your boy," she shouted, "caused a serious accident; he threw my husband downstairs so that he broke a leg. Get the good-for-nothing out of our house." The father was frightened, came on the run, and scolded the boy: "What kind of mischief have you been up to? The Evil One must have put you up to it." "Father," he answered, "just listen! I'm quite innocent; he was standing there in the night like someone with evil intentions. I didn't know who it was. Three times I told him to speak up or else go away." "Dear me!" said his father, "you only bring me misfortune. Get out of my sight! I don't want to see you any more." "All right, father, I'll do so quite willingly, only wait till morning; then I'll get out and learn shuddering. Then I'll know at least one craft that I can earn my living by." "Learn whatever you like," said the father; "it's all the same to me. Here's fifty dollars. Take them and go out in the world, and don't tell anyone where you're from or who your father is, for I'm ashamed of you." "Yes, father, as you wish—so long as you ask for nothing more. That much I can easily keep in mind."

When day broke, the boy put the fifty dollars in his pocket, went out on the highway, and kept saying to himself, "If only I could shudder; if only I could shudder." Then a man came along who heard what the boy was saying to himself, and when they

had gone a little farther so that one could see the gallows, the man said to him: "You see, there's the tree where seven men were wedded to the ropemaker's daughter and now are learning to fly. Sit down underneath it and wait till night comes; then you'll surely learn shuddering." "If that's all," answered the boy, "it's easy. If I learn shuddering that quickly, you shall have my fifty dollars. Just come back here tomorrow morning." The boy then went to the gallows, sat down underneath, and waited till nightfall. Because he was cold, he made a fire, but about midnight the wind got so cold that even with the fire he couldn't keep warm, and when the wind knocked the bodies of the hanged men against one another and they swung to and fro, he thought, "I'm cold down here by the fire; how frightfully cold and shivering they must be up there!" And because he took pity on them, he set up the ladder, mounted it, untied one after the other, and took all seven down. Then he stirred the fire, blew it up, and placed them around it, that they might get warm. But they sat there and didn't move, and their clothes caught fire. Then he said, "Look out, or I'll hang you up again." But the dead didn't hear, remained silent, and let their poor rags burn away. Then he lost his temper and said, "If you won't look out, I can't help you; I don't want to burn up with you," and hung them up again one after the other. Then he sat down by his fire and fell asleep. The next morning the man came to him, wanted the fifty dollars, and said, "Do you now know what shuddering is?" "No," he replied, "how should I? Those men up there didn't open their mouths and were so stupid that they let the few old rags they had on burn up." Then the man saw that he wouldn't get the fifty dollars that day and went off, saying, "I've never run into anyone like that."

The boy continued on his way and again began saying to himself, "Oh, if only I could shudder! oh, if only I could shudder!" A carter who was walking behind him overheard this and asked, "Who are you?" "I don't know," answered the boy. The carter continued to question him: "Where are you from?" "I don't know." "Who's your father?" "I mustn't tell." "What are you mumbling about all the time?" "Why," replied the boy, "I'd like to shudder, but no one can teach me how." "Stop your silly talk," said the carter; "come along with me and I'll see if I can put you up." The boy went with the carter, and in the evening

they reached an inn where they planned to spend the night. On entering the taproom he again said aloud, "If only I could shudder! if only I could shudder!" Hearing that, the innkeeper laughed and said, "If that's what you want, there's a fine chance right here." "Oh, do be still," said the innkeeper's wife. "Many a Paul Pry has already lost his life; it would be a crying shame if his fine eyes should never see the light of day again." But the boy said, "Even if it's as hard as that, I want to learn it; that's why I left home." He gave the innkeeper no peace till the latter told him that not far off was an enchanted castle where one could certainly learn what shuddering was if he'd just stand watch there for three nights. He said that the king had promised his daughter in marriage to anyone who'd venture it, and that she was the most beautiful girl the sun shone upon. Furthermore, there were in the castle huge treasures guarded by evil spirits; this would then become free and would be enough to make a poor man rich. Many had, to be sure, gone in, but as yet no one had ever come out again. The next morning the boy went into the king's presence and said, "If it's allowed, I should very much like to keep watch for three nights in the enchanted castle." The king looked at him, and because he took a fancy to him, said, "You may ask for three things, but they must be inanimate objects; you may take them with you into the castle." Then he answered, "In that case, I ask for a fire, a lathe, and a carpenter's bench and knife."

The king had all this taken into the castle by daylight. As night drew near, the boy went up, kindled a bright fire in one of the rooms, set the carpenter's bench and the knife beside it, and sat down at the lathe. "Oh, if only I could shudder!" he said, "but I shan't learn it here, either." Toward midnight he wanted to stir up the fire, and as he was blowing into it, there came a cry from a corner, "Miaow, miaow, we're so cold!" "You fools," he shouted, "what are you crying for? If you're cold, come here and sit down by the fire and warm yourselves." No sooner had he said that than two big black cats came with a jump, sat down beside him and looked at him quite fiercely with their glowing eyes. After a while when they'd got warm, they said, "Shall we play a round of cards, pal?" "Why not?" he answered. "But first let's see your paws." Then they stretched out their claws. "Myl!" he said, "what long nails you've got! Wait a minute! I must

first clip them for you." Thereupon he seized them by their necks, lifted them up onto the workbench, and made their paws fast in a vice. "I've had a look at your fingers," he said, "and I've lost all desire for cards." Then he killed them and threw them out into the pond. After he'd quieted those two and was about to sit down again by the fire, black cats and black dogs on glowing chains came out of every nook and corner—more and more and more—until he didn't know where to take refuge. They yowled horribly, trampled his fire, pulled it apart, and were about to put it out. He watched them quietly for a while, but when it got too bad, he seized his knife and shouted, "Get out, you scum!" and cut loose at them. Some of them ran away, the others he killed and threw out into the pond. When he came back, he blew up his fire afresh from the coals and warmed himself. As he was sitting thus, he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer and was overcome with a desire to sleep. Just then he looked about him and saw a big bed in a corner. "That's just the thing," he said, and lay down in it. As he was about to shut his eyes, the bed began to move of itself and traveled all through the castle. "Right you are," he said, "only faster!" Then as if drawn by six horses the bed rolled on over thresholds and up and down stairs. All of a sudden, bump, bump, it tipped over and lay upside down on top of him like a mountain. But he flung the covers and pillows into the air and climbed out, saying, "Anyone who wants to may take a ride." He lay down by the fire and slept until daybreak. In the morning the king came and, seeing him lying on the floor, thought that the specters had killed him and that he was dead. So he said, "It's too bad about the fine-looking chap." The boy heard him, got up, and said, "It's not that bad." The king was astonished but very happy and asked him how he'd fared. "Very well," he answered. "One night's over; the other two will pass, also." When he got to the innkeeper's, the latter looked surprised. "I didn't think," he said, "that I'd see you alive again. Now have you learned what shuddering is?" "No," he replied, "it's all no use. If only someone could tell me!"

The second night he again went up into the old castle, sat down by the fire, and again started his old refrain, "If only I could shudder!" As midnight drew near, there was a rumbling, tumbling noise, first soft, then louder and louder; then it grew quiet for a bit. At last half a man came down the chimney with a loud cry

and dropped right in front of him. "Hello!" he shouted, "there's still another half; this isn't enough." Then the noise began again: there was a roaring and howling and then the other half dropped down. "Wait a minute," he said; "let me first blow up the fire a little." When he'd done so and was looking about, the two pieces had put themselves together and a horrible man was sitting in his seat. "That's not what we bargained for," said the boy; "it's my bench." The man was about to shove him off, but the boy didn't stand for that; he pushed him off violently and sat down again at his place. Then still more men came tumbling down one after the other. They fetched nine dead men's bones and two dead men's skulls, set them up, and played ninepins. The boy wanted to play, too, and asked, "Listen, may I play, too?" "Yes, if you have money." "Plenty," he answered, "but your bowls aren't quite round." Then he took the dead men's heads, put them in the lathe, and turned them till they were round. "Now they'll roll better," he said; "hurray, now there'll be some fun!" He joined the game and lost a little money, but when the clock struck twelve, everything disappeared before his eyes. He lay down and quietly went to sleep. Next morning the king came and wanted to hear the news. "How did you fare this time?" he asked. "I played ninepins," he answered, "and lost a few farthings." "Didn't you shudder?" "Good heavens, no," he said. "I had a fine time. If only I might know what shuddering is!"

The third night he sat down again on his workbench and quite out of sorts said, "If only I could shudder!" When it got late, six tall men came in carrying a coffin. Then he said, "Ha! ha! That's no doubt my cousin who died only a few days ago." He beckoned with his finger and called out, "Come here, cousin, come here!" They set the coffin on the floor, and he stepped up and opened the lid: there was a dead man inside. He felt the face, but it was as cold as ice. "Just a minute," he said, "I'll warm you up a bit," went to the fire, warmed his hand, and laid it on the face. The dead man, however, remained cold. Then he took him out of the coffin, laid him by the fire, and putting him on his lap, rubbed his arms to get his blood circulating again. When even that did no good, he remembered that "when two people lie together in one bed, they warm each other up," put him in his bed, covered him, and lay down beside him. After a while the dead man got warm and began to move. Then the boy said, "Look

here, cousin, suppose I hadn't warmed you?" But the dead man began to shout, "Now I'm going to strangle you." "What!" he said. "Is that the thanks I get? You're going right back into your coffin," picked him up, threw him into the coffin, and closed the lid. Then the six men came and carried it off again. "I simply can't shudder," he said. "I shan't learn it here as long as I live."

Then in came a man who was taller than all the rest and horrible looking; he was old and had a long white beard. "O you scoundrel," he cried, "now you'll soon learn what shuddering is, for you're going to die." "Not so fast!" answered the boy. "If I'm going to die, I must at least be present." "I'll catch you all right," said the monster. "Easy, easy, don't talk so big; I'm as strong as you and, indeed, even stronger." "We'll see," said the old man. "If you're stronger than I, I'll let you go. Come on, let's try." He led him through dark passageways to a smithy fire, took an ax, and with one blow drove one anvil right into the ground. "I can do better than that," said the boy, and stepped up to the other anvil. The old man took up a position close by in order to watch, and his white beard was flowing down. Then the boy seized the ax, split the anvil with one blow, wedging in the old man's beard. "Now I've got you!" said the boy; "now it's your turn to die." Then he seized an iron bar and pitched into the old man until he whimpered and begged him to stop, promising to bestow great riches upon him. The boy pulled out the ax and let him go. The old man led him back into the castle and showed him three chests full of gold in a cellar. "Of this," he said, "one part belongs to the poor, the other to the king, and the third is yours." Thereupon it struck twelve and the specter vanished so that the boy was alone in the darkness. "I'll be able to get out of here just the same," he said, groped about, found the way to his room, and fell asleep by his fire. The next morning the king appeared and said, "Now you must have learned what shuddering is." "No," he answered. "What is it really? My dead cousin was there, and a bearded man came who showed me a lot of money downstairs, but no one told me what shuddering is." Then the king said, "You've disenchanted the castle and are to marry my daughter." "That's all very fine," he replied, "but I still don't know what shuddering is."

The gold was brought upstairs and the wedding celebrated, but the young king, fond as he was of his wife and happy as he

was, still kept saying, "If only I could shudder, if only I could shudder." Finally she got tired of it. Her chambermaid said, "I'll manage it so he'll learn what shuddering is." She went to the brook that flowed through the garden and got herself a whole pail of minnows. In the night, as the young king was asleep, his wife pulled off the covers and poured over him the pail of cold water with the minnows so that the little fish wriggled around all over him. Then he woke up and cried out, "Oh, how I'm shuddering, how I'm shuddering, my dear! Yes, now I know what shuddering is."

5 The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids

Der Wolf und die sieben jungen Geisslein

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD GOAT who had seven little kids, and she loved them as mothers love their children. One day she was going into the forest to fetch food and, calling all seven, said: "Children dear, I'm going out into the forest. Watch out for the wolf; if it gets into the house, it'll eat you all up skin and bones. The rogue often disguises itself, but you'll recognize it at once from its gruff voice and black paws." The kids said, "Mother dear, of course we'll be careful. You may go and needn't worry about us." Then the old goat bleated and set out quite untroubled.

After a while somebody knocked on the front door and called out, "Open the door, children dear. Your mother's here and has brought each of you something." But the kids knew from the gruff voice that it was the wolf. "We shan't open the door," they cried. "You're not our mother; she has a soft sweet voice. Your voice is gruff; you're the wolf." Then the wolf went off to a shopkeeper and bought a big piece of chalk; this it ate and thus made its voice soft. Then it came back, knocked on the front door, and called, "Open the door, children dear. Your mother's here and has brought each of you something." But the wolf had put its black paw in the window. The children saw that and cried: "We

shan't open the door. Our mother hasn't got a black paw like you; you're the wolf." Then the wolf went to a baker and said, "I've bumped my foot; put some dough on it for me." When the baker had done so, it went to the miller and said, "Sprinkle some white flour on my paw. The miller thought, "The wolf wants to cheat someone," and refused, but the wolf said, "If you don't, I'll eat you up." Then the miller got scared and whitened its paw. People are like that.

Now for the third time the scoundrel went to the front door, knocked, and said, "Open the door, children. Your dear mummy's come home and has brought each of you something from the forest." The kids cried out, "First show us your paw so we may know that you're our dear mummy." Then it put its paw in the window, and when they saw it was white, they thought that everything it said was true and opened the door. But what came in was the wolf! They were frightened and tried to hide. One jumped under the table, the second into the bed, the third into the tile stove, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under the washbasin, and the seventh into the case of the clock on the wall. But the wolf found them all and made short shift of them. It gobbled them up one after the other; the only one it didn't find was the youngest, in the clockcase. When the wolf had satisfied its hunger, it trotted off, lay down outdoors under a tree in the green meadow, and fell asleep.

Not long afterward the old goat came home from the forest. Oh, what a sight met her eyes! The front door was wide open; table, chairs, and benches were overturned; the washbasin lay in pieces; the bedclothes and pillows had been pulled off the bed. She looked for her children, but they were nowhere to be found. She called them one by one by name, but no one answered. Finally, when she came to the youngest, a soft voice cried, "Mother dear, I'm in the clockcase." She took it out, and it told her that the wolf had come and eaten up all the others. Now you can imagine how she wept over her poor children.

At last in her sorrow she went out, and the youngest kid went with her. When she reached the meadow, there was the wolf under the tree, snoring so that the branches shook. She viewed it from all sides and saw something stirring and quivering in its full belly. "Dear God," she thought, "can my poor children that it gobbled up for supper still be alive?" The kid had to run home

and fetch scissors, needle, and thread. Then she cut the monster's belly open, and no sooner had she made an incision than one of the kids poked out its head, and as she went on cutting, all six jumped out, one after the other, and were still alive and hadn't suffered any harm at all, for in its greed the monster had swallowed them whole. What a joy that was! They hugged their dear mother and skipped about like a tailor at his own wedding. Then the old goat said, "Now go fetch some ordinary stones and we'll fill the vicious brute's stomach while it's still asleep." In great haste the seven kids fetched the stones and put as many in the wolf's stomach as they could get in. Then the old goat hurriedly sewed it up again so that it noticed nothing and didn't so much as stir.

When the wolf had finally slept itself out, it got on its feet, and because the stones in its stomach made it so very thirsty, it wanted to go to a well and have a drink. But when it began to walk and move about, the stones jostled in its belly and rattled. Then it cried out,

"What's rumbling and rattling
About in my stomach?
I thought it was six kids,
But it's just plain stones."

And when it got to the well and bent over the water to have a drink, the heavy stones pulled it in, and it drowned miserably. When the seven kids saw that, they came running up and cried aloud, "The wolf's dead! the wolf's dead!" and joyfully danced with their mother around the well.

6 Faithful John

Der treue Johannes

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD KING. He was ill and thought, "I'm probably on my deathbed." Then he said, "Have Faithful John come to me." Faithful John was his favorite servant and was so named because he'd been faithful to him all his life. When he now came

to the bedside, the king said to him: "Most faithful John, I feel that my end is drawing near and I'm worried about nothing but my son. He is still young in years and not always able to look out for himself; unless you promise me to instruct him in everything he ought to know and be his foster father, I shan't be able to shut my eyes in peace." Then Faithful John replied, "I shan't leave him and I'll serve him faithfully, even if it costs me my life." Then the old king said: "Now I will die consoled and in peace," and added, "After my death you're to show him the whole palace, all the chambers, halls, and vaults, and all the treasures that are in them, but you're not to show him the last chamber in the long passageway, in which is hidden the portrait of the daughter of the king of the Golden Roof. If he sees the portrait, he'll fall violently in love with her and will fall down in a faint and because of her will run great dangers. You're to guard him against that." When Faithful John had again given the old king his hand on it, the latter grew quiet, laid his head on his pillow, and died.

When the old king had been carried to his grave, Faithful John told the young king what he had promised his father on his deathbed and said, "I shall certainly keep this promise and be as loyal to you as I was to him, even if it costs me my life." The period of mourning passed; then Faithful John said to him, "Now it's time for you to see your heritage; I'll show you your ancestral palace." Then he led him all about, up and down, and showed him all the treasures and the sumptuous chambers; but there was the one chamber that he didn't open: that is, the one with the dangerous portrait. The picture was placed in such a way that, on opening the door, one looked straight at it, and it was so beautifully done that one might think it was real flesh and blood and alive and that there couldn't be anything lovelier and more beautiful in the whole world. The young king was well aware that Faithful John always passed one particular door by and said, "Why don't you ever open it for me?" "There's something in there," he answered, "that will frighten you." But the king replied, "I've seen the whole palace; now I want to know what's in there." He stepped forward and was about to force the door open when Faithful John held him back, saying, "I promised your father before his death that you shouldn't see what's in that chamber; it might bring you and me great misfortune." "Oh no,"

answered the young king, "if I don't get in, it'll certainly be my ruin. I shouldn't rest day or night till I'd seen it with my own eyes. I shan't move from the spot till you've unlocked it."

Then Faithful John saw there was nothing further to do about it, and with heavy heart and many sighs picked out the key from the big bunch. When he'd opened the door, he went in first, thinking he'd cover the picture so the king, who was standing behind him, mightn't see it. But what good did that do? The king stood on tiptoe and looked over his shoulder, and when he beheld the portrait of the girl who was so beautiful, sparkling with gold and jewels, he fell down in a faint. Faithful John lifted him up, carried him to his bed, and thought sorrowfully, "The mishap's occurred. Lord God! what will come of it all?" Then he strengthened him with wine until he regained consciousness. The first words he said were, "What beautiful person is that a portrait of?" "It's the daughter of the king of the Golden Roof," Faithful John replied. Then the king went on to say, "My love for her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees were tongues, they couldn't express it. I'll risk my life to win her. You're my most faithful John and must help me."

The faithful servant reflected for a long time on how to accomplish this, for it was difficult as much as to get into the presence of the princess. Finally he hit upon a plan and said to the king, "Everything she has about her is of gold: tables, chairs, dishes, cups, bowls, and all household utensils. There are five tons of gold in your treasury. Have one ton of it wrought by the goldsmiths of your kingdom into all sorts of vessels and utensils, into all kinds of birds, game, and strange animals. She'll like that, and we'll travel to her with these things and try our luck. The king summoned all his goldsmiths. They had to work day and night, till finally the most magnificent things were ready. When everything had been loaded on a ship, Faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the king had to do the same and disguise himself completely. Then they journeyed overseas and traveled until they came to the city where the daughter of the king of the Golden Roof dwelt.

Faithful John bade the king stay on the ship and wait for him. "Perhaps," he said, "I'll bring the princess with me. Therefore see to it that everything is ready; have the golden vessels put on display and the entire ship decked out." Then he gathered up a

number of gold trinkets in his apron, went ashore and straight to the royal palace. When he reached the palace courtyard, a pretty girl was standing by the well; she had two golden pails in her hands and was drawing water, and as she was about to carry away the bright water and had turned around, she saw the stranger and asked who he was. He replied, "I'm a merchant," opened his apron, and let her look in. Then she cried out, "Oh, what beautiful goldware!" set the pails down, and looked at the things one after the other. Then the girl said, "The king's daughter must see this; she's so fond of gold trinkets that she'll buy them all from you." She took him by the hand and led him upstairs, for she was the chambermaid. When the king's daughter saw the goldware, she was most happy and said, "It's so beautifully wrought that I'll buy it all from you." But Faithful John said, "I'm only a rich merchant's servant. What I have here is nothing to what my master has down on board his ship, yes, the most artfully and wonderfully wrought objects ever made of gold." Then she wanted to have everything brought up to her, but he said, "That would take many days, there's so much of it, and it would take so many halls to display it in that there's not enough room in your dwelling." This roused her curiosity and desire more and more, so she finally said, "Take me down to the ship; I'll go there in person and view your master's treasures."

Then Faithful John brought her to the ship and was very happy. On beholding her, the king saw that her beauty was even greater than her portrait had shown, and he thought that his heart would burst with joy. Now she went aboard, and the king escorted her in. But Faithful John stayed behind near the helmsman and ordered the ship to put off: "Set all sail, so that she'll fly like a bird in the air!" Inside the ship, however, the king showed her the gold service, every single piece: dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, game, and strange animals. Many hours passed while she looked at everything, and in her joy she didn't notice that the ship was moving along. After she had looked at the last object, she thanked the merchant and wanted to go home, but when she came to the ship's side, she saw that it was far from land and on the high seas, speeding forward under full sail. "Oh," she cried in fright, "I've been tricked; I'm being abducted and have fallen into the power of a merchant. I'd rather die." But the king took her by the hand and said, "I'm not a merchant; I'm a king and

not inferior to you in birth. I've abducted you by guile because of my great, great love for you: the first time I saw your potrait, I fell to the ground in a faint." When the daughter of the king of the Golden Roof heard this, she was consoled, and her heart inclined toward him so that she willingly consented to become his wife.

But it so happened that while they were on the high seas Faithful John, as he was sitting near the bow of the ship and playing some music, saw three ravens flying through the air. Then he stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to one another, for he understood it well. One of them cried, "Well, there he's bringing home the daughter of the king of the Golden Roof." "Yes, indeed," answered the second, "but he hasn't got her yet." Then the third rejoined, "Yes, he has got her; she's sitting beside him in the ship." Then the first spoke again and cried, "What good will that do him? When they reach shore, a horse as red as a fox will come galloping up; he'll want to mount it, and if he does so, it'll run away with him into the air, so that he'll never see the maiden again." Then the second said, "Is there no way of saving him?" "Oh, yes. If someone else quickly mounts the horse, takes out the gun that's surely in the holster, and shoots the horse dead, then the young king will be saved. But who knows that? And if anybody does know it and tells the king, he'll be turned to stone from his toes to his knees." Then the second raven said, "I know still more. Even if the horse is killed, the young king still won't keep his bride. When they enter the palace together, they'll find a perfectly made bridal shirt lying in a bowl, looking as if it were woven of gold and silver, though it's nothing but sulphur and pitch. If he puts it on, it'll burn him to the quick and to the marrow." Then the third said, "Is there absolutely no way of saving him?" "Oh, yes," replied the second. "If someone takes hold of the shirt with gloves on and throws it into the fire so that it burns up, the young king will be saved. But what good's that? Whoever knows this and tells him will turn to stone from his knees to his heart." Then the third said, "I know still more. Even if the bridal shirt is burned up, still the young king won't have his bride. After the wedding, when the ball opens and the young queen dances, she'll suddenly turn pale and fall down as if dead, and unless someone lifts her up and draws three drops of blood from her right breast and spits them out again, she'll die.

But if anybody who knows it tells the secret, his whole body will be turned to stone from top to toe." Having thus spoken, the ravens continued their flight, but Faithful John had understood everything and from that time on was quiet and sad. For if he kept from his master what he'd heard, misfortune would befall the latter, and if he told him, he himself would have to sacrifice his life. Finally, however, he said to himself, "I shall save my master, even if I perish in the attempt."

When they went ashore, it happened as the raven had predicted: a superb horse, red as a fox, came galloping up. "Well," said the king, "it shall carry me to my palace," and was about to mount it. But Faithful John got ahead of him, swung quickly onto it himself, drew the gun from the holster, and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the king, who were not very fond of Faithful John, cried, "What a shame to kill the fine animal that was to carry the king to his palace." The king, however, said: "Be still and leave him alone; he's my most faithful John. Who knows to what good purpose he did it!" Now they entered the palace, and there in the hall was a bowl with a perfectly made bridal shirt lying in it, looking as if it were made of gold and silver. The young king stepped up and was about to take hold of it, but Faithful John pushed him aside, seized it with his gloves on, carried it quickly to the fireplace, and let it burn up. The other servants again began to murmur, "Look! Now he's burning even the king's bridal shirt." But the young king said, "Who knows to what good purpose he did it! Leave him alone; he's my most faithful John." Now the wedding was celebrated; the ball began, and the bride, too, entered the hall. Then Faithful John paid close attention and watched her face. Suddenly she turned pale and fell to the ground as if dead. He rushed quickly up, lifted her, and carried her into a chamber; there he laid her down, knelt, and sucked three drops of blood from her right breast and spat them out. At once she began to breathe again and recovered. The young king, however, had been looking on and didn't know why Faithful John had done it. He got angry and shouted, "Throw him into prison!" The next morning Faithful John was condemned to death and led to the gallows. When he stood up there and was about to be executed, he said: "Everyone condemned to die is allowed to say one last word before his end. Am I to have this right, too?" "Yes,"

answered the king, "it will not be refused you." Then Faithful John said, "I was condemned unjustly and have always been faithful to you," and then told how at sea he'd heard the ravens' conversation and how he'd been forced to do all this to save his master. Then the king cried out, "Oh, my most faithful John, mercy, mercy! Bring him down from the gallows!" But with the last word he uttered, Faithful John had fallen down dead and was a piece of stone.

The king and queen were greatly grieved by this, and the king said, "How ill I rewarded such great loyalty," and had the stone image picked up and placed in his bedchamber next to his bed. Whenever he looked at it he'd weep and say, "If only I could bring you back to life, my most faithful John!" Some time passed, and the queen gave birth to twins, two boys; they grew up and were her joy. Once when the queen was at church and the two children were sitting beside their father and playing, the latter again looked sadly at the stone image and, sighing, said, "Oh, if only I could bring you back to life, my most faithful John!" Then the stone began to speak and said, "Yes, you can bring me back to life if to do so you're willing to sacrifice what you most love." Then the king exclaimed, "I'm willing to sacrifice everything I have in this world for you." Then the stone went on, "If with your own hand you'll cut off the heads of your two children and anoint me with their blood, I'll come back to life." The king was frightened when he heard he'd have to kill his dear children with his own hand, but he thought of Faithful John's great loyalty and how he'd died for him, and drew his sword and with his own hand cut off his children's heads. And when he'd anointed the stone with their blood, it came to life, and Faithful John stood before him hale and hearty. He said to the king, "Your loyalty to me shall not remain unrewarded," took the children's heads, put them in place, and anointed the wounds with their blood. In an instant they were whole again, skipped about, and continued their play as if nothing had happened. Now the king rejoiced greatly, and when he saw the queen coming, hid Faithful John and the two children in a big cupboard. When she came in, he said to her, "Did you pray at church?" "Yes," she answered, "but I was thinking all the time about Faithful John and that he fell into such misfortune on our account." Then he said, "Dear wife, we can bring him back to

life, but it will cost us our two children; we'll have to sacrifice them." The queen turned pale and in her heart was frightened, but said, "We owe it to him because of his great loyalty." Then the king was glad that she thought as he'd thought, stepped to the cupboard and, unlocking it, brought out the children and Faithful John, saying, "God be praised! He is disenchanted, and our two children, too, have been given back to us," and told her how it all happened.

Then they lived happily together until their death.

7 The Good Bargain

Der gute Handel

A FARMER drove his cow to market and sold her for seven dollars. On the way home he had to go by a pond and there, when still at a distance, heard the frogs croaking, "Ate, atel!—ate, atel!" "Yes," he said to himself, "They're talking nonsense; I only got seven dollars for it, not eight." As he got near the pond, he called out to them: "Stupid creatures, that's what you are! Don't you know any better? It's seven dollars, not eight." But the frogs stuck to their "Ate, atel!—ate, atel!" "Well, if you won't believe it, I can count it out to you," took the money from his pocket, and counted out seven dollars, twenty-four groats to the dollar. The frogs, however, paid no attention to his figuring and again cried, "Ate, atel!—ate, atel!" "My goodness!" cried the farmer, now quite angry, "if you think you know better than I, count it yourselves," and threw the money down into the water. He stopped and was going to wait till they'd done counting and brought him back his money, but the frogs went on in the same vein and kept croaking, "Ate, atel!—ate, atel!" and didn't so much as toss the money back. He waited quite a while till night came and he had to go home. Then he called the frogs names, shouting: "You water-splashers, you blockheads, you goggle-eyes, you've got big mouths and know how to shout loud enough to make one's ears ache, but you

can't count seven dollars. Do you think I'm going to wait till you've finished?" Thereupon he went off, but the frogs still croaked after him, "Ate, ate!—ate, ate!" and he got home quite out of sorts.

Some time later he bought another cow, slaughtered it, and reckoned that if he was lucky in selling the beef, he might get as much as the value of the two cows and have the hide in the bargain. Now when he got to town with the beef, a whole pack of dogs had gathered outside the gate, led by a big deerhound that jumped around the beef, sniffed, and barked, "Want, want!—want, want!" When it wouldn't stop barking, the farmer said to it, "I understand very well that you're saying 'Want, want' because you want some of the beef, but I'd certainly be striking a fine bargain if I gave it to you!" The dog merely answered, "Want, want!" "Will you promise not to eat it and to go security for your mates there?" "Want, want!" said the dog. "Well, if you insist, I'll let you have it; I know you all right and also know who you work for. But let me tell you one thing, I must have my money in three days, otherwise it'll fare ill with you. Just bring it out to me." Thereupon he unloaded the beef and turned back home. The dogs fell on the beef, barking loudly, "Want, want!" and the farmer, who heard it from afar, said to himself, "Just listen! now they're all asking for some of it. But the big dog must stand security for them."

Three days later the farmer thought, "Tonight I'll have my money in my pocket," and was quite pleased with himself. But no one came to pay him. "There's no relying on anyone any more," he said, finally lost patience, went into town and to the butcher, and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the farmer said, "No joking! I want my money. Didn't the big dog bring you the whole slaughtered cow three days ago?" Then the butcher got angry, reached for a broomstick, and chased him out. "Just wait," said the farmer, "there's still justice in the world," went into the royal palace, and craved an audience. He was brought into the presence of the king, who was sitting there with his daughter and who asked him what his grievance was. "Oh," he said, "the frogs and the dogs took my property, and the butcher paid me for it with the broomstick," and he told in great detail how it had all happened. On hearing this, the king's daughter burst out laughing, and the king said to him, "I

can't give a verdict in your favor here, but you shall have my daughter in marriage. She's never laughed in all her life except just now at you, and I promised her to whoever made her laugh. You may thank the Lord for your good luck. "Oh," replied the farmer, "I don't want her at all; I've got only one wife at home, and she's already too much for me. Every time I come home, I feel as if a wife were standing in every corner." Then the king got angry and said, "You're an ill-mannered boor." "Oh, dear Sir King," answered the farmer, "what can you expect to get from an ox but beef?" "Wait," said the king, "you shall have some other reward. For the present, get out of here, but come back in three days, and I'll have five hundred paid out to you in full measure."

As the farmer was going out the door, the sentry said, "You made the king's daughter laugh; no doubt you got a fitting reward?" "I should say so," answered the farmer, "five hundred are going to be paid out to me." "Listen," said the soldier, "give me some of them. What do you want with all that money?" "Seeing it's you," said the farmer, "you shall have two hundred. Report to the king in three days and have them counted out to you." A Jew who had been standing near by and overheard the conversation ran after the farmer, seized him by his coat and said, "Wonder of wonders, what a lucky fellow you are! I'll change it for you. I'll give you small change. What do you want with the silver dollars?" "Ikey," said the farmer, "you can still have three hundred, but give me the change right now. In three days from today the king'll pay you for it." The Jew rejoiced in the nice little profit and brought the amount in bad groats, three of which are worth two good ones. After three days the farmer, in accordance with the king's command, went into the royal presence. "Take off his coat," said the king, "he's to have his five hundred." "Oh," said the farmer, "they're no longer mine; I gave two hundred to the sentry, and the Jew gave me small change for three hundred. I've no real claim to anything." Meanwhile the soldier and the Jew came in and asked for the shares which they had got away from the farmer, and received the blows in rightful measure. The soldier bore it patiently, for he already knew what a flogging was like, but the Jew whined piteously, "Alack, alas! Are these the silver dollars?" The king had to laugh at the farmer, and since his anger had passed, he said: "Because you lost your reward before you got it,

I'll give you another instead. Go into my treasury and take as much money as you want." The farmer didn't have to be told twice and filled his ample pockets as full as he could; then he went to the inn and counted his money. The Jew had sneaked after him and heard him grumbling to himself, "Now this rascal of a king has really cheated me! Couldn't he have given me the money himself, so I might have known what I had? How am I to know whether what I pocketed so haphazard is the right amount?" "Heaven forbid!" said the Jew to himself; "he's speaking disrespectfully about our lord. I'll run and inform on him, then I'll get a reward and he'll be punished in the bargain." When the king heard about the farmer's remarks, he fell into a rage and bade the Jew go fetch the offender. The Jew ran to the farmer and said, "You're to come to our lord the king right off—just as you are." "I know better what's fitting," answered the farmer. "I'll first have a new coat made for myself. Do you think that a man who's got so much money in his pocket should go to court in rags?" When the Jew saw that the farmer couldn't be budged without another coat, and because he was afraid he'd lose his reward once the king's anger had subsided and that the farmer'd get away unpunished, he said, "Just for friendship's sake I'll lend you a fine coat for a short time. What all one doesn't do for love!" The farmer agreed, put on the Jew's coat, and went off with him. The king reproached the farmer for the bad remarks the Jew had secretly reported against him. "Oh," said the farmer, "what a Jew says is always a lie. They never utter a true word; that fellow there's capable of claiming that I'm wearing his coat." "What do you mean!" cried the Jew. "Isn't that coat mine? Didn't I lend it to you out of friendship, so you could appear before our lord the king?" When the king heard that, he said, "The Jew has surely deceived one of us—me or the farmer," and had a few more silver dollars paid out to the Jew. The farmer went home with the good coat on and the good money in his pocket, saying, "This time I scored."

8 The Queer Minstrel

Der wunderliche Spielmann

THERE WAS ONCE A QUEER MINSTREL. He was walking forlornly through a forest, thinking of this and that, and when he had nothing left to think about, he said to himself, "Time's hanging heavy on my hands here in the forest; I'm going to summon a good companion." Then he took his fiddle from his back and played a tune that rang out through the trees. Soon a wolf came trotting through the thicket. "Oh, here comes a wolf! I don't care for its company," said the minstrel. But the wolf came nearer and said to him, "Well, my dear minstrel, how fine you fiddle! I'd like to learn that, too." "It's easy to learn," answered the minstrel, but you must do everything I tell you." "Oh, minstrel," said the wolf, "I'll mind you as a schoolboy minds his master." The minstrel bade him come along, and when they had gone on together for a bit, they came to an old oak tree that was hollow inside and split down the middle. "Look here," said the minstrel, "if you want to learn to fiddle, you must put your forepaws into this crack." The wolf obeyed, but the minstrel quickly picked up a stone and with one blow wedged its two paws in so tight that the wolf had to stay there a prisoner. "Wait till I come back," said the minstrel and went on his way.

After a while he again said to himself, "Time is hanging heavy on my hands here in the forest; I'm going to summon another companion," took his fiddle and once more fiddled his way through the forest. Not long after, a fox came slinking through the trees. "Oh, here comes a fox!" said the minstrel, "I don't care for its company." The fox approached him and said, "Well, dear minstrel, how fine you fiddle! I'd like to learn that, too." "It's easy to learn," said the minstrel, "only you must do everything I tell you." "Oh, minstrel," answered the fox, "I'll mind you as a schoolboy minds his master." "Follow me," said the minstrel, and when they'd gone on a bit, they came to a footpath with tall

bushes on both sides. There the minstrel stopped, bent a hazel sapling down to the ground from one side, holding down the tip with his foot, and then bent down another sapling from the other side, saying, "Very well, fox, if you want to learn something, give me your left forepaw." The fox obeyed, and the minstrel tied its paw to the sapling on the left. "Fox," he said, "now give me your right forepaw," and tied it to the sapling on the right. And when he'd made sure that the knots in the cords were tight enough, he let go, and the saplings sprang up and jerked the fox up, so that it swung to and fro and wriggled in the air. "Wait till I come back," said the minstrel and went on his way.

Again he said to himself, "Time's hanging heavy on my hands here in the forest; I'm going to summon another companion," took his fiddle, and the sound rang out through the forest. Then a hare came hopping along. "Oh, there comes a hare!" said the minstrel, "I didn't want it." "Goodness, dear minstrel," said the hare, "how fine you fiddle! I'd like to learn that, too." "It's easy to learn," said the minstrel, but you must do everything I tell you." "Oh, minstrel," answered the hare, "I'll mind you as a schoolboy minds his master." They went on a bit together till they came to a clearing in the forest where there was an aspen. The minstrel tied a long cord around the hare's neck, attaching one end to the tree. "Lively, hare!" cried the minstrel. "Now hop around the tree twenty times." The hare obeyed, and when it had run around twenty times, the cord had wound twenty times around the trunk, and the hare was caught. No matter how it pulled and tugged, it merely made the cord cut deeper into its soft neck. "Wait till I come back," said the minstrel and went on.

Meanwhile the wolf had pulled and tugged, bitten at the stone, and worked, until at last it had freed its paws and got them out of the crack. Full of anger and rage it ran after the minstrel and wanted to tear him to pieces. When the fox saw the wolf running by, it began to whine and with might and main cried out, "Brother wolf, come and help me; the minstrel's tricked me." The wolf pulled down the saplings, cut the cords with its teeth, and freed the fox, who went along with it and wanted to take vengeance on the minstrel. They found the hare tied up and freed it, too, and then all three went together to look for their common enemy.

Continuing on his way, the minstrel again made his fiddle

resound and this time had better luck. The tune reached the ears of a poor woodcutter who willy-nilly immediately left his work and with his ax under his arm came along to listen to the music. "At last the right companion's coming," said the minstrel. "I was looking for a human being, not for wild animals." He started playing again and played so finely and beautifully that the poor man stood as if in a trance, and his heart rejoiced. As he was standing thus, the wolf, the fox, and the hare came running up, and he saw plainly that they meant no good. Then he raised his shiny ax and got in front of the minstrel as if to say, "Whoever wants to get at him had better look out; for he'll have to deal with me." Then the animals got frightened and ran back into the forest, but the minstrel played one more tune to thank the woodcutter and then went on.

9 The Twelve Brothers

Die zwölf Brüder

THERE WAS ONCE A KING and a queen who lived happily together and had twelve children, but only boys. Now the king said to his wife, "If the thirteenth child you bear me is a girl, the twelve boys are going to die, so that her estate may be great and the kingdom fall to her alone." He also had twelve coffins made; they were already filled with shavings and in each was a coffin-pillow, and the king had them taken to a locked room. Then he gave the queen the key and commanded her never to say a word about it to anyone.

The mother, however, now used to sit all day long and mourn, so that her youngest son, who was always with her and whom she called Benjamin from the Bible, said to her, "Mother dear, why are you so sad?" "Dearest child," she replied, "I'm not allowed to tell you." But he gave her no peace till she went and unlocked the door of the room and showed him the twelve coffins already filled with shavings. Then she said, "Dearest Benjamin, your father had these coffins made for you and your eleven

brothers, for if I give birth to a girl, all of you are to be killed and buried in them." And as she wept while saying this, her son consoled her and said, "Don't weep, mother dear, we'll take care of ourselves and go away." But she said, "Go out into the forest with your eleven brothers and always have one of you in turn sit up in the tallest tree that can be found, keeping watch and looking this way toward the tower of the palace. If I give birth to a son, I'll hoist a white flag, and then you may come back; but if I give birth to a daughter, I'll hoist a red flag. In that case, flee as fast as you can, and may the dear Lord protect you. Every night I'll get up and pray for you: in winter that you may be able to warm yourselves by a fire, in summer that you may not suffer from the heat."

After she had thus given her sons her blessing, they went out into the forest. They took turns keeping watch, one of them always sitting up in the tallest oak and looking toward the tower. When eleven days were up and Benjamin's turn came, he saw a flag being hoisted. It was not the white one, however, but the blood-red flag announcing that they were all to die. When the brothers heard that, they grew angry and said, "To think that we're to suffer death because of a girl! We swear we shall be avenged: wherever we find a girl, we'll shed her red blood."

They went deeper into the forest and in the very middle, where it was darkest, they found a little enchanted cottage, which was unoccupied. Then they said, "Let's stay here, and you, Benjamin, who are the youngest and weakest, shall stay home and keep house, while the rest of us go out and get food." So they went into the forest and shot hares, wild deer, birds and pigeons, and whatever was fit to eat. This they took home to Benjamin, who had to prepare it for them that they might satisfy their hunger. They lived together in the cottage for ten years, and the time passed quickly for them.

The daughter that their mother, the queen, had given birth to was now growing up; she was kindhearted and fair of face and had a golden star on her forehead. Once when there was a lot of washing, she saw twelve men's shirts and asked her mother, "Whose are these twelve shirts? They're much too small for father." Then with a heavy heart her mother answered, "Dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers." "Where are my twelve brothers?" said the girl, "I never heard of them before."

Her mother answered, "God knows where they are! They're wandering about in the world." Then she took the girl and opened a door and showed her the twelve coffins with the shavings and the coffin-pillows. "These coffins," she said, "were meant for your brothers, but they stole away secretly before you were born," and she told her how it had all happened. Then the girl said, "Mother dear, don't weep; I'll go and look for my brothers."

Now she took the twelve shirts and went away straight into the big forest. She walked all day, and in the evening came to the enchanted cottage. There she went in and found a young boy, who asked, "Where do you come from and where are you going?" and was amazed at her beauty, her royal clothes, and the star she had on her forehead. Then she replied, "I'm a king's daughter and am looking for my twelve brothers and shall go as far as the sky is blue, until I find them." She also showed him the twelve shirts which were theirs. Then Benjamin saw that she was his sister and said, "I'm Benjamin, your youngest brother." She began to weep for joy, and so did Benjamin, and they hugged and kissed one another affectionately. Then he said, "Dear sister, there's still one difficulty: we had agreed to kill every girl we met, because we had to leave our kingdom on account of a girl." Then she said, "I'll gladly die if I can thus save my twelve brothers." "No," he answered, "you shan't die. Sit down under this tub and wait until our eleven brothers come home; then I'll fix it up with them." This she did, and at nightfall the others came home from hunting, and dinner was ready, and when they were sitting at table and eating, they asked, "What's the news?" Then Benjamin said, "Haven't you any news?" "No," they answered. Then he went on, "You were in the forest, and I stayed at home, yet I know more than you do." "Well, tell us," they cried. "But will you promise me," he answered, "not to kill the first girl we meet?" "Yes," they all cried, "she shall be spared. Go on and tell us." Then he said, "Our sister's come," and lifted up the tub, and the king's daughter stepped forth in her royal clothes with the golden star on her forehead, and was most beautiful, gentle, and sweet. Then they all rejoiced, fell on her neck and kissed her, and loved her dearly.

Now she stayed home with Benjamin and helped him with the work. The eleven used to go into the forest and catch game, deer, birds and pigeons for their food, and their sister and Benjamin

saw to preparing it. She'd gather firewood and herbs for vegetables and set the pots on the fire, so that the meal was always ready when the eleven arrived. In other ways, too, she kept the cottage in order and made up the beds nicely with fresh white linen, and the brothers were always content and lived with her most happily.

On one occasion the two had prepared a fine meal, and when they were all gathered, they sat down, ate and drank, and were full of good cheer. There was a little garden near the enchanted cottage, and in it were twelve lilies, the kind also called narcissus. Now she wanted to please her brothers and picked the twelve flowers, thinking to give one to each of them after the meal. But the very moment she picked the flowers, her twelve brothers were changed into ravens and flew away over the forest, and the house and the garden had vanished, too. Now the poor girl was alone in the wild forest, and as she looked about, an old woman was standing beside her, who said, "My child, what have you done? Why didn't you leave the twelve white flowers alone? They were your brothers, who are now changed into ravens forever." Weeping, the girl said, "Is there no way to unspell them?" "No," said the old woman, "there's only one thing in the whole world, but that's so hard that you'll not free them that way, for you must remain silent for seven years, neither speak nor even laugh, and if you utter a single word only one hour short of the seven years, all will have been in vain, and your brothers will be killed by that one word."

Then the girl said in her heart, "I know for certain that I'll unspell my brothers," and went and chose a tall tree, and sat down up in it, and spun and neither spoke nor laughed. Now it so happened that a king was hunting in the forest. He had a big deerhound that ran up to the tree where the girl was sitting, jumped around, and yelped and barked up at her. Then the king came along and saw the beautiful princess with the golden star on her forehead and was so enchanted by her beauty that he called out and asked if she were willing to be his wife. She made no answer, gave, however, a little nod with her head. Then he climbed the tree himself, carried her down, put her on his horse, and took her home. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed. After they had lived happily together for a few years, the king's

mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young queen and said to the king, "It's a common beggar girl you brought home. Who knows what evil and mischief she's secretly up to? Even if she's dumb and can't talk, at least she might laugh once in a while. Anybody who doesn't laugh has a bad conscience." At first the king was unwilling to believe this, but the old woman kept at it so long and accused her of so many bad things that the king was finally persuaded and condemned her to death.

Now a great fire was kindled in the courtyard, in which she was to be burned, and the king stood upstairs at the window and looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so. When she had already been tied to the stake and the red tongues of fire were licking her clothes, at that moment the last second of the seven years passed. Then a whirring of wings was heard in the air, and the twelve ravens came flying up and lighted there, and as they touched the ground, they were her twelve brothers whom she had saved. They pulled the fire apart, put out the flames, freed their dear sister, and hugged and kissed her. And now that she might open her mouth and speak, she told the king why she'd been dumb and why she'd never laughed. The king rejoiced when he heard she was innocent, and they lived happily together until their death.

But the wicked stepmother was haled into court and put in a barrel filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes and died an evil death.

10 The Vulgar Crew

Das Lumpengesindel

A cock said to a hen, "Now's when the nuts are getting ripe; let's go up on the mountain and eat our fill before the squirrel gets them all." "Yes," answered the hen, "let's go and have a good time together." So they both set off for the mountain, and because it

was a clear day, they stayed till evening. Now I don't know whether it was because they'd stuffed themselves or because they had got into high spirits, at any rate they didn't want to go home on foot, and the cock had to make a little coach out of nut shells. When it was ready, the hen got in and said to the cock, "Now you hitch yourself up to it." "That's a fine idea!" said the cock. "I'd rather walk home than be hitched up. No, that's not what we bargained for. I'm willing to be coachman and sit on the box, but pull it myself—no!"

While they were thus quarreling, a duck came quacking up: "You robbers! who gave you leave to trespass on my nut mountain? Just wait, you'll catch it," and went for the cock with its bill wide open. The cock wasn't slow, either, and bravely set upon the duck and so belabored it with his spurs that it begged for mercy and as a punishment gladly let itself be hitched to the coach. The cock now mounted the box and was coachman, and then away they went at top speed: "Duck, run as fast as you can." When they had driven some distance, they met two people on foot, a pin and a needle; they called out, "Stop! stop!" and said it'd soon be pitch-dark and that they wouldn't be able to go on a step farther. Besides, the road was muddy, and mightn't they ride along a bit? They'd been at the Tailors' Tavern outside the town-gate and had sat too long over their beer. Since they were both thin and didn't take up much room, the cock let them get in, though they had to promise not to step on his or the hen's feet. Late in the evening they arrived at an inn, and because they didn't want to continue their journey at night and because the duck didn't walk very well but lurched from side to side, they determined to stop there. At first the host raised a lot of objections, said that his house was already full up, probably suspecting, indeed, that they weren't a very distinguished company. But at last since they were glib and promised to give him the egg the hen had laid on the journey and said he might keep the duck, who laid an egg every day, he finally said that they might spend the night. So they ordered up hot food and had a high old time.

Early in the morning, at dawn, when everybody was still asleep, the cock woke the hen up, fetched the egg and opened it, and between them they ate it. The shells they threw on the hearth. Then they went to the needle, which was still fast

asleep, seized it by the head and stuck it in the cushion of the innkeeper's easy chair, and stuck the pin in his towel. Finally without so much as a word they flew away over the moor. But the duck, who liked to sleep in the open and had stayed out in the innyard, heard them whirring off, roused itself, and found a brook down which it swam. That was quicker than being hitched to the coach.

Not till some hours later did the innkeeper get up; he washed himself and was about to dry himself with the towel when the pin passed across his face, leaving a red mark from ear to ear. Then he went into the kitchen to light his pipe, but as he came to the hearth the eggshells sprang into his eyes. "This morning everything's hitting me on the head," he said and dropped crossly into his easy chair. But he jumped up quick enough, crying, "Ouch!" for the needle had pricked him even worse and not in the head, either. By now he was thoroughly angry and suspected the guests who had come so late the night before. When he went to look for them, they'd gone. Then he vowed never again to take a vulgar crew into his inn—people who consume much, pay nothing, and on top of it all repay one with practical jokes.

II Brother and Sister

Brüderchen und Schwesterchen

A BROTHER took his sister by the hand and said, "Since mother died, we haven't had a single happy hour. Our stepmother beats us every day, and when we go to her, she kicks us out. Hard left-over crusts of bread are our food, and the dog under the table is better off, for once in a while she throws it some choice morsel. The Lord have mercy, if our mother knew that! Come, let's go out into the world together." All day long they walked over meadows and fields and stones, and when it rained, the girl said, "God and our poor hearts are weeping at the same time."

In the evening they entered a large forest and were so tired from grief and hunger and the long walk that they sat down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

When they woke up the next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens and was shining nice and warm into the tree. Then the boy said, "Sister, I'm thirsty. If I knew of a spring, I'd go and have a drink; I think I hear the murmur of one." The brother got up, took his sister by the hand, and both went in search of the spring. Their wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, knew all about the two children's departure, had sneaked after them secretly the way witches do, and had bewitched all the springs in the forest. Now when they found a spring that was gushing and sparkling over the rocks, the brother wanted to drink from it. But his sister understood that its murmur meant, "Who drinks of me will be turned into a tiger, who drinks of me will be turned into a tiger," and cried, "Please, brother, don't drink the water, or you'll turn into a wild animal and tear me to pieces." So the brother didn't take a drink, though he was very thirsty, and said, "I'll wait till we come to the next spring." When they got to the second spring, the girl heard it, too, saying, "Who drinks of me will be turned into a wolf, who drinks of me will be turned into a wolf." Then the girl cried, "Brother, please don't drink the water, or you'll turn into a wolf and eat me up." So the brother didn't drink the water and said, "I'll wait till we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, no matter what you say, for I'm far too thirsty." And when they reached the third spring, the girl understood that its murmur meant, "Who drinks of me will be turned into a roe, who drinks of me will be turned into a roe." The girl said, "O Brother, please don't drink the water, or you'll turn into a roe and run away from me." But the boy at once knelt down by the spring, bent over it, and drank the water, and when the first drops touched his lips, he lay there in the form of a fawn.

Now the sister wept over her poor bewitched brother, and the fawn wept, too, and sat sadly beside her. Finally the girl said, "Don't weep, dear little fawn, I'll never leave you." Then she untied her golden garter and put it around the fawn's neck and pulled up rushes and wove them into a soft leash. Thus she tied the little animal to it and led it on, always going deeper

and deeper into the forest. And when they had walked a long, long while, they finally came to a cottage, and the girl looked in. And because it was empty, she thought, "Here we can stay and live." Then she gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn, and every morning she'd go out and gather roots, berries, and nuts, and for the fawn she'd bring home tender grass, which it ate out of her hand, was content, and capered around her. In the evening when the sister was tired and had said her prayers, she'd lay her head on the fawn's back; that was her pillow, and on it she'd fall quietly to sleep. If only the brother had had his human shape, it would have been a wonderful life.

For quite a time they were thus alone in the wilderness. Now it happened that the king of the country had a big hunting party in the forest. The woods resounded with the blowing of horns, the baying of hounds, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen. The fawn heard it and would all too well have liked to share in the sport. "Oh," it said to its sister, "let me go out and join the hunt; I can't stand it any longer," and begged so long that she consented. "But," she said to it, "be sure to come back to me in the evening. I'll lock my door against the fierce huntsmen and that I may recognize you, knock on the door and say, "Sister dear, let me in here." Unless you say that, I won't unlock the door." Now the fawn leapt out and felt so fine and gay in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal and pursued it but couldn't overtake it; every time they thought they surely had it, it made a leap over the bushes and disappeared. When it grew dark, it ran to the cottage and, knocking, said, "Sister dear, let me in here." The door opened, and it leapt in and rested the whole night on its soft bed. Next morning the hunt began anew, and when the fawn again heard the bugle and the "heigh! heigh!" of the huntsmen, it got restless and said, "Sister, open the door, I've got to go out." The sister opened the door for it and said, "But you must be back again this evening and say your little verse." When the king and his huntsmen again saw the fawn with its golden collar, they all pursued it, but it was too swift and agile for them. This went on all day. Finally by evening, however, the huntsmen had surrounded it, and one of them had wounded it slightly in the leg, so that it limped and made off slowly. Then one of the

huntsmen stalked it to the cottage and heard it say, "Sister dear, let me in here," and saw the door opened for it and immediately shut again. The huntsman kept all this well in mind, went to the king, and reported what he had seen and heard. Then the king said, "Tomorrow we'll hunt again."

The sister, however, was greatly frightened on seeing that her fawn had been wounded. She washed off the blood, put herbs on the wound, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, so you'll get well again." The wound, however, was so slight that in the morning the fawn no longer felt it, and when it again heard the merry hunt going on outside, said, "I can't bear it! I must be in it; they won't catch me so easily!" The girl wept and said, "This time they'll kill you, and I'll be all alone here in the forest, forsaken by everyone. I shan't let you out." "Then I'll die here of sheer sadness," replied the fawn; "every time I hear the bugle, I feel I must get going as quickly as possible." Then the girl couldn't but open the door, though with a heavy heart, and the fawn leapt gaily and merrily out into the forest. When the king saw it, he said to his huntsmen, "Now pursue it all day long until nightfall but be careful not to hurt it." No sooner had the sun set than the king said to the huntsmen, "Now come and show me the forest hut," and when he reached the door, he knocked, saying, "Sister dear, let me in here." Then the door opened, and the king stepped in, and there stood a girl more beautiful than any he had ever seen. The girl was frightened when she saw it wasn't her fawn coming in but a man with a golden crown on his head. But the king looked at her in friendly wise, and giving her his hand, said, "Will you come with me to my palace and be my dear wife?" "Oh yes," answered the girl, "only the fawn must come along, too; I shan't abandon it." The king said, "You may keep it as long as you live, and it shall lack nothing." As they were talking, the fawn came leaping in, and the girl tied it up again on the rush leash, which she herself took hold of, and led it out from the forest hut.

The king put the lovely girl on his horse and brought her to his palace, where the wedding was celebrated with great pomp. Now she was queen, and they lived happily together for a long time. The fawn was well taken care of and capered about in the palace garden. However, the wicked stepmother, on whose account the children had gone out into the world, was

quite sure that the sister had been torn to pieces by the wild animals in the forest and that the brother in the shape of a fawn had been killed by the huntsmen. But when she heard that they were so happy and well off, her heart swelled with jealousy and envy and gave her no peace, and she could think of nothing but how she might even yet bring misfortune upon the two. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as sin and one-eyed besides, reproached her, saying, "I ought to have had the good luck of being queen." "Just keep still," said the old witch, soothing her, "when the time comes, I'll be on hand." Well, as time passed and the queen gave birth to a handsome boy and the king happened to be out hunting, the old witch assumed the shape of the maid-in-waiting, entered the room where the queen was lying, and said to the sick woman, "Come, your bath's ready; it'll do you good and invigorate you; hurry up before it gets cold." Her daughter was there, too, and they carried the weak queen into the bathroom and put her in the tub. Then they locked the door and made off. In the bathroom, however, they had kindled a terrific fire, so that the beautiful young queen soon suffocated.

When this was done, the old witch took her daughter, put a nightcap on her, and laid her in the queen's bed. She also gave her the shape and looks of the queen, only she couldn't give her back the eye she'd lost. To conceal this from the king, the daughter had to lie on her blind side. When the king came home in the evening and heard that he was the father of a little boy, he was very happy and was about to go to his dear wife's bed and see how she was. But the old witch promptly cried, "My goodness! don't draw back the curtains, the queen mustn't be exposed to light yet and must have quiet." The king went away and didn't know that a substitute queen was in the bed.

At midnight when everybody was asleep, the nurse, who was sitting by the cradle in the nursery and keeping watch alone, saw the door open and the real queen come in. She lifted the child out of the cradle, took it in her arms, and nursed it; then she shook up its little pillow, put the child back, and laid its coverlet over it. Nor did she forget the fawn but went into the corner where it was lying and stroked its back. Then she quietly went out the door again. Next morning the nurse asked

the guards whether anybody had entered the palace during the night, but they replied, "No, we didn't see anyone." In this way she came many nights running and never spoke a word, and though the nurse saw her every time, yet she didn't dare breathe a word about it to anyone.

After some time the queen began one night to speak, and said,

"How's my child? how's my fawn?
I'll come twice more and then never again."

The nurse didn't answer her, but when the queen again disappeared, she went to the king and told him everything. Then the king said, "Oh God! what can it be? Tonight I'll watch the child myself." In the evening he went to the nursery, and about midnight the queen reappeared and said,

"How's my child? how's my fawn?
I'll come once more and then never again."

And as usual she nursed the child before disappearing. The king didn't dare address her but kept watch the following night, too. Again she said,

"How's my child? how's my fawn?
I've come this time, but never again."

Then the king could no longer restrain himself, sprang toward her, and said, "You can be none other than my dear wife." Then she replied, "Yes, I am your dear wife," and at that very moment she had, through the grace of God, come back to life again and was hale and hearty. Then she told the king of the crime committed against her by the wicked witch and her daughter. The king had them both haled into court, and their sentence was pronounced. The daughter was led into the forest, where wild animals tore her to pieces, while the witch was tied to a stake and burned to death miserably. And when she'd been burned to ashes, the fawn changed back and got his human form again. The brother and sister lived happily together until their death.

12 Rampion

Rapunzel

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN and his wife; for a long time they'd been longing in vain for a child. Finally the woman expected that God would fulfill her wish. At the back of their house the couple had a little window overlooking a magnificent garden full of the finest flowers and herbs. But it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared enter it, because it belonged to a witch who was very powerful and was feared by all. One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden and saw a bed planted with the finest rampions, looking so fresh and green that her appetite was whetted, and she felt the greatest craving to eat some of them. This craving increased from day to day, and since she knew she couldn't get any, she lost weight and looked pale and wretched. Then her husband got frightened and asked, "What's ailing you, dear wife?" "Oh," she replied, "unless I can eat some of the rampions from the garden behind our house, I'll surely die." Her husband, who loved her, thought, "Rather than let your wife die, you'll fetch her some of the rampions, cost what it may." So at dusk he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, hurriedly cut a handful of rampions, and brought them to his wife. She at once prepared a salad of them and ate them greedily. But they tasted so good to her, so very good, that the next day her craving grew three times stronger. To pacify her, her husband had once more to scale the garden wall. Thus at dusk he again climbed down, but when he'd got down from the wall, he was terribly frightened, for he saw the witch standing before him. "How do you dare to climb into my garden," she said with an angry look, "and like a thief steal my rampions? You'll pay dear for it." "Oh," he answered, "let justice be tempered with mercy, I did so only from dire necessity: my wife saw your rampions from her window and has such a craving for them that she'd die unless she

might eat some." Then the witch's wrath abated and she said to him, "If that's the way it is, I'll let you take as many rampions as you like, but on one condition: you must give me the child your wife will give birth to. The child will be all right, and I'll take care of it like a mother." In his fright the man promised everything, and when his wife was delivered of her child, the witch immediately appeared, christened it Rampion, and took it away with her.

Rampion grew up to be the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve, the witch locked her up in a tower in a forest, and it had neither stairs nor door, only a little window way up at the top. Whenever the witch wanted to get in, she'd stand down below and call,

"Rampion, Rampion,
Let down your hair for me."

Rampion had beautiful long hair, as fine as spun gold. Every time she heard the witch's voice, she'd undo her braids and wind them around the casement hinge above; then her hair would drop twenty yards, and the witch would climb up on it.

A few years later the king's son happened to be riding through the forest and passed the tower. Then he heard a song so lovely that he stopped and listened. It was Rampion, who in her solitude whiled away her time singing. The prince wanted to climb up to her and looked for a door in the tower but couldn't find one. He rode home, but the song had so touched his heart that every day he used to go out into the forest and listen. One day when he was standing behind a tree, he saw the witch approach and heard her call out,

"Rampion, Rampion,
Let down your hair."

Then Rampion let down her braids, and the witch climbed up on them. "If that's the ladder one gets up there on, I, too, shall try my luck for once." The next day when it began to get dusk, he went to the tower and called out,

"Rampion, Rampion,
Let down your hair."

At once the hair came down, and the king's son climbed up.

At first Rampion was greatly frightened to see enter a man such as her eyes had never looked upon before, but the king's son spoke to her kindly and told her how her singing had so moved his heart that it left him no peace and that he had to see her herself. Then Rampion's fear vanished, and when he asked her whether she was willing to accept him as her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought to herself, "He'll love me better than old Mrs. Gothel," and said yes, and put her hand in his. "I'll gladly go with you," she said, "but I don't know how I can get down. Every time you come, bring along a skein of silk. I'll braid it into a ladder, and when it's finished, I'll come down on it, and you'll take me on your horse." They agreed that until then he was to come to her every evening, for the old woman came during the day. The old witch didn't notice anything until one day Rampion all of a sudden said to her, "Now tell me, Mrs. Gothel, why it is you're so much heavier for me to pull up than the young king's son? He's up here in a second." "Oh, you wicked child!" cried the witch, "what's this I hear? I thought I'd cut you off from everybody, and now you've deceived me." In her anger she seized Rampion's beautiful hair, wound it a couple of times around her left hand, took a pair of scissors with her right, and slish, slash, cut it off, and the beautiful braids were lying on the floor. And she was so pitiless that she took poor Rampion to a waste land, where she had to live in great misery and wretchedness.

On the evening of the very day on which she had cast Rampion out, the witch fastened the braids she'd cut off to the case-ment hinge, and when the prince came and called out,

"Rampion, Rampion,
Let down your hair."

she let the hair down. The prince climbed up; there, however, he found not his beloved Rampion but the witch, who cast evil and poisonous glances at him. "Ha! ha!" she cried mockingly, "you've come to fetch your sweetheart! But the pretty bird's no longer in its nest and is no longer singing; the cat's got it and will scratch out your eyes, too. Rampion's lost to you, you'll

never see her again." The king's son was beside himself with sorrow and in his despair jumped down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. Then he wandered blindly about in the forest, ate only roots and berries, did nothing but moan and weep over the loss of his beloved wife. Thus for some years he wandered about in misery and finally got into the waste land where Rampion was leading a miserable existence with the twins she had born, a boy and a girl. He heard a voice and it sounded very familiar to him. He went toward it, and as he drew near, Rampion recognized him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears, however, wet his eyes, and they became clear again and he could see with them as well as before. He brought her to his kingdom, where he was received with rejoicing, and they lived happily and contented for a long time.

13 The Three Dwarfs in the Forest

Die drei Männlein im Walde

THERE WAS A MAN whose wife died, and a woman whose husband died, and the man had a daughter, and the woman also had a daughter. The girls knew one another and used to go on walks together and afterward go to the woman's house. Once she said to the man's daughter, "Listen, tell your father I'd like to marry him. Then you'll wash in milk every morning and drink wine, but my daughter will wash in water and drink water." The girl went home and told her father what the woman had said. The man said, "What ought I to do? There's a good and a bad side to marriage." Finally, because he couldn't make up his mind, he took off one of his boots and said, "Take this boot with a hole in the sole. Take it to the loft, hang it up on the big nail there and then pour water into it. If it holds the water, I'll remarry, but if it runs through, I won't." The girl did as she was bid, but the water made the hole close up, and

the boot got full to the top. She reported to her father how it turned out. Then he went up himself, and when he saw that she was right, he went to the widow and wooed her, and the wedding took place.

The next morning when the two girls got up, there was milk before the man's daughter to wash in and wine to drink, but before the woman's daughter was water for washing and for drinking. On the second morning there was water for washing and drinking before the man's daughter as well as before the woman's daughter, and on the third morning there was water for washing and drinking before the man's daughter, and milk for washing and wine to drink before the woman's daughter. And that's the way it remained. The woman became her stepdaughter's bitter enemy and thought only of how she might make it worse for her from one day to the next. She was envious, too, because her stepdaughter was pretty and lovely, while her own daughter was ugly and loathsome.

Once upon a time in winter when there'd been a hard frost and hill and dale were covered with snow, the woman made a paper dress and, calling the girl, said, "Put on the dress and go out into the forest and fetch me a basket of strawberries; I've got a craving for some." "Good heavens," said the girl, "strawberries don't grow in winter; the ground is frozen and the snow has covered everything. And why should I go out in a paper dress? It's so cold outdoors that one's breath freezes, the wind will blow right through it, and the thorns will tear it off me." "Do you mean to oppose me?" said the stepmother, "get along out and don't show your face again till you've got the basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a little piece of hard bread and said, "That'll be your food for the day," thinking, "she'll freeze to death out there and starve and never show me her face again."

Now the girl obeyed and, putting on the paper dress, went out with the basket. Far and wide was nothing but snow, and not a green blade was to be seen. When she got into the forest, she saw a cottage with three dwarfs looking out of it. She wished them good day and knocked respectfully at the door. They called out, "Come in," and she entered the room and sat down on the bench by the stove. She wanted to warm herself there and eat her breakfast. Then the dwarfs said, "Give us

a little of it, too." "Gladly," she said, broke her piece of bread in two, and gave them half. They asked, "What are you doing here in the forest in winter in your thin dress?" "Alas," she replied, "I'm to fetch a basket of strawberries and mayn't come home without them." When she'd eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow by the back door." But once she was outside, the three dwarfs said to one another, "What shall we give her for being so well-mannered and kindly and for sharing her bread with us?" Then the first said, "I grant her that she shall become prettier every day." The second said, "I grant her that gold pieces shall fall from her mouth every time she utters a word." The third said, "I grant her that a king shall come and marry her."

The girl did as the dwarfs bade. With the broom she swept away the snow behind the cottage, and what do you think she found? A lot of ripe strawberries, peeping out dark red from under the snow! Then joyfully she picked a basketful, thanked the dwarfs, shook hands with each, went home, and was going to bring her stepmother what she'd asked for. As she came in and said, "Good evening," a gold piece at once fell out of her mouth. Then she told what had happened to her in the forest, and with every word she uttered gold pieces fell from her mouth, so that the whole floor was soon covered with them. "Just look at such extravagance!" cried her stepsister, "throwing money about like that!" though secretly she was envious and herself wanted to go out into the forest to look for strawberries. But her mother said, "No, my darling daughter, it's too cold; you might freeze to death." But since she gave her no peace, her mother finally yielded and made her a magnificent fur coat, which she had to put on, and gave her bread and butter and cake to eat on the way.

The girl went into the forest and straight to the cottage. The dwarfs were again on the lookout, but she didn't greet them, and without so much as looking at them or saying how-do-you-do, she stumbled into the room, sat down by the stove, and began to eat her bread and butter and cake. "Give us a little of it," cried the dwarfs, but she replied, "There's not enough for myself; how can I give any to others?" When she'd finished eating, they said, "Here's a broom, sweep it clean for us by the back door." "My goodness! do your own sweeping," she

replied, "I'm not your maidservant." When she saw they weren't going to give her anything, she went out the door. Then the dwarfs said to one another, "What shall we give her for being so ill-mannered and having such a wicked and envious heart that begrudges everybody everything?" The first said, "I grant her that she shall become uglier every day." The second said, "I grant her that with every word she utters a toad shall hop out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant her that she shall die a miserable death." The girl looked for strawberries outdoors but when she found none, went home in ill humor. And when she opened her mouth and was about to tell her mother how she'd fared in the forest, with every word a toad hopped out of her mouth, so that everybody was disgusted by her.

Now the stepmother got even more irritated and only thought of how she might inflict all possible suffering on the man's daughter, whose beauty was increasing from day to day. At last she took a kettle, put it on the fire, and boiled some yarn in it. When it was boiled, she hung it on the poor girl's shoulders and gave her an ax. She was to take it to the river that was frozen over, cut a hole in the ice, and ret the yarn. She obeyed and went and cut a hole in the ice. As she was chopping away, a magnificent coach drew near, in which the king was sitting. The coach stopped, and the king asked, "My child, who are you? and what are you doing there?" "I'm a poor girl and I'm retting yarn." Then the king was moved to pity and when he saw how beautiful she was, said, "Do you want to come with me in my coach?" "Oh yes, with all my heart," she answered, for she was glad to get away from her stepmother and stepsister.

So she climbed into the coach and drove off with the king, and when they reached the palace, the wedding was celebrated with great pomp, as the dwarfs had granted it to the girl. A year later the young queen gave birth to a boy, and when her stepmother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the palace with her daughter, as though she wanted to pay a visit. But one day when the king went out and no one else was about, the wicked woman seized the queen by the head while her daughter seized her by the feet, and together they lifted her from her bed and threw her out the window into the river that flowed by. Then her ugly daughter lay down in the bed, and

the old woman covered her, head and all. When the king returned and was about to speak to his wife, the old woman cried, "Quiet! quiet! you mustn't do that now. She's perspiring heavily; you must let her rest today." The king was quite unsuspecting and didn't come back till the following morning, and as he talked to his wife and she answered, with every word a toad hopped out of her mouth, where formerly gold pieces had fallen from it. Then he asked what that meant, and the old woman said that it came from the heavy perspiration and would of course go away again.

But in the night the scullery boy saw a duck swim in through the drain. It said,

"King, what are you doing?
Are you asleep or are you awake?"

And when the boy didn't answer, it said,

"What are my guests doing?"

Then the boy replied,

"They're fast asleep."

The duck asked further,

"How's my baby?"

He replied,

"It's sleeping in its cradle."

Then she resumed the shape of the queen, went upstairs, nursed it, fluffed up its crib, covered it, and then swam away again through the drain in the shape of a duck. Thus she appeared two nights running. The third night she said to the scullery boy, "Go tell the king to take his sword and on the threshold to swing it three times over my head." Then the scullery boy went and told the king. He came with his sword and swung it three times over the apparition, and the third time his wife stood before him hale and hearty as before.

Now the king was very happy, but he kept the queen hidden in a chamber till the Sunday, when the child was to be christened. And when it had been christened, he said, "What does a person deserve who takes another from his bed and throws him

into the water?" "Nothing less," the old woman answered, "than to be put in a cask studded with nails on the inside and rolled down hill into the water." Then the king said, "You have pronounced your own doom," had such a cask brought and the old woman and her daughter put in it. Then the head was nailed on and the cask rolled down hill and into the river.

14 The Three Spinners

Die drei Spinnerinnen

THERE WAS ONCE A GIRL who was lazy and unwilling to spin, and say what she would, her mother couldn't get her to do it. Finally her mother was carried away with anger and impatience and gave her such a beating that she cried loudly. Now it so happened that just then the queen was driving past, and when she heard the cries, she stopped, came in, and asked the mother why she was beating her daughter so her cries could be heard out in the street. The mother was ashamed to admit her daughter's laziness and said, "I can't stop her spinning; she insists on doing it all the time, and I'm poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There's nothing I like to hear more than the sound of spinning and I'm never happier than when I hear the hum of a spinning wheel. Give me your daughter to take with me to my palace; I've got plenty of flax, and she may spin as much as she likes." The mother gladly consented, and the queen took the girl along. When they reached the palace, the queen took her upstairs to three chambers, from floor to ceiling full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," she said, "and when you've finished, you shall marry my eldest son. Though you're poor, it makes no difference; your untiring industry is dowry enough." Deep down in her heart the girl was frightened, for she couldn't spin the flax even if she lived to be three hundred and was at it every day from morning till evening. So when she was all alone, she began to weep

and sat thus for three days without lifting her finger. On the third day the queen came and on seeing that nothing had as yet been spun, was surprised, but the girl excused herself by saying she hadn't been able to start work because of her great sorrow over being away from her mother's house. The queen accepted this excuse but on leaving said, "You must start working tomorrow."

When the girl was again alone, she couldn't think of any way out of the difficulty and in her sorrow stepped to the window. Then she saw three women approaching, of whom one had a splayed flat foot, the second a lower lip so large that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a splayed thumb. They stopped in front of the window, looked up, and asked the girl what the trouble was. She complained to them of her difficulty. Then they offered her their help, saying, "If you'll invite us to your wedding and not be ashamed of us and say we're cousins of yours and have us sit at your table, we'll spin your flax in short order." "Gladly," she replied, "just come in and start work right away." Then she let the three queer women in and cleared a place in the first chamber. There they settled down and started spinning. One drew out the thread and treadled, the other wet it, the third twisted it and with her finger rapped on the table, and every time she rapped, a reel of yarn dropped to the floor, most evenly and delicately spun. She concealed the three women from the queen, to whom, every time she came, she showed the amount of yarn spun, so that there was no end to the queen's praise. When the first chamber was empty, they moved on to the second, and finally the third, and that, too, was soon cleared out. Then the three women took their leave, saying to the girl, "Don't forget your promise; it'll be for your benefit."

When the girl showed the queen the empty chambers and the huge pile of yarn, she made arrangements for the wedding, and the bridegroom was glad to get such a skillful and industrious wife and praised her highly. "I've got three relatives," said the girl, "and since they've been very kind to me, I shouldn't like to forget them in my good fortune. Please let me invite them to the wedding and have them sit at my table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why shouldn't we let you?" At the beginning of the wedding feast the three women en-

tered in strange garb, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "My," said the bridegroom, "how did you strike up a friendship with such repulsive people?" Then he went to the one with the splayed foot and asked, "Where did you get such a splayed foot?" "From treadling," she answered, "from treadling." Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "How did you get that drooping lower lip?" "From licking thread," she replied, "from licking thread." Then he asked the third, "How did you get your splayed thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered, "from twisting thread." Then the king's son got frightened and said, "My fair bride shall never again touch a spinning wheel."

Thus she was relieved of the wretched task of spinning flax.

15 Haensel and Gretel

Hänsel und Gretel

NEAR A LARGE FOREST lived a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children. The boy's name was Haensel and the girl's Gretel. The woodcutter had little to eat, and once when a great famine swept the country, he was no longer able to earn even their daily bread. One evening when he was lying in his bed and tossing about and worrying, he sighed and said to his wife, "What's to become of us? How can we feed our poor children when we've nothing left for ourselves?" "Do you know what, husband," answered the wife, "the first thing tomorrow morning we'll take the children out into the densest part of the forest. There we'll kindle them a fire and give each a little piece of bread; then we'll go about our work and leave them there alone; they won't find the way back home, and we'll be rid of them." "No, wife," said the man, "that I won't do. How could I have the heart to leave my children alone in the forest; the wild animals would soon come and tear them to pieces." "O you fool," she said, "then all four of us will

starve to death; you might as well start planing the boards for our coffins," and gave him no peace until he agreed. "But all the same I'm sorry for the poor children," said the man.

The two children hadn't been able to get to sleep, either, because they were hungry and heard what their stepmother said to their father. Gretel wept bitter tears and said to Haensel, "Now it's all up with us." "Be quiet, Gretel," said Haensel, "Don't worry, I'll get us out of this, of course." And when the mother and father had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his jacket, opened the lower half of the door, and crept out of the house. The moon was shining bright, and the white pebbles which were in front of the house gleamed like so many new silver coins. Haensel stooped down and put as many of them as he could in his jacket pocket. Then he went back and said to Gretel, "Don't worry, sister dear, and just go to sleep; God won't forsake us." Then he went to bed again.

When day dawned, even before sunrise the mother came and woke the children up, saying, "Get up, you lazybones, we're going into the forest to fetch wood." Then she gave each a piece of bread, saying, "Here's something for your dinner, but don't eat it beforehand; you're not getting anything else." Gretel put the bread in her apron because Haensel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together for the forest. When they'd been walking a little while, Haensel stopped and looked back toward the house and did so again and again. The father said, "Haensel, what are you looking at there, and why are you lagging behind? Watch out or you'll be forgetting your legs." "Oh Father," said Haensel, "I'm looking at my white kitten; it's sitting on top of the roof and wants to say good-bye to me." The woman said, "You fool, that's not your kitten; it's the morning sun shining on the chimney." But Haensel hadn't been looking at the cat but was ever tossing one of the white pebbles from his pocket onto the path.

When they reached the middle of the forest, the father said, "Now gather some wood, children! I'll make a fire for you so you won't get cold." Haensel and Gretel gathered brush, quite a pile of it. The brush was kindled, and when the fire was blazing, the wife said, "Now lie down by the fire, children, and take a rest. We're going into the forest to cut wood; when we're finished, we'll come back and fetch you."

Haensel and Gretel sat by the fire and when it was noon ate their piece of bread. And because they heard the blows of the ax, they thought their father was near by. But it wasn't the ax; it was a branch he'd tied to a dead tree, which the wind was banging back and forth. When they'd been sitting for a long time, their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they finally woke up, it was already pitch-dark. Gretel began to weep and said, "How shall we get out of the forest now?" But Haensel consoled her, saying, "Just wait a bit till the moon's up; then we'll easily find our way." When the full moon had risen, Haensel took his sister by the hand and followed the pebbles, which glittered like new silver coins and showed them the way. They kept walking all night and at daybreak were back at their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it and saw Haensel and Gretel, she said, "You naughty children, why did you sleep so long in the forest? We thought you weren't coming back at all." But the father was glad, for he was sorry he'd left them alone in the forest.

Not long after that there was again a famine everywhere, and one night the children heard their mother say in bed to their father, "Everything's been eaten up again; we've only got a half a loaf of bread left and then we'll be at the end of our rope. The children must be sent away. Let's take them deeper into the forest to make sure they won't find the way out again. There's no other salvation for us." With heavy heart the man thought, "It'd be better to share your last morsel with your children," but the woman would listen to nothing he said, scolded him, and reproached him. But one step leads to another, and since he'd given in the first time, he had to the second, also.

The children, however, were still awake and heard the conversation. When the mother and father were asleep, Haensel again got up and was going out to pick up pebbles as before, but the wife had locked the door, and Haensel couldn't get out. Nevertheless, he consoled his sister and said, "Don't weep, Gretel, and just go to sleep; the dear Lord will surely help us."

Early in the morning the wife came and got the children out of bed. They received their piece of bread, but it was

even smaller than last time. On their way to the forest Haensel crumbled it up in his pocket and, stopping often, scattered the crumbs on the ground. "Haensel, why are you stopping and looking around?" said his father; "go ahead." "I'm looking at my pigeon; it's sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me," answered Haensel. "You fool!" said the woman, "that's not your pigeon; it's the morning sun shining on the chimney." Nevertheless, Haensel gradually scattered all the bread crumbs along the path.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest, where they'd never been in all their lives. Then a big fire was again made, and the mother said, "Just sit there, children, and if you feel tired, you can take a little nap. We're going into the forest to cut wood and this evening when we're finished, we'll come and fetch you." When it was noon, Gretel shared her bread with Haensel, who'd scattered his piece along the way. Then they fell asleep, and the evening passed and no one came to get the poor children. They didn't wake up till it was pitch-dark, and Haensel consoled his sister, saying, "Just wait, Gretel, till the moon's up; then we'll see the bread crumbs I scattered. They'll show us the way home." When the moon rose, they set out but didn't find any bread crumbs, for the thousands of birds that fly about in forest and field had pecked them all up. Haensel said to Gretel, "We'll surely find the way," but they didn't find it. They walked all night and still another day from morning till evening but didn't get out of the forest. And they were very hungry, for they had nothing but a few berries that were on the ground, and because they were so tired that their legs wouldn't carry them any farther, they lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

By now it was already the third morning since they'd left their father's house. They began walking again but kept getting deeper and deeper into the forest, and unless help came soon, they were doomed to die of exhaustion. When it was noon, they saw a pretty snow-white bird perched on a branch; it sang so beautifully that they stopped and listened to it. And when it had finished, it flapped its wings and flew ahead of them; they followed it until they came to a cottage. There it lighted on the roof, and when they got quite near, they saw that the cottage was made of bread with a cake roof and that

the windows were of sugar candy. "Let's make for it," said Haensel, "and have a fine meal. I'll eat a piece of the roof and, Gretel, you may eat some of the window; that's sweet." Haensel reached up and broke off a little piece of the roof for himself to see how it tasted, and Gretel took her place at the windowpanes and nibbled at them. Then a shrill voice called out from the living room,

"Nibble, nibble, nibble!
Who's nibbling at my cottage?"

The children answered,

"The wind, the wind,
The Heavenly Child,"

and went on eating without being put off. Haensel, who quite liked the taste of the roof, pulled down a large piece, while Gretel took out a whole round windowpane, sat down, and ate it with relish. Then suddenly the door opened, and a very old woman leaning on a crutch came slinking out. Haensel and Gretel were so frightened that they dropped what they had in their hands. But the old woman shook her head and said, "Well, well, you dear children, who brought you here? Come right in and stay with me; no harm will befall you." She took them both by the hand and led them into her cottage. They were served a good meal with milk, pancakes and sugar, apples, and nuts. Then she made up two pretty beds with white sheets, and Haensel and Gretel lay down in them and thought they were in Heaven.

The old woman was, however, only pretending to be kind; as a matter of fact, she was a wicked witch who lay in wait for children and who'd built the cottage of bread just to lure them to her. Once she got a child in her power, she'd kill it, cook it, and eat it, and that would be a red-letter day for her. Witches have red eyes and can't see far, but they've a keen sense of smell, just like animals, and scent the approach of human beings. As Haensel and Gretel were getting near her, she laughed wickedly and mockingly said, "I've got them! they shan't get away from me again!" Early in the morning before the children were awake, she was already up and, seeing them both sleeping so sweetly with their full rosy cheeks, muttered

to herself, "That'll be a fine snack." Then with her withered hand she seized Haensel and carried him to a little pen and shut him up behind a grilled door. No matter how hard he cried, it did him no good. Then she went to Gretel, shook her till she woke up, and said, "Get up, you lazybones, fetch some water and cook something good for your brother; he's outside in the pen and must be fattened up. Once he's fat, I'll eat him." Gretel began to weep bitterly, but it was no use: she had to do what the wicked witch ordered her.

Now the best food was cooked for poor Haensel, but Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Every morning the old woman would slink out to the pen and cry, "Haensel! stick out your fingers so I can feel whether you'll be fat soon." But Haensel stuck out a little bone, and the old woman, whose eyesight was poor, couldn't see it and thought it was one of Haensel's fingers and was surprised he didn't get fat. When four weeks had passed and Haensel still stayed thin, she got impatient and wouldn't wait any longer. "Come on, Gretel!" she called out to the girl, "hurry up! bring some water! whether Haensel's fat or lean, I'm going to kill him tomorrow and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister cried out when she had to carry the water, and how the tears rolled down her cheeks! "Dear Lord, please help us," she cried; "if only the wild animals in the forest had devoured us, then we at least should have died together." "Just stop your whining," said the old woman; "it won't do you any good at all."

Early in the morning Gretel had to go out and hang up the kettle full of water and kindle the fire. "First let's do some baking," said the old woman, "I've already heated up the oven and kneaded the dough." She pushed poor Gretel out to the oven, from which big flames already were leaping. "Crawl in!" said the witch, "and see whether it's properly hot, so we can put the bread in." Once Gretel was in, she intended to shut the oven and roast Gretel in it and then she was going to eat her up, too. But Gretel saw what she was up to and said, "I don't know how to. How do I get in?" "Stupid goose," said the old woman, "the opening's big enough. Why, I could get in myself," waddled up and stuck her head in the oven. Then Gretel gave her a shove so that she slid way in, shut the iron door, and shot the bolt. My! then she began to howl

—something horrible! But Gretel ran away, and the wicked witch burned to death miserably.

Then Gretel went straight to Haensel, opened his pen, and called, "Haensel, we're saved! The old witch is dead!" Then Haensel jumped out like a bird from its cage when the door's opened. How happy they were! They fell on each other's necks, skipped about, and kissed one another, and because they didn't need to be afraid any more, they went into the witch's house, where there were chests of pearls and jewels in every nook and corner. "These are even better than pebbles," said Haensel, filling his pockets as full as he could, while Gretel said, "I want to bring something home, too," and filled her apron. "Now let's be off," said Haensel, "and get out of this enchanted forest." But when they'd been walking for a couple of hours, they reached a big body of water. "We can't get across," said Haensel; "I don't see any plank or bridge." "And there isn't any boat here," answered Gretel, "but there's a white duck. If I ask it, it'll help us across." Then she called out,

"Duck, duck!
Here's Haensel and Gretel.
There's no plank or bridge;
Take us on your white back."

As a matter of fact, the duck did come up, and Haensel got on it and told his sister to sit down beside him. "No," answered Gretel, "it'll be too heavy for the duck; it had better carry us over one at a time." The good creature did so, and when both were safely across and had gone a short distance, the forest kept getting more and more familiar to them, and finally they spied their father's house from afar. Then they began to run and rushed into the living room and fell on their father's neck. The man hadn't had a single happy hour since he'd left his children alone in the forest. The wife, however, had died. Gretel shook out her apron, and the pearls and jewels bounced about in the room, and Haensel threw one handful after the other from his pocket. Then all their troubles were at an end, and they lived most happily together.

My tale's done. There runs a mouse; whoever catches it may make a great big cap out of its fur.

16 The Snake's Three Leaves

Die drei Schlangenblätter

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a poor man who could no longer provide for his only son. Then the son said to him, "Father dear, things are going so badly for you that I'm becoming a burden. I'd rather go away myself and see if I can earn my living." Then the father gave him his blessing and very sadly took leave of him. At that time the king of a mighty realm was waging war, and the young man enlisted and joined the campaign. When he came face to face with the enemy, a great battle ensued, and it was very dangerous, for there was a perfect hail of bullets, and his comrades were falling all about him. And when the general, too, was killed, the others wanted to seek safety in flight, but the young man stepped forward and encouraged them, crying, "We mustn't let our fatherland go down!" Then the others followed him, and he pressed on and defeated the enemy. When the king heard that he owed his victory to him alone, he promoted him over everybody else, gave him vast treasures, and made him the first citizen of his kingdom.

The king had a daughter who was very beautiful but also very odd. She'd made a vow to marry no one who wouldn't promise, in the event of her dying first, to be buried alive with her. "If he really loves me," she said, "what use will life be to him then?" On the other hand, she was ready to do the same, and should he die first, go down with him into the grave. Thus far this strange vow had frightened away all suitors, but the young man was so taken by her beauty that he paid no attention to anything and asked her father for her hand. "But are you aware," said the king, "of what you must promise?" "If I survive her, I shall have to go down with her into the grave," he replied, "but my love for her is so great that the danger

means nothing to me." Then the king consented, and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp.

Now they lived happily and contented for some time. Then it so happened that the young queen fell seriously ill, and no physician was able to save her. When she lay dead, the young king remembered what he'd had to promise and was seized with horror at the thought of being buried alive. But there was no way out: the king had posted sentries at all the gates, and it was impossible to escape that fate. When the day came for the body to be buried in the royal vault, he was led down with it, and the door was bolted and locked.

Beside the coffin stood a table with four candles, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine. As soon as these provisions were exhausted, he was bound to die of starvation. Thus he sat there full of sorrow and sadness, each day eating only a tiny bit of bread and drinking only a swallow of wine, and even so, he saw that death was drawing nearer and nearer. While he was thus staring into space, he saw a snake crawl out of a corner of the vault and approach the body, and because he thought it was coming to gnaw at it, he drew his sword and said, "As long as I'm alive, you shan't touch her," and cut it into three pieces. After a while a second snake came crawling out of the corner, but when it saw its companion lying dead and cut to pieces, it went back, returning shortly with three green leaves in its mouth. Then it took the three pieces of the snake, put them properly together, and placed one of the leaves on each of the wounds. Immediately the severed pieces grew together, the snake stirred and came to life again, and both hurried off. The leaves remained on the ground, and the wretched man, who'd witnessed it all, conceived the idea that the wonderful power of the leaves, which had restored the snake to life, might also help a human being. Accordingly, he picked up the leaves and put one on the dead woman's mouth, the other two on her eyes. He'd scarcely done so when the blood stirred in her veins, rose into her pale face, and made it rosy again. Then she drew a breath, opened her eyes, and said, "Oh God, where am I?" "You're with me, dear wife," he answered and told her how it had all happened and how he'd brought her back to life. Then he gave her some wine

and bread, and when she'd regained her strength, she got up, and they went to the door and knocked, calling so loud that the guards heard it and reported to the king. The king himself went and opened the door; there he found them both hale and hearty and rejoiced with them over all their trouble now being ended. The young king took along the snake's leaves, gave them to a servant, and said, "Keep them carefully for me and always carry them on you. Who knows under what circumstances they may still be of help to us."

After she'd been brought back to life, a change, however, took place in the woman; it was as if all affection for her husband had vanished from her heart. When some time later he wanted to make a voyage overseas to visit his aged father, and they'd gone aboard ship, she forgot the great love and loyalty he'd showed her and with which he'd saved her from death, and conceived an evil passion for the ship's captain. Once when the young king was lying asleep, she called the captain and took the sleeping man by the head while the captain had to take him by the feet, and thus they threw him overboard into the sea. When the crime had been committed, she said to him, "Now let's go back home and say he died on the voyage. Of course I'll exalt and extol you to my father, so that he'll marry me to you and make you heir to his crown." But the faithful servant, who'd witnessed the whole thing, put off unnoticed in a gig, sat down in it, followed his master, and let the traitors continue their voyage. He fished up the dead man again and with the help of the snake's leaves which he was carrying on him and which he put on his eyes and mouth, succeeded in bringing him back to life.

Night and day they both rowed with might and main, and their little gig made such good time that they got to the old king's court before the others. The king was astonished to see them arrive alone and asked what had befallen them. On learning of his daughter's perfidy he said, "I can't believe she acted so badly, but the truth will soon come out," and had them both go into a secret chamber and conceal themselves from everyone. Soon after, the big ship came in, and with troubled mien the wicked woman appeared before her father. He said, "Why are you returning alone? Where's your husband?" "Oh, father dear," she answered, "I'm returning in

great sorrow; my husband fell suddenly ill on the voyage and died, and if the good captain hadn't helped me, I'd have been in a bad way. He was present at his death and can tell you everything." The king said, "I'll bring the dead man back to life," opened the chamber, and had the two come out. On seeing her husband, the wife was thunderstruck, fell on her knees, and begged for mercy. The king said, "There is no mercy; he was willing to die with you and brought you back to life. You, on the other hand, killed him in his sleep, and you shall have your just reward." Then together with her accomplice she was placed in a ship full of holes and put out to sea, where they soon sank beneath the waves.

17 The White Snake

Die weisse Schlange

LONG AGO there lived a king whose wisdom was famed throughout the whole country. He knew everything, and it seemed as though news about the most hidden things was carried to him through the air. He had, however, a strange habit. Every noon when the table had been quite cleared and no one was present, a trusted servant had to bring him one more dish. But it was covered, and the servant himself didn't know what was in it, nor did anyone else, for the king didn't uncover it and didn't eat any of it until he was all alone. This had been going on for quite a long time, when one day the servant, who was removing the dish, was overcome with curiosity and took it into his room. After carefully locking the door, he lifted the cover and saw that a white snake was inside. On seeing it he couldn't restrain his desire to taste it, cut off a small piece, and put it in his mouth. No sooner had it touched his tongue than he heard a strange whispering of small voices outside his window. He went and listened and noticed that it was sparrows that were talking to one another, telling stories about what they'd

seen in forest and field. Tasting the snake had given him the power to understand the language of animals.

Now it happened that on that very day the queen lost her finest ring, and suspicion of having stolen it fell on the trusted servant, who had access to everything. The king had him come into his presence and with abusive words threatened to hold him responsible and condemn him unless he could name the guilty party by the next day. There was no use protesting his innocence; he was curtly dismissed. In his anxiety and fear he went down into the courtyard and wondered how he might get out of his difficulty. Some ducks were sitting there peacefully by a running stream, resting and preening themselves and talking confidentially. The servant stopped and listened to what they were saying. They were telling one another how that morning they'd all been waddling about and what good food they'd found. Then one of them said crossly, "Something's sitting heavy on my stomach: in my haste I swallowed a ring that was lying under the queen's window." Then the servant at once seized it by the neck, carried it into the kitchen, and said to the chef, "Just kill this duck; it's good and fat." "Yes," said the chef, weighing it with his hands, "it's not been lazy about feeding itself and has been waiting for a long time now to be roasted." He cut off its neck, and when it was cleaned, the queen's ring was found in its stomach. The servant could now easily prove his innocence to the king, and since the latter was anxious to make amends for his injustice, he granted him a boon and promised him the highest court position he might desire.

The servant declined everything, only asking for a horse and traveling money, for he wanted to see the world and journey about for a time. When his request was granted, he set out and one day passed a pond where he noticed three fish that had been caught in the reeds and were gasping for water. Though people say that fish can't talk, nevertheless he heard them ~~lamenting~~ that they had to perish so miserably. Being ~~kindhearted~~ he dismounted and put the three captives back into the water. They wriggled with joy, stuck their heads out, and ~~said to him~~ "We'll remember you for this and repay you ~~for having saved us~~." He rode on and after a while seemed to ~~hear a noise~~ a ~~noise~~ in the sand. He listened and heard a

king of the ants lamenting, "If only people would keep their clumsy animals off us! That stupid horse there is mercilessly trampling my people to death with its heavy hoofs." He turned the horse onto a side path, and the king of the ants called out to him, "We'll remember you for this and repay you." His way led into a forest, and there he saw a father-raven and a mother-raven standing by their nest and throwing their young out. "Out with you, you good-for-nothings!" they cried; "we can't keep up with your appetites any longer; you're big enough to provide for yourselves." The poor little birds were lying on the ground, fluttering and beating their wings and crying, "We helpless children! We're supposed to provide for ourselves and can't yet fly! What's left for us but to die here of starvation?" Then the goodhearted youth dismounted, killed his horse with his sword, and left it for the young ravens to feed on. They came hopping up, ate their fill, and cried, "We'll remember you for this and repay you."

Now he had to use his own legs, and when he'd walked a long way, he reached a large town. There was a lot of noise and big crowds in the streets, and a man came on horseback and read a proclamation: "The king's daughter is in search of a husband, but whoever wants to woo her will have to carry out a difficult task, and if he fails in this, he will forfeit his life." Many had had a try at it already but had ventured their lives in vain. When the youth saw the king's daughter, he was so dazzled by her great beauty that he forgot all danger, went into the king's presence, and declared himself a suitor.

He was promptly led out to the sea, and a golden ring was thrown in before his eyes. Then the king bade him fetch this ring from the bottom, adding, "If you come up without it, you'll be thrown in again and again, until you perish in the waves." Everybody felt sorry for the handsome youth and then left him alone by the sea. He stood on the shore pondering what to do, when all of a sudden he saw three fishes swimming along, the very ones whose lives he'd saved. The middle one was holding in its mouth a shell, which it laid on the beach at the young man's feet. When the latter picked it up and opened it, there was the golden ring inside. Joyfully he brought it to the king, expecting to be granted the promised reward, but when the king's proud daughter learned that he was her in-

ferior by birth, she scorned him and demanded that he first accomplish a second task. She went down into the garden and herself scattered ten bags of millet in the grass. "He must have it picked up by daybreak tomorrow," she said, "and not one grain may be missing." The youth sat down in the garden and reflected on how he might accomplish this task but could think of nothing and sat there quite sad, expecting to be led to his death at dawn. But when the sun's first rays fell on the garden, he saw the ten bags standing side by side and quite full, and not one grain was missing. During the night the king of ants had come with his thousands and thousands of ants, and the grateful animals had most industriously picked up the millet and gathered it in the bags. The king's daughter herself came down into the garden and saw with amazement that the youth had accomplished the task she had set him. Nevertheless, she still couldn't conquer her proud heart and said, "Though he's accomplished both tasks, still he shan't be my husband until he's brought me an apple from the Tree of Life." The youth didn't know where the Tree of Life was but set out, intending to keep going as long as his legs would carry him, even though he had no hope of finding it. When he'd already passed through three kingdoms and one evening had got into a forest, he sat down under a tree and was about to go to sleep. Then he heard a noise in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same moment three ravens swooped down on him, perched on his knees, and said, "We're the three young ravens you saved from starvation. When we grew up and heard you were looking for the golden apple, we flew across the sea to the end of the world, where the Tree of Life is, and fetched the apple for you." Joyfully the youth set out for home and brought the golden apple to the king's daughter, who now had no further excuse. So they divided the Apple of Life and between them ate it. Then her heart was filled with love for him, and they lived in untroubled happiness to a ripe old age.

18 A Straw, an Ember, and a Bean

Strohalm, Kohle und Bohne

IN A VILLAGE lived a poor old woman; she'd gathered a mess of beans and was going to cook them. So she kindled a fire on her hearth and to make it burn faster lighted it with a handful of straw. As she was tossing the beans into the pot, one of them got away from her unnoticed and came to rest on the floor beside a straw. Soon after, a glowing ember likewise sprang out of the hearth down beside the other two. Then the straw began to speak and said, "Dear friends, where do you come from?" The ember answered, "I was lucky enough to jump out of the fire. If I hadn't taken violent measures, I'd surely have died; I'd have been burnt to ashes." The bean said, "I just got away with a whole skin, too; for had the old woman got me into the pot, I'd certainly have been cooked to porridge like my comrades and without mercy." "Would my fate have been any better?" said the straw. "The old woman let all my brothers go up in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once and killed them. I fortunately slipped through her fingers." "But what shall we do now?" said the ember. "Since we were lucky enough to escape death, we should, I think," answered the bean, "stick together like good comrades and, to avoid another misfortune here, emigrate together to a foreign country."

This proposal met with the approval of the other two, and they set out together. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and since there was neither bridge nor plank, they didn't know how to get across. The straw discovered a way out of the difficulty and said, "I'll lay myself across, then you can walk over me like a bridge." The straw then stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the ember, which was of a fiery disposition, tripped in quite lively fashion over the new bridge. But when it reached the middle and heard the water

murmuring beneath, it got frightened and stopped and ventured no farther. Then the straw began to burn, broke in two, and fell into the brook; the ember slipped in after it, hissed when it touched the water, and gave up the ghost. The bean, that had prudently remained on the other bank, had to laugh when it saw this and couldn't stop and laughed so hard that it burst. Thus it, too, would have suffered the same fate as the others had it not by sheer good luck been for an itinerant tailor who was resting by the brook. Having a kindly heart, he took out needle and thread and sewed it together again. The bean thanked him kindly, but since he used black thread, all beans ever since have had a black seam.

19 The Fisherman and His Wife

Von dem Fischer un syner Fru

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a fisherman and his wife. They lived together in a chamber pot close by the sea, and every day the fisherman went out and fished. And he fished and fished. And once he was sitting with his hook and line and staring into the bright water. And he sat and sat. Then his hook went deep down to the bottom, and when he pulled it up, he fetched out a big flounder. Then the flounder said to him, "Now listen, fisherman, I pray you let me live; I'm not a real flounder, I'm an enchanted prince. What good will it do you to kill me? I wouldn't taste very good anyhow. Put me back in the water and let me swim away." "Well," said the man, "you don't need to talk so much; a flounder that can talk I'd have let go in any event." Thereupon he put it back in the bright water. The flounder went to the bottom, leaving behind a long streak of blood. Then the fisherman got up and went back to his wife in the chamber pot.

"Husband," said the wife, "didn't you catch anything today?" "No," said the man, "I caught a flounder, but it said it was an

enchanted prince; then I let it swim away again." "Didn't you make a wish?" said the wife. "No," said the husband, "what should I be wishing for myself?" "Oh dear," said the woman, "it's too wretched to live forever in a chamber pot; it smells and is so disgusting. You might have wished for a little cottage for us. Go back again and call it. Tell it we'd like to have a little cottage and it'll surely do it." "Oh," said the husband, "why should I go back there?" "Well," said the wife, "after all, you did catch it and let it swim away again. It'll surely do it. Go right away!" The man didn't really want to but didn't want to oppose his wife, so he went to the sea.

When he got there, the sea was quite green and yellow and no longer so bright. Then he stood there and said,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the seal
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I really want."

Then the flounder came swimming up and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Oh dear," said the man, "I caught you, and my wife says I ought to have wished myself something. She doesn't want to live in a chamber pot any longer, she wants a little cottage." "Just go back," said the flounder, "she's got the whole thing."

Then the man went back, and his wife was no longer sitting in a chamber pot, but there was a little cottage, and his wife was sitting outside the door on a bench. Then she took him by the hand and said to him, "Come in, look! Now this is really much better." Then they went in, and in the cottage was a little entryway and a lovely little living room, and a bedroom with their bed in it, and a kitchen and a pantry, everything of the best, with utensils neatly hung up, tinware and brass that goes with a kitchen. And behind the cottage was a little yard with chickens and ducks and a little garden with vegetables and fruit trees. "Look," said the wife, "isn't this nice?" "Yes," said the husband, "let it stay that way; now we'll live quite contented." "That's something to think about," said the wife. Then they had a bite to eat and went to bed.

Everything went well for about a week or a fortnight, then the wife said, "Listen, husband, the cottage is altogether too

cramped, and the yard and garden are very small. The flounder could of course have given us a larger house; I'd like to live in a big stone mansion. Go to the flounder; he'll give us a mansion." "Oh, wife," said the husband, "the cottage is good enough. Why should we want to live in a mansion?" "I know," said the wife, "you just go; the flounder can easily do this." "No, wife," said the man, "the flounder's just given us the cottage; I don't want to go back again, it might offend the flounder." "Just the same you go," said the woman; "it can easily do this and will be glad to. Just go!" The man's heart was very heavy and he didn't want to go. He said to himself, "It isn't right," but he went nevertheless.

When he got to the sea, the water was quite rough, dark blue and gray and dead-looking and no longer so green and yellow, though it was still fairly calm. Then he stood there and said,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the sea!
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I really want."

"Well, what does she want?" said the flounder. "Oh," said the man somewhat distressed, "she wants to live in a big stone castle." "Just go home; she's standing before the door," said the flounder.

Then the man went back and thought he was going home, but when he got there, there stood a big stone palace, and his wife was standing right on the steps and was about to enter. She took him by the hand and said, "Come on in." Then he went in with her, and in the castle was a big front hall with a marble floor, and there were lots of servants who opened the great doors, and the walls were all shiny and hung with fine tapestries. In the rooms were only golden chairs and tables, silver chandeliers hung from the ceilings, and all the rooms and chambers were carpeted. Food and the very best wine was on the tables, which threatened to break under their load. Behind the house was a big courtyard with stables for horses and cows, the finest coaches, also a beautiful big garden with the loveliest flowers and fine fruit trees, and a park half a mile long with stags and roe and hares there, and everything one might

ever wish for. "Well," said the wife, "isn't that nice?" "Yes, of course," said the man; "let it stay that way and let's live in the fine castle and be content." "We'll think about that," said the wife, "and sleep on it." And so they went to bed.

Next morning the wife was the first to wake up. It was just daybreak, and from her bed she saw the wonderful land spread out before her. Her husband was still stretching himself. Then she nudged him with her elbow and said, "Man, get up and take a look out the window. Look now, can't we be king over all this country? Go to the flounder and tell him we'd like to be king." "Oh, wife," said the man, "why do we want to be king? I don't want to be king." "Well," said the woman, "if you don't want to be king, I do. Go to the flounder; I want to be king." "Oh, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be king? I don't want to say that to it." "Why not?" said the wife. "Go straight there! I must be king." Then the man went and was thoroughly distressed that his wife wanted to be king. "It isn't right, it isn't right," he thought. He didn't want to go there, but he went just the same.

When he got to the sea, it was blackish gray and black and dead-looking, and there was a ground swell and the water smelled terribly, too. Then he stood there and said,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the seal
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I really want."

"Well, what does she want?" said the flounder. "Alas!" said the man, she wants to be king." "Just go back; that's what she is," said the flounder.

Then the man went back, and when he approached the palace, the castle had become much bigger and had a huge keep, splendidly ornamented, with sentries standing in front of the gate, and there were ever so many soldiers with drums and trumpets. When he went inside, everything was of solid gold and marble, and there were velvet coverings with great golden tassels. Then the doors of the great hall opened, and there was the whole court. His wife was sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds with a golden crown on her head and in her hand a jeweled scepter of solid gold, and she was

flanked by a row of ladies-in-waiting, each a head shorter than the next. Then he stepped up and said, "Oh, wife, are you king now?" "Yes," said the woman, "now I'm king." Then he stood and looked about and after looking for some time, said, "Oh, wife, how nice that you're king. Now let's not wish for anything more." "Well, husband," said the woman and got quite restless, "time's hanging heavy on my hands and I can't stand it any longer. Go to the flounder! I'm king, and now I must become emperor as well." "Oh, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be emperor?" "Husband," she said, "go to the flounder! I want to be emperor." "Oh, wife," said the man, "it can't make emperors; I don't want to say that to the flounder. There's only one emperor in the empire. The flounder can't make emperors; it absolutely can't do that." "What!" said the woman, "I'm king and you're my vassal. Will you go straight off! straight off! If it can make kings, it can also make emperors. I insist on being emperor. Go right away!" So he had to go. While on the way he got quite frightened and thought to himself, "It just isn't right; 'emperor' is too brazen. In the end the flounder will get tired of it."

Meanwhile he got to the sea, and the sea was all black and soupy and began to boil up so that it made bubbles, and such a gale passed over the surface that it stirred it, and the man was frightened. But he stepped up and said,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the sea!
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I really want."

"Well, what does she want?" said the flounder. "Alas, flounder," he said, "my wife wants to become emperor." "Just go back," said the flounder, "she's emperor already."

Then the man went back, and when he got there, the whole mansion was of polished marble with alabaster figures and golden ornaments. Soldiers were marching before the door, blowing trumpets and beating drums and kettledrums, and within barons and counts and dukes were walking about as servants and opened the doors for him, and these were of solid gold. And when he went in, there was his wife sitting on a throne wrought of a single piece of gold and two miles high,

and she had on a golden crown three yards high and set with brilliants and carbuncles. In one hand she held the scepter and in the other the imperial apple. On both sides she was flanked by satellites standing in two rows, each person shorter than the next, ranging in size from the tallest giant, who was two miles tall, to the tiniest dwarf only as big as my little finger. And before her were standing many princes and dukes. Then the man stepped up and said, "Wife, are you now emperor?" "Yes," she said, "I'm emperor." Then he stopped and took a good look at her and, after looking at her for some time, he said, "Oh, wife, how nice that you're emperor." "Husband," she said, "why are you standing there? Now that I'm emperor, I want to be pope, too. Go to the flounder!" "Oh, wife," said the man, "what on earth don't you want! You can't be pope; there's only one pope in Christendom; the flounder can't make you that." "Husband," she said, "I want to be pope. Go straight away! I must be pope this very day." "No, wife," said the husband, "I don't want to say that to it; it's not right, it's not right; it's too much of a good thing. The flounder can't make you pope." "Husband, what nonsense!" said the wife, "if it can make me emperor, it can make me pope, too. Go right away! I'm emperor and you're my vassal. Will you please go!" Then he got frightened and went but felt quite faint and trembled and shook, and his knees and calves quaked. A strong wind was blowing over the land and there were scudding clouds as night fell. The leaves were falling from the trees, and the water surged and roared as if it were boiling, and it beat against the shore, and at a distance he saw ships maneuvering in distress and dancing and tossing about on the waves. The sky was still a little blue in the middle, but on the horizon it was as coppery as before a heavy thunderstorm. Then quite timid and fearful he stepped up and said,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the seal
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I really want."

"Well, what does she want," said the flounder. "Alas," said the man, "she wants to be pope." "Go right back; she's pope already," said the flounder.

He went back, and when he got there, there was a big church

with nothing but palaces around it. He forced his way through the crowd. Within everything was illuminated with thousands and thousands of candles, and his wife, dressed in solid gold, was sitting on a still higher throne with three big golden crowns on, and around her stood a multitude of ecclesiastics, and on both sides of her were two rows of candles, the biggest as thick through as the highest tower and so on down to the tiniest church candle. And all the emperors and kings were kneeling before her kissing her slipper. "Wife," said the husband, looking straight at her, "are you now pope?" "Yes," she said, "I'm pope." Then he stepped up and looked straight at her, and it was as if he were looking into the bright sun. When he'd looked at her for a while, he said, "Oh, wife, how nice that you're pope." But she sat as stiff as a ramrod and neither stirred nor moved. Then he said, "Wife, now be content since you're pope, for you can't get any higher." "I'll think that over," said the woman. Then they both went to bed. But she wasn't content, and her ambition didn't let her sleep; she kept thinking all the time how she might get still higher.

The man slept soundly and well, for he'd walked a good deal that day, but his wife couldn't get to sleep and all night long tossed about in her bed and kept thinking how she might get higher. And yet she couldn't think of anything more. Meanwhile it was about sunrise, and when she saw the dawn, she sat up in her bed and gazed into it, and when she saw the sun rise, she thought, "Aha! couldn't I, too, make the sun and moon rise?" "Husband," she said and nudged him in the ribs with her elbow, "wake up and go to the flounder. I want to be like God." The man was still practically asleep, but he got so frightened that he fell out of bed. He thought he hadn't heard right and, rubbing his eyes, said, "Oh, wife, what are you saying?" "Husband," she said, "if I can't make the sun and moon rise and if I can only watch them rise, I shan't be able to bear it. I shan't have another hour of peace until I can make them rise myself." Then she gave him such a terrifying look that a shudder ran over him. "Go right away! I want to be like God." "Oh, wife," said the husband, falling on his knees before her, "the flounder can't do that. It can make an emperor and a pope. I pray you, think it over and remain pope." Then she got angry, her hair flew wildly about her head, she tore her bodice, and

gave him a kick, screaming, "I simply won't stand it any longer. Will you go!" Then he put on his trousers and ran off like mad.

Outside a storm was raging so that he could scarcely stay on his feet. Houses and trees were falling, the mountains shaking, and great boulders rolling down into the sea. The sky was absolutely pitch-black, there was thunder and lightning, and the sea was throwing up black waves as high as church steeples and mountains, and all with crests of white foam. Then he shouted but couldn't hear his own voice,

"Manntje, manntje, timpe te,
Flounder, flounder in the sea!
My wife Ilsebill
Doesn't want what I want at all."

"Well, what does she want?" said the flounder. "Oh," he said, "she wants to be like God." "Just go home, she's back in the chamber pot again."

To this day they're still there.

20 The Brave Little Tailor

Das tapfere Schneiderlein

ONE SUMMER MORNING a tailor was sitting on his bench by the window, was in good spirits, and was sewing away for dear life. Then a farmer's wife came down the street, crying, "Jam for sale! jam for sale!" That sounded good to the tailor's ears, and putting his little head out the window, he called, "Come up, madam, you can dispose of your wares here." With her heavy basket the woman climbed the three flights to the tailor's and had to unpack all her jars in front of him. He examined them all, lifted them up, sniffed at them, and finally said, "It seems like good jam to me, just weigh me out two ounces, madam—no matter if it's a quarter of a pound." The woman who'd hoped to make a good sale, gave him what he asked for

but went away grumbling and out of sorts. "Well, God bless my jam," cried the tailor, "and may it give me strength and vigor!" He fetched a loaf of bread from the cupboard, cut off a full slice, and spread it with jam. "That won't taste bad," he said, "but I want first to finish the jacket before I start eating." He put the bread down beside him, went on sewing, and out of sheer joy made bigger and bigger stitches. Meanwhile, the smell of the sweet jam reached the wall, where lots of flies were sitting; they were attracted to it and settled on it in swarms. "Well, who invited you?" said the tailor and drove the unbidden guests away. But the flies, who understood no German, didn't let themselves be dismissed and came back in even greater numbers. Finally the tailor lost his temper and fetching a piece of cloth from behind the stove, said, "Just wait, you'll catch it!" and struck at them unmercifully. When he drew back and counted, no less than seven were lying dead before him with their legs in the air. "Are you as brave as all that!" he said to himself and couldn't help marveling at his own valor; "the whole town must know about this!" He hastily cut out a belt, sewed it together, and in big letters embroidered on it 'Seven at one blow.' "Just the town!" he said, "why the whole world shall know about it!" and his heart jumped for joy like a lamb's tail.

The tailor put the belt around his waist and wanted to go out into the world, thinking his workshop was too small for his bravery. Before leaving, he searched about in the house to see if there wasn't something to take along, but he found only an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. Outside the towngate he noticed a bird caught in the bushes; it had to join the cheese in his pocket. Now he bravely put the miles behind him and, being light of weight and nimble, felt no fatigue. His way led him up on a mountain, and when he reached the highest peak, there sat a powerful giant, taking his ease and looking around. The tailor approached him fearlessly and accosted him, saying, "Good morning, comrade! You're sitting there and viewing the wide world, aren't you? I'm just on my way there and want to test myself. Do you want to come along?" The giant looked at the tailor scornfully and said, "You tramp, you miserable fellow!" "Is that so?" replied the tailor, unbuttoned his coat and showed the giant his belt. "You can read for yourself what sort

of a man I am." The giant read, "Seven at one blow," thought it was men slain by the tailor, and began somewhat to respect the little fellow. But he wanted to test him first, took a stone in his hand, and squeezed it so that water trickled out. "Now you do the same," said the giant, "if you've got the strength." "Is that all?" said the tailor, "for a man like me that's mere child's play," put his hand in his pocket, took out the soft cheese, and squeezed it so that the liquid came out. "Well," he said, "wasn't that even a little better?" The giant didn't know what to say and couldn't really believe the little chap had done it. Then he picked up a stone and threw it so high that one could hardly see it with the naked eye. "There, you miserable little creature, now do the same." "That was a good throw," said the tailor, "but after all the stone was bound to fall back to earth; I'm going to throw one that won't come back at all," put his hand in his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it up in the air. The bird, glad to be free, rose, flew away, and didn't come back. "How do you like that, my friend?" asked the tailor. "You can throw all right," said the giant, "but now let's see whether you can carry a decent load." He led the tailor to a huge oak which had been felled and was lying on the ground, and said, "If you're strong enough, help me carry this tree out of the forest." "Gladly," answered the little man, "you just take the trunk on your shoulder, and I'll lift the branches and twigs and carry them. That's the heaviest part, of course." The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, but the tailor sat down on a branch while the giant, who couldn't look around, had to carry away the whole tree and the tailor in the bargain. Back there on the branch the tailor was quite merry and in high spirits and whistled the ditty, "Three tailors were riding out of the gate," as if carrying trees was mere child's play. After dragging the heavy load for quite a way, the giant couldn't go on and called out, "Listen, I've got to drop the tree." The tailor jumped lightly down, seized the tree with both arms as if he'd been carrying it and said to the giant, "You're such a big fellow and can't even carry the tree."

They went on their way together, and as they were passing a cherry tree, the giant seized the top of the tree, where the ripest fruit was hanging, bent it down, put it in the tailor's hand, and told him to eat some. But the tailor was much too weak to hold

the tree, and when the giant let go, the tree went up, jerking the tailor into the air. When he came down again unharmed, the giant said, "What does this mean? Aren't you strong enough to hold on to that little shoot?" "It isn't that I'm not strong enough," answered the tailor, "do you think that that would be anything for a man who laid out seven at one blow? I jumped over the tree, because huntsmen were shooting down there in the bushes. Jump over it yourself, if you can." The giant tried to but couldn't get over the tree and remained stuck in the branches. So here, too, the tailor had the best of it.

The giant said, "If you're such a brave fellow, come along to our cave and spend the night with us." The tailor was willing and followed him. When they reached the cave, other giants were sitting there by the fire, and each had a roasted sheep in his hand and was eating. The tailor looked around and thought, "It's a good deal roomier here than in my workshop." The giant showed him a bed and told him to lie down and to sleep as late as he wanted. But the bed was too big for the tailor, so he didn't lie down in it but crept into a corner of the cave. At midnight the giant thought the tailor was sound asleep, got up, took a big iron bar, and smashed the bed in two with one blow, thinking he'd finished the grasshopper off. Early in the morning the giants went into the forest and had quite forgotten the tailor, when all at once he came walking along quite merrily and fearlessly. The giants were terrified and, fearing he might kill them all, took to their heels.

The tailor went on his way, always following his pointed nose. After traveling a long while he came to the courtyard of a royal palace and feeling tired, lay down in the grass and fell asleep. While he was lying there, people came up, looked at him from all sides, and read on his belt, 'Seven at one blow.' "My!" they said, "what does this great warrior want here in peacetime? He must be a mighty lord." They went and reported it to the king, thinking that if war were to break out, he'd be an important and useful man whom they shouldn't let go at any price. The king liked the idea and dispatched one of his courtiers to the tailor; he was to propose military service once he waked up. The messenger stayed near the sleeping man, waited till the latter had stretched himself and opened his eyes, and then carried out his mission. "That's just what I've come

here for," he replied, "and I'm ready to enter the king's service." Accordingly, he was honorably received and was assigned a special dwelling.

The soldiers, however, were jealous of the tailor and wished he were a thousand miles away. "What would happen," they said to one another, "if we got into a quarrel with him and he struck us? Seven would fall with each blow. The likes of us can't stand up to that!" They drew up a resolution and, going to the king in a body, asked for their discharge. "We aren't cut out," they said, "to hold our own against a man who kills seven at one blow." The king was sorry to lose all his faithful servants on account of one man, wished he'd never laid eyes on the tailor, and would have been glad to be rid of him. Still, he didn't dare dismiss him, fearing he might kill him and all his people and usurp the royal throne. For a long time he deliberated this way and that and finally hit on a solution. He sent word to the tailor, saying since he was so great a warrior that he wanted to make him a proposal. In a forest in his country were two giants who were doing great damage by robbing, murdering, and putting the country to fire and sword. No one might venture near them without risking his life. Should he overcome and kill these two giants, he'd give him his only daughter in marriage and half his kingdom as a dowry. Furthermore, a hundred horsemen were to accompany him and help him. "That would be just the thing for a man like you," thought the tailor, "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom aren't offered every day." "Oh yes," he answered, "I'll tame the giants easily enough, nor do I need the hundred horsemen to help me. A man who lays out seven at one blow doesn't need to be afraid of two."

The tailor set out, and the hundred horsemen went with him. When he got to the edge of the forest, he said to his escorts, "You just stop here. I'll settle things easily enough with the giants by myself." Then he skipped into the forest, looking to right and to left. After a while he saw both giants: they were lying asleep under a tree and snoring so as to make the branches wave up and down. The tailor quickly gathered both pockets full of stones and then climbed the tree. When he was halfway up, he hitched out on a branch until he was exactly over the sleeping giants and then dropped one stone after an-

other on one of the giants' chests. For a long time the giant didn't notice anything, but finally he woke up, and giving his companion a poke, said, "What are you hitting me for?" "You're dreaming," said the other, "I'm not hitting you." So they lay down to sleep again. Then the tailor dropped a stone on the other giant. "What's that mean?" cried the latter. "Why are you throwing things at me?" "I'm not throwing anything at you," growled the first giant. For a while they quarreled over the matter, but because they were both tired, they let it go at that, and their eyes closed again. Then the tailor resumed his old game, picked out the biggest stone and dropped it with full force on the first giant's chest. "That's too much!" he exclaimed, jumped up like a madman and bashed his companion against the tree so that it shook. The other paid him back in the same coin, and they fell into such a furious rage that they tore up trees and struck at one another, until finally both fell dead on the ground at the same time. Now the tailor jumped down. "It was sheer luck," he said, "that they didn't tear up the tree I was sitting in; otherwise I'd have had to jump like a squirrel onto another. Still, a man like me is nimble." He drew his sword and dealt each a couple of good blows on the chest, then went out to the horsemen and said, "The job's done. I've finished off both of them. But it was hard going: in their desperation they tore up trees and defended themselves with them, but nothing does any good when a man like me comes along who lays out seven at one blow." "Aren't you wounded?" asked the horsemen. "No, it turned out all right," answered the tailor, "they didn't ruffle a hair of my head." The horsemen simply wouldn't believe him and rode into the forest; there they found the giants swimming in their own blood and round about lay the torn-up trees.

The tailor now demanded of the king the promised reward, but the latter regretted his promise and reflected anew as to how he might disburden himself of the hero. "Before you get my daughter and half the kingdom," he said to him, "you've got to perform still another heroic feat. In the forest a unicorn is at large and is doing a lot of damage: you must first catch it." "I'm even less afraid of one unicorn than of two giants. Seven at one blow, that's me!" He took along a rope and an ax, went out into the forest, and again bade his companions

wait outside. He didn't have to search long. The unicorn soon appeared and rushed straight at the tailor as if it meant to run him through without further ado. "Easy! easy!" he said, "it doesn't go so fast as all that," stopped and waited until the animal was quite near, and then nimbly jumped behind a tree. The unicorn rushed against the tree with all its might and ran its horn so hard into the tree that it wasn't strong enough to pull it out again, and thus it was caught. "Now I've got the bird," said the tailor, came out from behind the tree, first put a rope around the unicorn's neck, and then with his ax chopped the horn free of the tree. When everything was fixed up, he led the animal off and took it to the king.

The king still wouldn't grant him the promised reward and made a third demand. Before his wedding the tailor would have to catch a wild boar that was doing great damage in the forest, and the huntsmen were to help him. "I'll be glad to do it," said the tailor; "it's child's play." He didn't take the huntsmen along into the forest, and they didn't object, for the wild boar had often given them such a warm reception that they had no desire to waylay it. When the boar saw the tailor, it rushed at him, foaming at the mouth and gnashing its tusks, and was going to throw him to the ground. The nimble hero, however, jumped into a near-by chapel and immediately out again up through one of the windows. The boar followed him, but he skipped around outside and shut the door on it, and the enraged animal was caught, since it was far too heavy and too clumsy to jump out the window. Then the little tailor called the huntsmen to see the prisoner with their own eyes. The hero, however, betook himself to the king who now willy-nilly had to keep his promise and surrender to him his daughter and half the kingdom. Had he known that it was no heroic warrior who was standing before him but only a little tailor, it would have pained him even more. The wedding was celebrated with much pomp and little joy, and a king was made out of a tailor.

After some time the young queen one night heard her husband say in a dream, "Boy, fix the jacket and patch the trousers, or I'll give you a rap over the ears with the yardstick." Then she realized in what circles the young lord had been born, on the following morning complained to her father, and begged him to help her get rid of a husband who was a mere tailor.

The king tried to console her, saying, "Leave your bedroom door open tonight. My servants will be standing outside and once he's asleep, they'll go in, tie him up, and carry him aboard a ship that will send him out into the wide wide world." That satisfied the woman, but the king's squire, who had overheard the whole thing and had a liking for the young lord, reported the plot to him. "I'll put a stop to that," said the tailor. That evening he went to bed with his wife at the usual time. When she thought he'd fallen asleep, she got up, opened the door, and lay down again. The little tailor, however, who'd only been pretending to be asleep, began to cry out in a loud voice, "Boy, fix the jacket and patch the trousers, or I'll give you a rap over the ears with the yardstick. I laid out seven at one blow, killed two giants, led off a unicorn, and captured a wild boar, and am supposed to be afraid of the fellows standing outside the bedroom!" When the men heard the tailor talking like that, they became terribly frightened, ran off as if the Wild Host was after them, and not one was willing to venture near him any more. Thus the tailor was a king and remained a king as long as he lived.

21 Ash Girl

Aschenputtel

A RICH MAN'S WIFE fell ill and, feeling that her end was approaching, called her only daughter to her bedside and said, "Dear child, remain devout and good; then dear God will ever be with you, and I'll look down on you from Heaven and be near you." Then she closed her eyes and passed away. Every day the girl used to go out to her mother's grave and weep and remained devout and good. When winter came, the snow laid a white blanket on the grave, and when in the spring the sun had taken it off again, the man married a second wife.

The wife brought two daughters of her own into the home;

they were pretty and fair of face but ugly and black in their hearts. Then evil days began for the poor stepchild. "Is the stupid goose to sit with us in the living room?" they'd say. "Whoever wants to eat bread must earn it—out with the scullery maid!" They took away her fine clothes, dressed her in an old gray smock and wooden shoes. "Just look at the proud princess! See how dressed up she is!" they'd cry and, laughing, lead her into the kitchen. There she had to do heavy work from morning till night, get up before dawn, carry water, light the fire, cook, and wash. On top of it all her sisters played all sorts of mean tricks on her, mocked her, and used to pour peas and lentils into the ashes so that she'd have to sit and pick them out again. In the evening when she was tired from work, there was no bed for her; she just had to lie down in the ashes beside the hearth. And since for this reason she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Ash Girl.

Now it so happened that her father was once going to a fair and asked his two stepdaughters what to bring them. "Fine clothes," said one. "Pearls and jewels," said the other. "And you, Ash Girl," he said, "what do you want?" "Father, bring me the first twig that brushes against your hat on the way home. Break it off for me." So he bought fine clothes, pearls and jewels for the two stepsisters. As he was riding home through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat; then he broke off the twig and brought it along. When he got home, he gave his stepdaughters what they'd asked for and gave Ash Girl the hazel twig. She thanked him, went to her mother's grave, planted the twig, and wept so bitterly that her tears fell on it and watered it. It grew and became a fine tree. Three times a day Ash Girl would go down there, weep and pray, and every time a little white bird would light on the tree, and every time she uttered a wish, the bird would throw down to her what she had wished.

Now, in order that his son might choose a bride, the king proclaimed a festival which was to last three days and to which all the pretty girls in the land were invited. When the two stepdaughters heard that they, too, were to appear, they were in high spirits and, calling Ash Girl, said, "Comb our hair! brush our shoes! and fasten our buckles! We're going to the festival at the king's palace." Ash Girl obeyed them, but she wept, for

she would have liked to go along to the ball, and begged her stepmother to let her. "You, Ash Girl!" she said, "you're covered with dust and dirt, and you want to go to the festival? You've got no clothes and no shoes and you want to dance?" But when she kept on begging, the stepmother finally said, "I emptied a dish of lentils in the ashes; if you pick out the lentils within two hours, you may come along." The girl went out the back door into the garden and cried out, "You tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me pick them out,

the good lentils into the pot,
the bad lentils into your crop."

Then two white pigeons came in through the kitchen window and after them the turtledoves, and finally all the birds under heaven whirred and flocked in and settled down around the ashes. And the pigeons bobbed their heads and began "peck, peck" and then the others began "peck, peck" and they pecked all the good lentils into the dish. It was hardly an hour before they were finished and all flew out again. Then the girl joyfully brought the dish to her stepmother and thought that she might now be allowed to go to the festival, but the stepmother said, "No, Ash Girl, you've got no clothes and don't know how to dance; you'll only be laughed at." When she wept, her stepmother said, "If you can pick two dishes of lentils from the ashes in one hour, you may come along," thinking, "she'll never be able to do this." When she'd emptied the two dishes of lentils into the ashes, the girl went out the back door into the garden and cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtledoves, all you birds under heaven, come and help me pick them out,

the good lentils into the pot,
the bad into your crop."

Then two white pigeons came in through the kitchen window and after them the turtledoves, and finally all the birds under heaven whirred and flocked in and settled down around the ashes. And the pigeons bobbed their heads and began "peck, peck—peck, peck" and then the others began "peck, peck—peck, peck" and they pecked all the good lentils into the dishes.

And it was hardly half an hour before they finished and all flew out again. Then the girl brought the dishes to her step-mother and was glad, because she thought that she might now go along to the festival. But the latter said, "It'll do you no good. You're not coming along, for you've got no clothes and don't know how to dance. We'd only be ashamed of you." Then she turned her back on her and hurried off with her two haughty daughters.

When everyone had gone, Ash Girl went to her mother's grave under the hazel bush and cried,

"Little tree, jiggle yourself and shake yourself;
Scatter gold and silver over me."

Then the bird threw her down a gold and silver dress and silk slippers embroidered with silver. She put the dress on in a hurry and went to the festival. Her sisters, however, and her stepmother didn't recognize her and thought she must be some foreign princess, so beautiful did she look in her gold dress. They didn't so much as think of Ash Girl, who they thought was sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes. The king's son went up to her, took her by the hand, danced with her, and wouldn't dance with anyone else. He never let go her hand, and when anyone else came to ask her to dance, he'd say, "She's my partner."

She danced till evening and then wanted to go home, but the king's son said, "I'll go with you and escort you," for he wanted to see whose daughter the beautiful girl was. She slipped away from him, however, and jumped into the dovecote. The king's son waited till her father came and told him that the foreign girl had jumped into the dovecote. The old man thought, "Can it be Ash Girl?" They had to fetch him an ax and a pick to break down the dovecote, but there was no one inside. And when they got home, there was Ash Girl in her dirty clothes lying in the ashes, and a dim oil lamp was burning in the fire-place. For Ash Girl had jumped down quickly out the back of the dovecote and had run to the hazel bush. There she'd taken off her fine clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again, and then she'd sat down in her gray smock in the ashes in the kitchen.

Next day when the festival was resumed, and her parents and stepsisters had gone, Ash Girl again went to the hazel bush and said,

"Little tree, jiggle yourself and shake yourself;
Scatter gold and silver over me."

Then the bird threw down an even finer dress than the day before, and when she appeared at the festival in this dress, everyone was amazed at her beauty. The king's son had, however, waited for her coming, at once took her by the hand, and danced only with her. When others came and asked her for a dance, he'd say, "She's my partner." When evening came, she wanted to go, and the king's son followed her to see into which house she went, but she ran away from him and into the garden behind the house. A fine big tree stood there, full of the most magnificent pears. She climbed among the branches like a squirrel, and the king's son didn't know where she'd got to. But he waited till her father came and said to him, "The stranger slipped away from me, and I think she climbed the pear tree." The father thought, "Can it be Ash Girl?" He had an ax fetched and cut down the tree, but there was no one in it. And when they got to the kitchen, there was Ash Girl lying in the ashes as usual, for she'd jumped down on the other side of the tree, had returned her fine clothes to the bird in the hazel bush, and put on her gray smock.

On the third day, when her parents and sisters had gone, Ash Girl again went to her mother's grave and said to the tree,

"Little tree, jiggle yourself and shake yourself;
Scatter gold and silver over me."

Then the bird threw down a dress more magnificent and more splendid than anybody had ever had, and the slippers were of solid gold. When she arrived at the festival in this dress, no one from amazement knew what to say. The king's son danced only with her, and when anybody else asked her for a dance, he'd say, "She's my partner."

When it was evening, Ash Girl wanted to leave, and the king's son wanted to escort her, but she got away from him so fast that he couldn't follow her. He had, however, resorted to a trick and had coated the stairs with pitch, so when she ran down

stairs, the girl's left slipper stuck there. The king's son picked it up, and it was tiny and dainty and of solid gold. The next morning he went with it to the man and said to him, "Nobody else shall be my wife but the girl whose foot this shoe fits." Then the two sisters rejoiced, for they had pretty feet. The eldest took the shoe to her room and was going to try it on, and her mother was standing beside her, but she couldn't get her big toe in, for the shoe was too small for her. Then her mother handed her a knife, saying, "Cut the toe off; once you're queen, you won't have to walk any more." The girl cut off her toe, forced her foot into the shoe, and, suppressing her pain, went out to the king's son. He took her on his horse as his bride and rode off with her. But they had to pass the grave, and there the two pigeons were sitting on the hazel bush and cried out,

"Look, look!
There's blood in the shoe!
The shoe's too small.
The right bride's still at home."

Then he looked at her foot and saw the blood oozing out. He turned his horse about and brought the false bride home again. He said she wasn't the right bride and that the other sister should try on the shoe. So the latter went into her room and managed to get her toes in, but her heel was too large. Then her mother handed her a knife, saying, "Cut a piece off your heel; once you're queen, you won't have to walk any more." The girl cut off a piece of her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, and, suppressing her pain, went out to the king's son. He took her on his horse as his bride and rode off with her. As they were passing the hazel bush, the two pigeons were sitting there and cried out,

"Look, look!
There's blood in the shoe!
The shoe's too small.
The right bride's still back home."

He looked down at her foot and saw the blood oozing out of the shoe, dyeing her white stockings red. Then he turned his horse about and brought the false bride back home. "She isn't the right bride, either," he said. "Haven't you any other daughter?" "No," said the man, "there's only a little misshapen Ash

Girl, daughter by my late wife, but she can't possibly be the bride." The king's son told him to send her up, but her mother replied, "Oh no, she's much too dirty and mustn't be seen." But he insisted on it, and Ash Girl had to be called. She first washed her face and hands and then went and made a deep curtsy before the king's son, who handed her the gold shoe. Then she sat down on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe and put it in the slipper, which fitted her perfectly. When she stood up and the king looked into her face, he recognized her as the beautiful girl with whom he'd danced and cried, "That's the right bride!" The stepmother and the two sisters were frightened and turned pale with vexation, but he took Ash Girl on his horse and rode off with her. As they passed the hazel bush, the two white pigeons cried,

"Look, look!
No blood in the shoe!
The shoe's not too small.
He's bringing the right bride home."

And when they'd called out thus, they both came flying down and perched on Ash Girl's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and stayed there.

When her wedding with the king's son was to be celebrated, the two false sisters came and wanted to ingratiate themselves and have a share in her good fortune. As the bridal couple was going to church, the elder sister walked on the right, the younger on the left. Then the pigeons pecked out one of each of their eyes. Later, when they came out of the church, the elder was on the left and the younger on the right. Then the pigeons pecked out the other of their two eyes. Thus for their malice and treachery they were punished with blindness for the rest of their lives.

22 The Riddle

Das Rätsel

THERE WAS ONCE A KING'S SON who conceived a desire to roam about in the world and took with him only a faithful servant. One day he got into a large forest, and when evening came, he could find no lodging and didn't know where to spend the night. Then he saw a girl walking toward a cottage and, as he drew nearer, noticed that she was young and pretty. He spoke to her and said, "Dear child, can my servant and myself have a night's lodging in the cottage?" "Ah yes," said the girl sadly, "indeed you may, but I don't advise it. Don't go in." "Why not?" asked the king's son. Sighing the girl said, "My step-mother's given to black arts and is no friend of strangers." Then he saw clearly that he'd come to the house of a witch but, since it was getting dark and he couldn't go on any farther and, moreover, wasn't afraid, he stepped in. The old woman was sitting in an easy chair by the fire and looked at the strangers with her red eyes. "Good evening," she snarled and assumed a friendly air, "sit down and rest yourselves." She blew up the embers, over which something was cooking in a little pot. The girl warned the two to watch out and not to eat or drink anything, for the old woman was brewing evil potions. They slept peacefully until early the next morning.

When they were getting ready to go, and the king's son was already on his horse, the old woman said, "Wait a moment, let me first offer you a stirrup cup." While she was fetching it, the king's son rode off, and the servant, who had to girth his saddle, was still alone there when the wicked witch came with the drink. "Take this to your master," she said. But at that very moment the glass broke and the poison sprayed on the horse and was so strong that the animal fell down dead on the spot. The servant ran after his master and told him what had happened, yet he didn't want to leave the saddle behind, so went

back to fetch it. When he came to the dead horse, a raven was already perched on it and devouring it. "Who knows whether we'll find anything better today?" said the servant, killed the raven, and took it along. Then they went on all day through the forest but couldn't get out of it. At nightfall they found an inn and entered. The servant handed the innkeeper the raven to prepare for their supper. They had, however, got into a murderers' den, and when it was dark, twelve assassins arrived and were going to kill and rob the strangers. But before getting to work they sat down at table, and the innkeeper and the witch joined them, and together they ate a bowl of soup in which was the minced meat of the raven. No sooner had they swallowed a few pieces than they all fell down dead, for the raven had, of course, been infected by the poison from the horsemeat. So there was no one left in the house save the innkeeper's daughter, who was honest and had had no part in the wicked doings. She opened all doors to the stranger and showed him the accumulated treasures. But the king's son said she was welcome to all of it and that he didn't want anything and rode on with his servant.

After they'd roamed about for quite a time, they came to a city where there was a beautiful but haughty king's daughter. She had proclaimed that whoever propounded her a riddle she couldn't solve would be her husband, but if she did solve it, he'd have to let himself be beheaded. She demanded three days to think it over but was so clever that she always solved the riddles propounded her before the time was up. Nine had already perished in this way by the time the king's son arrived, who, dazzled by her great beauty, was willing to risk his life. So he went into her presence and propounded her a riddle. "What is this?" he said: "One slew nobody and yet slew twelve." She didn't know what it was. She thought and thought but couldn't get the answer. She consulted her riddle books, but it wasn't there; in short, she'd reached the limit of her wisdom. Seeing no way out, she ordered her maid to creep into the gentleman's bedroom, where she was to eavesdrop on his dreams, thinking he might perhaps talk in his sleep and reveal the riddle. But the clever servant had lain down in his master's bed, and when the maid came, he tore off the cloak she'd wrapped herself in and chased her out with a stick.

The second night the king's daughter sent her lady-in-waiting; she was to see whether she'd have better luck eavesdropping, but the servant took away her cloak, too, and chased her out with switches. Now the young lord thought he'd be safe for the third night and lay down in his bed. Then the king's daughter herself came, wrapped in a misty gray cloak, and sat down beside him. And when she thought he was asleep and dreaming, she addressed him, hoping he'd answer in his dream, as many people do. But he was awake and understood and heard everything quite clearly. Then she asked, "'One slew nobody,' what's that?" He answered, "A raven which ate the carcass of a poisoned horse and died of it." Then she asked, "'And yet slew twelve,' what's that?" "These are the twelve murderers who ate the raven and died as a result." Now that she knew the riddle, she was about to creep away, but he seized her cloak and she had to leave it behind.

The next morning the king's daughter announced that she'd solved the riddle, and had twelve judges come, and solved it in their presence. But the youth asked to be heard and said, "She came creeping in to me during the night and questioned me, for she'd never have solved it herself." The judges said, "Show us a proof." Then the servant brought the three cloaks, and when the judges saw the misty gray cloak which the king's daughter was accustomed to wearing, they said, "Have the cloak embroidered with gold and silver, and it will be your wedding cloak."

23 The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage

Von dem Mäuschen, Vögelchen und der Bratwurst

A MOUSE, a bird, and a sausage once met, set up joint house-keeping, and for a long time lived in peace and prosperity and considerably increased their possessions. The bird's work was to fly daily into the forest and fetch wood; the mouse was to

carry water, kindle the fire, and set the table, while the sausage was to do the cooking.

People who are well off are always craving new things, so, while flying about the bird one day met another bird, which it told about its splendid luck and boasted of it. But the other bird called it a poor simpleton who had to do the hard work, while the other two had a good time at home. For, once the mouse had kindled its fire and carried the water, all it had to do was retire to its room and rest till asked to set the table. The sausage stayed near the cooking pots, saw to it that the food was properly cooked and, when mealtime came, just wriggled through the porridge or vegetables a couple of times, and then everything was larded, seasoned, and ready. Once the bird got home and laid down its load, they'd sit down to table and after their meal sleep until the next morning—and that was a glorious life!

Next day the bird, egged on by the other bird, wouldn't fly into the forest, saying it had been servant long enough and that it must have seemed a fool to them; they should change around for once and try it another way. Though the mouse and the sausage, too, implored and entreated, the bird had the upper hand, and the new system had to be tried. So they drew lots, and the lot fell to the sausage, which had to carry wood. The mouse became cook, and the bird was to fetch water.

What happens? The sausage set out for the forest, the bird kindled the fire, the mouse put the pot on, and they waited alone for the sausage to come back with the wood for the following day. But the sausage was so slow coming that both feared the worst, and the bird flew out a bit to meet it. Not far off, however, it found a dog by the wayside who had come upon the poor sausage, and considering it fair prey, had seized and killed it. The bird complained bitterly about it to the dog, calling it a clear case of highway robbery, but it did no good. "For," said the dog, "I found forged letters on the sausage and therefore its life was forfeit."

Sadly the bird took the wood on its back, flew home, and told what it had seen and heard. Both were very sad but agreed to do the best they could and remain together. So the bird set the table and the mouse prepared the meal. It was going to dish it up and season it as the sausage had done by wriggling and

slipping through the vegetables in the pots, but before it got half-way through, it was stopped and had to pay for it with life and limb.

When the bird came and was going to serve the meal, there was no cook. Stunned, it threw the wood about, called out, searched, but could no longer find its cook. Accidentally the flames got to the wood, so that a big fire started. The bird hurried to fetch water, but the pail slipped away from it into the well, dragging it down with it. It couldn't save itself and drowned miserably.

24 Dame Holda

Frau Holle

A widow had two daughters. One was pretty and industrious, the other ugly and lazy. But she liked the ugly lazy one much more because she was her own daughter, and the other had to do all the hard work and be the ash girl in the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit down by a well on the highway and spin until the blood spurted from her fingers. Now it so happened that one time the bobbin got all bloody. Then she stooped over to rinse it in the well, but it slipped out of her hand and fell in. She ran weeping to her stepmother and told her of her mishap. But the stepmother scolded her harshly and pitilessly, saying, "If you dropped the bobbin in, then get it out again." So the girl went back to the well and didn't know what to do, and in her great distress jumped into the well to get the bobbin. She lost consciousness, and when she awoke and came to her senses, she was in a beautiful meadow on which the sun was shining, and there were thousands of flowers there.

She walked across this meadow and came to an oven filled with bread, but the bread cried out, "Take me out! take me out! or I'll burn; I've long since been baked." Then she stepped up and with the baker's shovel took out all the loaves one after another. Then she went on and came to a tree full of

apples, and the tree called out to her, "Oh shake me, shake me! We apples are all ripe." Then she shook the tree, and the apples dropped like rain, and she shook until not one was left on the tree. When she'd gathered them all in a pile, she went on. Finally she came to a cottage, out of which an old woman was looking, but because she had such big teeth, the girl was frightened and was about to run away. The old woman, however, called after her, "Why are you afraid, dear child? Stay with me; if you'll do all the housework properly, you'll be well off. You've just got to see to it that you make my bed right and shake it up thoroughly, so that the feathers fly. Then it snows on Earth. I'm Dame Holda.

At the old woman's kindly word the girl plucked up her courage, agreed to the proposal, and entered her service. She did everything to the old woman's satisfaction and always shook out her bed so hard that the feathers flew about like snowflakes. In return she led a comfortable existence there, was never scolded, and always got good food. After she'd spent some time with Dame Holda, she got sad and at first didn't herself know what the matter was. Finally she realized that it was homesickness. Though a thousand times better off here than at home, still she yearned to go back. At last she said to Dame Holda, "I've got homesick, and though I'm so well off down here, still I can't stay here longer, I must get back to my people." "I'm glad you want to go back home," said Dame Holda, "and because you've served me faithfully, I'm going to take you back up myself." Then she took her by the hand and led her to a big gate. The gate opened, and as the girl was standing right under it, down came a tremendous shower of gold, and all the gold stuck to her, so that she was covered all over with it. "That's for you, because you've been so industrious," said Dame Holda, who also gave her back the bobbin that had dropped into the well. Immediately the gate closed, and the girl found herself back up on Earth, not far from her mother's house. As she stepped into the yard, the cock that was sitting on the well cried out,

"Cock-a-doodle-do!
Our golden maiden's back."

Then she went in to her mother and, because she arrived all covered with gold, she was well received by her and her sister.

Then the girl told them everything that had happened to her, and when her mother heard how she'd come by such great riches, she wanted to procure the same good fortune for the ugly lazy daughter. So she had to sit down by the well and spin, and to make her bobbin bloody, she pricked her fingers, thrusting her hand into the thorn hedge. Then she threw the bobbin down the well and jumped in herself. Like her sister she came to the beautiful meadow and continued by the same path. When she got to the oven, the bread again called out, "Oh, take me out, take me out, or I'll burn; I've long since been baked." But the lazy girl replied, "As if I wanted to get myself dirty!" and walked on. Soon she came to the apple tree, which called out, "Oh, shake me, shake me! We apples are all ripe." But she answered, "What an ideal! One of them might fall on my head," and then walked on. When she got to Dame Holda's, she wasn't afraid, since she'd already heard about her big teeth, and came to terms with her at once. The first day she restrained herself, was industrious, and followed Dame Holda's instructions whenever she told her to do anything, for she thought of all the gold she was going to give her. But on the second day she began slacking, on the third even more so; in fact didn't want to get up at all in the morning. Nor did she make Dame Holda's bed as she should and didn't shake it so that the feathers flew. Dame Holda soon tired of this and gave her notice. The lazy girl was quite content with this and thought that now would come the shower of gold. Dame Holda led her to the gate, but as the girl was standing underneath it, instead of gold a big kettle of pitch was emptied out all over her. "That's to reward you for your services," said Dame Holda, shutting the gate. Then the lazy girl came home all covered with pitch, and on seeing her the cock on the well cried out,

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Our dirty maiden's back."

The pitch stuck to her and didn't come off as long as she lived.

25 The Seven Ravens

Die sieben Raben

A MAN had seven sons and still no daughter, though he wanted one ever so much. Finally his wife again gave him hopes of a child, and when it was born, it really was a girl. There was great joy in the house, but the child was delicate and small and because she was so delicate, had to be baptized at home. So the father quickly sent one of the boys to the well to fetch baptismal water. The other six went along and, quarreling over who was to be the first to draw the water, dropped the pitcher into the well. There they stood, didn't know what to do, and didn't dare go home. When they didn't return, their father got impatient and said, "I'm sure the good-for-nothings forgot all about it over some game." He was afraid lest the little girl die unbaptized and in his anger cried out, "I wish the boys were all turned into ravens." Hardly had he uttered these words when he heard a whirr of wings in the air above his head, looked up, and saw seven coal-black ravens flying up and away.

It was too late for the parents to revoke the curse, and though they were sad at the loss of their seven sons, they consoled themselves to some extent with their dear daughter, who soon grew strong and got prettier every day. For a long time she didn't even know that she'd had brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them. But one day she by chance overheard people saying of her, "Of course the girl's pretty, but just the same she's to blame for her seven brothers' misfortune." Then she grew quite sad, went to her mother and father, and asked whether she'd ever had brothers and what had become of them. Now the parents could no longer keep the secret from her, said, however, that it was a stroke of fate, and that her birth had merely been the innocent occasion of it. But it weighed daily on the girl's conscience, and she thought she had to unspell her brothers. She had neither rest nor peace until she'd slipped away secretly and gone

out into the wide world to track her brothers and unspell them, cost what it might. All she took was a ring in memory of her parents, a loaf of bread to still her hunger, a jug of water to quench her thirst, and a stool to rest on.

She kept going way, way to the World's End. Then she came to the Sun, but it was too hot and terrifying and devoured little children. She ran quickly away from the Sun and ran to the Moon, but it was altogether too cold, and horrible besides, and wicked, and when it noticed the child, it said, "I smell human flesh, human flesh!" Then she hurried off and came to the Stars; they were kind and good to her, and each was sitting on its own stool. The Morning Star, however, got up, handed her a chicken bone, saying, "Unless you have this bone, you can't unlock the Glass Mountain, and your brothers are in the Glass Mountain."

The girl took the bone, wrapped it up carefully in a cloth, and then went on again, on and on, till she came to the Glass Mountain. The gate was locked, and she was about to take out the bone, but when she unfolded the cloth, it was empty. She'd lost the kind Star's gift! What was she to do now? She wanted to save her brothers and had no key to the Glass Mountain. The good sister then took a knife, cut off a little finger, stuck it in the gate and managed to unlock it. When she went in, a dwarf came to meet her, saying, "My child, what are you looking for?" "I'm looking for my brothers, the seven ravens," she replied. The dwarf said, "My masters the ravens aren't home, but if you don't mind waiting here until they get back, come right in." Then the dwarf brought in the ravens' food on seven little plates and in seven little tumblers, and the girl ate a crumb from each plate and drank a drop out of each tumbler, and into the last tumbler she dropped the ring which she had brought along.

All of a sudden she heard a whirring noise in the air and a flutter of wings, and the dwarf said, "Now my masters the ravens are flying home." Then they arrived, wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their plates and tumblers. Then they said one after the other, "Who's been eating from my plate? who's been drinking from my tumbler? It was a human mouth." And when the seventh got to the bottom of its tumbler, the ring came rolling out. It looked at it and recognized it as its father's and mother's, and said, "May God grant that our sister might be here! then we'd be freed from the spell." When the girl, who was stand-

ing behind the door listening, heard this wish, she stepped out, and immediately all the ravens regained their human form. Then they hugged and kissed one another and returned happily home.

26 Red Riding-Hood

Rotkäppchen

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a sweet little girl who was loved by everyone that as much as looked at her, most of all, however, by her grandmother, who didn't know what all to give the child. Once she gave her a red velvet hood, and because she looked so pretty in it and wouldn't wear anything else, she was just called Red Riding-Hood. One day her mother said to her, "Come, Red Riding-Hood, here's a bit of cake and a bottle of wine; take it out to your grandmother. She's ill and weak and will find it strengthening. Start out before it gets hot, and when you get out there, walk along properly and don't stray off the road, otherwise you'll fall down and break the bottle, and then grandmother won't have any. And when you go into the room, remember to say 'Good morning' and don't first go prying into every nook and corner." "Of course I'll do as you say," said Red Riding-Hood to her mother and gave her her hand on it.

Her grandmother lived out in the forest, a half an hour's walk from the village. When Red Riding-Hood reached the forest, she met a wolf but didn't realize what a bad animal it was and wasn't afraid of it. "Good day, Red Riding-Hood," it said. "Thank you, wolf." "Where are you going so early, Red Riding-Hood?" "To my grandmother's." "What are you carrying under your apron?" "Cake and wine. We baked yesterday, and it'll cheer my ill and weak grandmother up and strengthen her." "Red Riding-Hood, where does your grandmother live?" "Under the three tall oak trees a good quarter of an hour on in the forest," said Red Riding-Hood. "Her house is there; the hazel bushes are below it as of course you know." The wolf thought to itself, "That young

and tender thing is a plump little morsel and will taste even better than the old woman; you must be canny about it and catch them both." So it walked for a while beside Red Riding-Hood, then said, "Red Riding-Hood, just see the pretty flowers everywhere! Why don't you look about? I don't believe you're even listening to the birds that are singing so beautifully; you're just walking straight on as if you were going to school, and yet it's such fun out here in the forest."

Red Riding-Hood looked up, and when she saw the sun's rays dancing here and there through the trees and the pretty flowers all about, she thought, "If I bring grandmother a fresh bunch of flowers, it'll make her happy; it's so early that I'll get there in time anyway." So she strayed off the road and went into the forest looking for flowers, and every time she picked one, she'd think there was a still lovelier flower farther off and run after it. Thus she got deeper and deeper into the forest. But the wolf went straight to her grandmother's and knocked on the door. "Who's outside?" "Red Riding-Hood, bringing you cake and wine; open the door." "Just press down the latch," the grandmother called out, "I'm too weak to get up." Then the wolf pressed down the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word it went straight to the grandmother's bed and swallowed her up. Then it put on her clothes and her nightcap, got into her bed, and drew the curtains.

Red Riding-Hood, however, had been running around after the flowers, and when she'd gathered so many that she couldn't carry any more, she thought of her grandmother again and set out for her house. She was surprised that the door was open, and when she stepped into the room, it seemed so queer to her inside that she thought, "My, I feel so uneasy today, and yet I usually so like being at grandmother's." She called out "Good morning" but got no answer. Then she went up to the bed and drew back the curtains: there was her grandmother lying with her nightcap pulled down over her face and looking so queer. "Why grandmother! What big ears you've got!" "So I can hear you better." "Why grandmother, what big eyes you've got!" "So I can see you better." "Why grandmother, what big hands you've got!" "So I can take hold of you better." "Why grandmother, what a horribly big mouth you've got!" "So I can eat you up better." No sooner had the wolf said this than it made

a leap out of the bed and swallowed poor Red Riding-Hood.

When the wolf had satisfied its craving, it went to bed again, fell asleep, and began to snore very loud. A huntsman happened to be passing the house and thought, "How loud the old woman's snoring; you'd better see whether anything's the matter with her." So he entered the room and, when he reached the bed, saw the wolf lying there. "So here's where I find you, you old sinner!" he said, "I've been looking for you for a long time." He was about to aim his gun when it occurred to him that the wolf might have swallowed the grandmother and that there was still a chance of saving her. So he didn't shoot but took a pair of scissors and began to cut open the sleeping wolf's belly. After making a couple of cuts, he saw the bright red hood, and after a few more cuts the girl jumped out and exclaimed, "How frightened I was! It was so dark in the wolf's belly!" And then her old grandmother, too, came out still alive and could scarcely breathe. Red Riding-Hood quickly fetched some big stones and filled the wolf's belly with them. When it woke up, it wanted to skip off, but the stones were so heavy that it at once sank to the ground and died.

Then all three were happy. The huntsman skinned the wolf and went home with the pelt, the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine Red Riding-Hood had brought her and recovered, but Red Riding-Hood thought, "Never again will I stray off the road and run into the forest when my mother's told me not to."

Some people also tell how once when Red Riding-Hood was again bringing some cake to her grandmother, another wolf accosted her, wanting to make her stray off the road. But Red Riding-Hood was on her guard and, going straight on, told her grandmother that she'd met the wolf and that it had wished her "Good day," but had given her a very wicked look. "If it hadn't been on a highway, it would have eaten me up." "Come," said the grandmother, "let's lock the door so it can't get in." Soon after that the wolf knocked on the door and called out, "Open the door, grandmother! I'm Red Riding-Hood and am bringing you some cake." They kept quiet and didn't open the door. Then Gray-Head slunk around the house a couple of times, finally jumped up on the roof, planning to wait

until Red Riding-Hood went home in the evening. Then it meant to stalk her and eat her up in the dark. But the grandmother saw what it was up to. Now it so happened that there was a big stone trough in front of the house, so she said to the child, "I was cooking sausages yesterday, Red Riding-Hood; take the pail and carry the water they were boiled in and fill the trough." Red Riding-Hood kept carrying water till the big trough was quite full. Then the odor of sausage rose to the wolf's nose; it sniffed and looked down and finally stretched out its neck so far that it couldn't hold back and began to slip. It slipped down off the roof and right into the big trough and drowned. But Red Riding-Hood went merrily home, and no one bothered her.

27 The Town Musicians of Bremen

Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten

A MAN had a donkey that for many years had patiently carried bags of grain to the mill, but it had now reached the end of its strength and was getting less and less fit for work. Its master thought of getting rid of it, but the donkey saw that the future boded no good, ran away, and set out for Bremen, where it thought it might become a town musician. After it had been going for a while, it met a hunting dog lying on the roadway, panting as if tired from running. "Why are you panting like that, Hold Fast?" asked the donkey. "Alas," said the hound, "because I'm old and getting feebler every day and am no longer of any use for hunting, my master was going to kill me and so I cleared out. But how am I to earn my daily bread?" "Do you know what?" said the donkey, "I'm going to Bremen to become a town musician there. Come along and join the town band; I'll play the lute, and you can beat the kettledrum." The dog agreed, and they went on. A little later they saw a cat sitting on the roadway looking very sad. "Well, what's the

matter with you, old Lick-Your-Whiskers?" said the donkey. "Who can be gay when one's life is at stake?" answered the cat. "Because I'm getting old and my teeth are blunt and I'd much rather sit by the fire and purr than hunt mice, my mistress was going to drown me. True enough, I got away, but now I'm at my wits' end. Where shall I go?" "Come along with us to Bremen; you're an expert serenader; you can become a town musician there." The cat thought that a fine idea and went along. Next the three fugitives passed a farmyard where the cock was sitting on the gate, crowing with all its might. "Your crowing goes right through one," said the donkey. "What are you up to?" "I prophesied good weather," said the cock, "because this is Lady Day, when the Blessed Virgin has washed the Christ Child's shirts and wants to dry them. But because tomorrow is Sunday and guests are coming, the farmer's wife is merciless and has told the cook that she wants to eat me in a stew, and so I'm to have my head cut off tonight. Now I'm crowing with all my might while I still can." "What nonsense, Red-Head," said the donkey, "you'd better come along with us, we're going to Bremen. You can find something better than death anywhere. You've got a good voice, and if we make music together, it's bound to be good." The cock accepted the proposal, and accordingly all four of them set forth together.

However, they couldn't reach the city of Bremen in one day and that evening got into a forest, where they were going to spend the night. The donkey and the dog lay down under a big tree, while the cat and the cock got up in the branches; the cock, in fact, flew up to the very top, where it felt safest. Before falling asleep, it looked around in all directions, thought it saw a light twinkling in the distance, and called out to its companions that there must be a house not too far off, for a light was shining. Then the donkey said, "Then we must set out toward it, for these quarters are bad." The dog thought that a few bones with a little meat on them wouldn't come in amiss, so they started out toward the light. Soon it got brighter and brighter, until they reached a robbers' den that was brilliantly lighted up. The donkey, as the biggest, approached the window and looked in. "What do you see, Gray-Shanks," asked the cock. "What do I see?" answered the donkey, "why, a table set with fine food and drink, and robbers are sitting around it and

having a good time." "That would be just the thing for us," said the cock. "Yes, indeed, if we were only inside!" said the donkey. Then the animals took counsel as to how to set about chasing the robbers away and in the end hit upon a trick. The donkey was to put its forefeet on the window sill, the dog to jump up on the donkey's back, and the cat to climb up on the dog. Finally the cock flew up and perched on the cat's head. When that was done, at a signal they all started their music: the donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat miaowed, and the cock crowed. Then they all plunged through the window into the room, so that the panes rattled. At the terrible din the robbers jumped up, thinking that nothing less than a specter had come in and flew in a panic out into the forest. Now the four companions sat down to the table, made shift with what was left, and ate as if they weren't going to get anything more to eat for a month.

When the four minstrels were finished, they put out the light and looked for a place to sleep, each according to its taste and comfort. The donkey lay down on the dungheap, the dog behind the door, the cat by the warm ashes on the hearth, while the cock perched on the rooftree. And since they were tired from their long journey, they soon fell asleep. When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that no light was burning in the house and everything seemed quiet, the leader said, "We shouldn't have let ourselves be scared off," and bade one of the band go and search the house. The latter found everything quiet and went into the kitchen to light a candle and, because he mistook the glowing fiery eyes of the cat for live coals, he touched a match to them. The cat, however, didn't take it as a joke but sprang into his face, spitting and scratching. Then he was terribly frightened and ran, trying to get out by the back door. But the dog, which was lying there, jumped up and bit him in the leg, and when he ran across the yard and past the dungheap, the donkey gave him a good kick with its hind foot. And the cock, roused from its sleep by the noise and feeling very lively, cried down from the rooftree, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Then the robber ran as fast as his legs would carry him to report to his leader, saying, "Alas, there's a horrible witch in the house; she blew on me and scratched my face with her long fingers. Outside the door there's a man with a

knife, who stabbed me in the leg. In the yard is a black monster that beat me with a wooden club, and up on the roof is sitting a judge. He called out, 'Bring me the rascal!' Then I took to my heels." After this the robbers didn't venture into the house any more, but the musicians of Bremen liked it so well there that they didn't want to leave it again.

This tale is on everybody's tongue, and the last person to tell it has just this minute finished.

28 The Singing Bone

Der singende Knochen

ONCE UPON A TIME in a certain country there was much complaint about a wild boar that was rooting up the farmers' fields, killing the cattle, and ripping people up with its tusks. The king promised a big reward to anyone who'd deliver the land of this plague, but the animal was so big and strong that no one dared go near the forest where it lived. Finally the king proclaimed that whoever captured the boar or killed it should have his only daughter in marriage.

Now in that country there lived two brothers, sons of a poor man. They presented themselves and were willing to undertake the risky enterprise. The elder, who was shrewd and clever, did it out of pride; the younger, who was innocent and simple-minded, out of goodness of heart. The king said, "To make more certain of finding the animal, you'd better enter the forest from opposite sides." So the elder entered from the west, the younger from the east. When the younger had been walking for a while, he met a dwarf who was holding a black spear in his hand and who said, "I'll give you this spear, because your heart is pure and good; with it you may confidently face the boar. It'll do you no harm." He thanked the dwarf, shouldered the spear, and proceeded fearlessly. Soon after, he saw the animal, which charged him, but he held out his spear toward it,

and in its blind fury the boar ran onto it so violently that its heart was cut in two. Then he put the monster on his shoulder, started for home, and was going to take it to the king.

When he came out the other side, there on the edge of the forest stood a house where people were having a good time dancing and drinking wine. His elder brother had gone in there, thinking that the boar wouldn't run away from him in any event and that he'd first drink himself to the proper pitch of courage. When he saw his younger brother come out of the forest laden with his booty, his envious and wicked heart left him no peace. He called out to him, "Come in, dear brother! rest up and refresh yourself with a tumbler of wine." The younger, suspecting nothing, went in and told him about the good dwarf who'd given him a spear with which he'd killed the boar. The elder kept him there till evening, then they set out together. But when in the dark they came to a bridge over a brook, the elder had the younger go ahead and, when he was halfway across the stream, dealt him a blow from behind so that he fell down dead. He buried him under the bridge, then took the boar and brought it to the king, pretending to have killed it. Thereupon he received the king's daughter in marriage. When the younger brother didn't come back, he said, "No doubt the wild boar ripped him open," and everyone believed it.

But since nothing remains hidden from God, this black deed, too, was bound to come to light. After many years a shepherd was once driving his flock across the bridge and, seeing a snow-white bone down in the sand, thought it would make a fine mouthpiece. So he climbed down, picked it up, and carved a mouthpiece for his horn out of it. When he blew in it for the first time, the bone, to the shepherd's great amazement, began to sing of itself,

"Oh dear shepherd,
You're blowing on my bone.
My brother slew me,
Buried me under the bridge,
Because of the wild boar,
To win the king's daughter."

"What a remarkable horn," said the shepherd, "to sing of itself; I must take it to the king." When he came with it into the king's

presence, the horn again began its ditty. The king understood it well and had the ground under the bridge dug up. Then the whole skeleton of the murdered man came to light. The wicked brother couldn't deny the deed, was sewed up in a sack, and drowned alive. But the bones of the murdered man were laid to rest in a fine grave in the churchyard.

29 The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs

Der Teufel mit den drei goldenen Haaren

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a poor woman who gave birth to a boy, and because he was born with a caul, it was prophesied of him that he'd marry the king's daughter in his fourteenth year. Soon after that the king happened to come to the village, though no one knew it was the king, and when he inquired among the people what news there was, they answered, "Not long ago a child was born with a caul, and whatever such a person undertakes turns out fortunate for him. It's also prophesied of him that in his fourteenth year he's to marry the king's daughter." The king, who had an evil heart and was vexed over the prophecy, went to the parents and, acting very friendly, said to them, "You poor people, let me have your child; I'll look out for it." At first they hesitated, but when the stranger offered them a lot of gold for the baby, they thought, "The child is fortune's favored; it's bound to turn out well, whatever happens." So they finally agreed and gave him the baby.

The king laid it in a box and rode off with it, until he came to a deep body of water. There he threw the box in the water, thinking, "I've rid my daughter of the unexpected suitor." The box, however, didn't sink but floated like a little boat, and not a drop of water got in. Thus it floated to within two miles of the king's capital, where there was a mill, and stuck on the weir. A miller's assistant, who by good fortune was standing there and noticed it, pulled it ashore with a hook, expecting to find vast treasures. But

when he opened it, there lay a handsome baby boy who was quite hale and hearty. He took him to the miller and his wife, and since they had no children of their own, they rejoiced, saying, "It's a gift of God." They took good care of the foundling, and he grew up in all the virtues.

It so happened that the king once came to the mill during a thunderstorm and asked the couple whether the big boy was their son. "No," they answered, "he's a foundling: fourteen years ago he floated against the weir in a box, and my assistant pulled him out of the water." Then the king realized that he was none other than the child favored of fortune, whom he'd thrown into the water, and said, "You good people, can't the boy take a letter to the queen? I'll give him two gold pieces as a reward." "As the Lord King commands," replied the couple and told the boy to be ready to go. Then the king wrote a letter to the queen which said, "As soon as the boy gets there with this letter, he's to be killed and buried, and the whole thing to be done before I get back."

The boy set out with this letter but lost his way and in the evening got into a big forest. In the dark he saw a little light, went toward it, and came to a cottage. When he went in, an old woman was sitting all alone by the fire. When she saw the boy, she was frightened and said, "Where do you come from and where are you going?" "I'm from the mill," he replied, "and I'm going to the queen, to whom I'm to take a letter, but because I've lost my way in the forest, I'd like to spend the night here." "You poor boy," said the woman, "you've got into a robbers' den, and when they come home, they'll kill you." "Let them come," said the boy, "I'm not afraid, but I'm so tired that I can't go on," stretched out on a bench and fell asleep. Soon afterwards the robbers came and asked angrily what strange boy was lying there. "Oh," said the old woman, "he's an innocent child; he lost his way in the forest, and I took him in out of pity. He's to take a letter to the queen." The robbers opened the letter and read it, and it said that the boy on his arrival was to be killed. Then the hard-hearted robbers took pity, and their leader tore up the letter and wrote another, which said that on his arrival the boy was to be married at once to the king's daughter. They let him lie quietly on the bench till the next morning and when he woke up, gave him the letter and showed him the right road. On receiving

and reading the letter, the queen did what it said, had a sumptuous wedding banquet arranged, and the king's daughter was married to fortune's favored. And since the youth was handsome and friendly, she lived happily and contentedly with him.

Some time later the king came back to his palace and saw that the prophecy had been fulfilled and the boy favored of fortune had been married to his daughter. "How did this happen?" he said. "In my letter I gave quite different instructions." Then the queen handed him the letter and said that he should see for himself what it said. The king read the letter and saw clearly that it had been substituted for another. He asked the boy what had happened to the letter that had been entrusted to him and why he'd brought another instead. "I don't know anything about it," answered the boy, "it must have been changed during the night when I was sleeping in the forest." "It won't be as easy as all that for you," said the king angrily. "Anybody who wants my daughter must fetch me from Hell three golden hairs from the Devil's head. If you bring me what I ask, you may keep my daughter." In this way the king hoped to get rid of him for good. But fortune's favored replied, "I'll fetch the golden hairs without fail; I'm not afraid of the Devil." Then he took leave and set out on his journey.

His way led him to a big city where the watchman at the gate asked him what his trade was and what he knew. "I know everything," answered fortune's favored. "Then you can do us a favor," said the watchman, "by telling us why the spring in our market place, which used to give wine, has run dry and now doesn't even give water." "You'll find that out," he answered; "just wait till I come back." Then he went on and reached another city. There the watchman at the gate again asked him what his trade was and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied. "Then you can do us a favor and tell us why a certain tree in our city, which formerly bore golden apples, now doesn't even put forth leaves." "You'll find that out," he answered; "just wait till I come back." Then he went on and came to a big river which he had to cross. The ferryman asked him what his trade was and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied. "Then you can do me a favor," said the ferryman, "and tell me why I have to keep ferrying people back and forth and never get relieved." "You'll find that out," he answered; "just wait till I come back."

Once he was across the river, he found the entrance to Hell. It was black and sooty in there. The Devil wasn't at home, but his grandmother was sitting there in a big easy chair. "What do you want?" she said to him, but didn't look at all cross. "I'd like to have three golden hairs from the Devil's head," he answered; "otherwise I can't keep my wife." "That's asking for a great deal," she said; "when the Devil comes home and if he finds you, it'll go hard with you, but I'm sorry for you and I'll see whether I can help you." Then she transformed him into an ant and said, "Crawl into the pleats of my skirt; you'll be safe there." "Yes," he replied, "that's all very true, but there are three things I'd like to know besides: why a spring that used to give wine has run dry and now doesn't even give water; why a tree that used to bear golden apples now doesn't even put forth leaves; and why a ferryman has to keep ferrying people back and forth and doesn't get relieved." "Those are hard questions," she answered, "but keep very still and listen closely to what the Devil says when I pull out his three golden hairs."

At nightfall the Devil came home. He no sooner entered than he noticed that the air wasn't pure. "I smell human flesh, human flesh," he said; "there's something wrong here." Then he peered into every nook and corner and searched about but could find nothing. His grandmother scolded him, saying, "Everything's just been swept and everything put in order, and now you're upsetting everything again. You're always smelling human flesh! Sit down and eat your supper." When he'd finished eating and drinking, he was tired and, laying his head in his grandmother's lap, told her to pick lice off him for a while. It wasn't long before he fell asleep, breathing heavily and snoring. Then the old woman took hold of a golden hair, pulled it out, and laid it beside her. "Ouch!" cried the Devil. "What are you doing?" "I had a bad dream," answered his grandmother, "and took hold of your hair." "What did you dream?" asked the Devil. "I dreamed that the well in a market place that used to give wine ran dry and now isn't even giving water. What's wrong there?" "My, if they only knew!" answered the Devil. "There's a toad under a stone in the spring. If they kill it, the wine will flow again." His grandmother again loused him till he fell asleep and snored so that the window rattled. Then she pulled out the second hair. "Ouch!" cried the Devil angrily. "What are you doing?" "Excuse me," she replied, "I did it in a dream." "What

did you dream this time?" he asked. "I dreamt that in a certain kingdom there was a fruit tree which used to bear golden apples but now doesn't even put forth leaves. What on earth can be the cause of that?" "My, if they only knew!" answered the Devil. "A mouse is gnawing at the root. If they kill it, the tree will certainly bear golden apples again, but if the mouse gnaws much longer, the tree will wither up completely. However, leave me in peace with your dreams; if you disturb me once more in my sleep, I'll box your ears." His grandmother spoke nicely to him and again loused him till he'd fallen asleep and was snoring. Then she took hold of the third golden hair and pulled it out. The Devil started up, cried out, and was going to deal severely with her, but once again she calmed him down, saying, "Who can do anything about bad dreams?" "What did you dream?" he asked and was quite curious. "I dreamt about a ferryman who complained that he had to keep ferrying people back and forth and didn't get relieved. What's the reason for that?" "Ha, the fool!" replied the Devil. "If someone comes and wants to be ferried across, he must hand him the pole. Then the newcomer will have to do the ferrying, and he'll be free." Since the grandmother had now pulled out the three golden hairs and since the three questions had been answered, she let the old Dragon rest in peace, and he slept till daybreak.

When the Devil had set out again, the old woman took the ant out of the pleat in her skirt and gave fortune's favored back his human form. "Here you have the three golden hairs," she said, "and of course you heard what the Devil said to your three questions." "Yes," he answered, "I heard it and I'll remember it all right." "Then you're all fixed up," she said, "and now you can go your way." He thanked the old woman for her help in need, left Hell, and was happy that everything had turned out so fortunately for him. When he came to the ferryman, he was supposed to give him the promised answer. "First ferry me across," said fortune's favored, "then I'll tell you how you may get relieved," and when he got across, he gave him the Devil's advice: "If anybody else wants to be ferried across, just put the pole in his hand." Then he went on and came to the city where the barren tree stood and where the watchman likewise wanted an answer. Then he told him what he'd heard the Devil say: "Kill the mouse that's gnawing at its root, and it will again bear golden

apples." Then the watchman thanked him and rewarded him with two donkeys laden with gold, and they had to go along with him. At last he came to the city whose spring had run dry. Then he told the watchman what the Devil had said: "A toad's sitting in the well under a stone; you must find it and kill it, then it will once more give wine aplenty." The watchman thanked him and likewise gave him two donkeys laden with gold.

Finally's fortune's favored got home to his wife, who was very glad to see him again and to hear how well he'd succeeded in everything. He brought the king what he'd demanded, namely, the Devil's three golden hairs, and when the king saw the four donkeys laden with gold, he was quite happy and said, "Now you've fulfilled all conditions and may keep my daughter. But, dear son-in-law, do tell me where all this gold comes from. It's an enormous treasure." "I crossed a river and I picked it up there," he replied; "it's lying there on the bank instead of sand." "Can I get some of it, too?" asked the king greedily. "As much as you want," he replied. "There's a ferryman on the river. Have him ferry you across, and you'll be able to fill your bags on the other side." The greedy king set out in all haste, and when he came to the river, signaled the ferryman to ferry him across. The ferryman came and let him get on the ferry, but when they got to the other side, the ferryman put the pole in the king's hand and ran away. Thenceforth the king had to ferry as a punishment for his sins.

"Is he still ferrying?" "What do you mean? No one's likely to have taken the pole away from him."

30 The Louse and the Flea

Läuschen und Flöhchen

A LOUSE and a flea kept house together and were brewing beer in an eggshell. Then the louse fell in and was scalded to death. Thereupon the flea began to lament aloud. Then the little door of the room said, "Why are you lamenting, Flea?" "Because

Louse got scalded to death." Then the door began to creak. At this the broom in the corner said, "Why are you creaking, Door?" "I've good reason to creak.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping."

Then the broom began to sweep furiously. Just then a cart passed and said, "Why are you sweeping, Broom?" "I've good reason to sweep.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping,
Door's creaking."

Then the cart said, "Then I'll race," and began to race furiously. Then the dungheap which it passed said, "Why are you racing, Cart?" "I've good reason to race.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping,
Door's creaking,
Broom's sweeping."

Then the dungheap said, "Then I'll burn furiously," and began to burst into flames. There was a tree near the dungheap which said, "Dungheap, why are you burning?" "I've good reason to burn.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping,
Door's creaking,
Broom's sweeping,
Cart's racing."

Then the tree said, "Then I'll shake," and began to shake so hard that all its leaves fell off. A girl who came by with her water jug saw that and said, "Tree, why are you shaking?" "I've good reason to shake.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping,
Door's creaking,
Broom's sweeping,
Cart's racing,
Dungheap's burning."

Then the girl said, "Then I'll break my water jug," and broke it. Then the spring from which the water was gushing said, "Girl, why did you break your water jug?" "I've good reason to break my water jug.

Louse got scalded to death,
Flea's weeping,
Door's creaking,
Broom's sweeping,
Cart's racing,
Dungheap's burning,
Tree's shaking."

"My!" said the spring, "then I'll start flowing," and began to flow furiously, and everybody was drowned in the water: the girl, the tree, the dungheap, the cart, the door, the flea, and the louse—every one of them.

31 The Girl without Hands

Das Mädchen ohne Hände

A MILLER had gradually been getting poorer and had nothing left but his mill and a big apple tree behind it. Once when he'd gone into the forest to fetch wood, an old man whom he'd never seen before came up to him and said, "Why do you slave away at woodcutting; I'll make you rich if you'll promise to give me what's behind your mill." "What else can that be," thought the miller, "but my apple tree?" said "yes," and made it over to the stranger. The latter laughed mockingly and said, "In three years I'll come and fetch what's mine," and went away. When the miller got home, his wife came to meet him, saying, "Tell me, miller, where does the sudden wealth in our house come from? All at once all the chests and boxes are full. Nobody brought it, and I don't know how it happened." "It comes," he answered, "from a stranger whom I met in the forest and who promised me much treasure. In return I made over to him what's behind our

mill; we can well afford to give the big apple tree in exchange." "Oh, husband," said the woman greatly frightened, "that was the Devil, and he didn't mean the apple tree but our daughter. She was behind the mill sweeping the yard."

The miller's daughter was a pretty and devout girl and for those three years lived in fear of God and without sin. When the time was up and the day came that the Evil One was going to fetch her, she washed herself clean and with chalk drew a circle around herself. The Devil appeared very early in the morning but couldn't get near her. Angrily he said to the miller, "Take all water away from her, so that she'll no longer be able to wash herself, for otherwise I have no power over her." The miller was frightened and did so. Next morning the Devil came again, but she'd wept on her hands, and they were quite clean. Again he couldn't get near her and said to the miller furiously, "Cut off her hands, otherwise I can't get at her." The miller was horrified and answered, "How could I cut off my own child's hands!" Then the Evil One threatened him, saying, "If you don't do it, you're mine and I'll fetch you yourself." The father got frightened and promised to obey him, went to the girl and said, "My child, if I don't cut off both your hands, the Devil will carry me off, and in my fright I promised him to do it. Please help me in my need and forgive me the wrong I'm doing you." She replied, "Father dear, do with me what you will; I'm your child." Then she stretched out both hands and let them be cut off. The Devil came a third time, but she'd wept so much and so long on the stumps that even so they were quite clean. Then he had to give her up and lost all claim to her.

The miller said to her, "I've gained great wealth through you and I'll keep you in the greatest luxury for the rest of your life," but she answered, "I can't stay here; I want to go away. Charitable people will give me whatever I need." Then she had her mutilated arms tied to her back and at sunrise started out and walked the whole day till nightfall. Then she came to a royal garden and in the moonlight saw there three trees laden with fruit, but she couldn't get in, for there was a stream of water around it. And since she'd been walking all day and hadn't had a bite to eat and was tormented by hunger, she thought, "Oh, if I were only inside, that I might eat a little of the fruit! Otherwise I'm bound to perish." Then she knelt down, called on the Lord

God, and prayed. Suddenly an angel came and closed one of the locks in the stream, so that the moat got dry and she could walk through it. Now she went into the garden, and the angel went with her. She saw a tree laden with fruit; they were fine pears but they'd all been counted. Then she stepped up and to still her hunger ate one off the tree with her mouth, but only one. The gardener was looking on, but because the angel was standing by her, he was afraid and thought the girl was a ghost, kept quiet and didn't dare call out or address the ghost. When she'd eaten the pear, her hunger was satisfied, and she went and hid in the bushes. But the king who owned the garden came down next morning, counted the fruit, and noticed that one of the pears was missing. He asked the gardener what had become of it: it wasn't lying under the tree and yet was gone. Then the gardener answered, "Last night a ghost came in; it had no hands and ate one pear off the tree with its mouth." "How did the ghost get in across the water," said the king, "and where did it go after eating the pear?" "Someone came from Heaven in a snow-white dress," answered the gardener, "closed the lock and dammed up the water so that the ghost could walk through the moat. And because it must have been an angel, I was afraid, asked no questions, and didn't call out. When the ghost had eaten the pear, it went back again." "If it's as you say," said the king, "I'll mount watch with you tonight."

When it got dark, the king came into the garden and brought along a priest, who was to address the ghost. All three sat down under the tree and watched. At midnight the girl came creeping out of the bushes, stepped up to the tree, and again ate a pear off it with her mouth. The angel dressed in white stood beside her. Then the priest stepped up and said, "Have you come from God or from the World? Are you a ghost or a human being?" "I'm not a ghost," she replied, "but a poor human being, forsaken by all save God." "If you're forsaken by the whole world," said the king, "I shan't forsake you," took her with him to his royal mansion and, since she was so beautiful and devout, he loved her with all his heart, had silver hands made for her, and took her as his wife.

A year later the king had to go on a journey and commended the young queen to his mother, saying, "When she bears a child, take good care of her and write me a letter about it at once." In

time she gave birth to a fine boy. Then the queen-mother at once wrote him a letter, telling him the joyful news. On the way, however, the messenger stopped to rest by a brook and, tired from the long walk, fell asleep. Then the Devil, who was still plotting harm against the devout queen, appeared and exchanged the letter for another, in which it said that the queen had given birth to a changeling. On reading the letter the king was frightened and very sad, but in his reply ordered the queen to be well cared for until his arrival. The messenger went back with the letter, rested at the same spot, and again fell asleep. Then the Devil again appeared and put a different letter into his pouch; this said that the queen and her child were to be put to death. The queen-mother was terribly frightened on receiving the letter, couldn't believe it, and wrote the king once more. But she got the same answer, because each time the Devil substituted a false letter. And the last letter added that, as proof, they were to keep the queen's tongue and eyes.

Then the queen-mother wept at the thought that such innocent blood should be shed, had a hind fetched in the night, cut out its tongue and put out its eyes, and kept them. Then she said to the queen, "I can't have you killed as the king commands, but you mustn't stay here any longer. Go out into the world with your child and never come back again." She tied the child to her back, and the poor woman went away with tears in her eyes. She got into a big, wild forest. There she knelt down and prayed to God, and the angel of the Lord appeared to her and led her to a cottage with a little sign saying, "Anyone may lodge here free." A maiden in a snow-white dress stepped out of the cottage and said, "Welcome, Lady Queen," and led her indoors. Then she untied the little boy on her back, nursed him at her breast, and then laid him in a pretty crib that was all ready. The poor woman said, "How do you know that I was a queen?" The maiden in white replied, "I'm an angel sent by God to care for you and your child." She stayed in that house for seven years and was well cared for, and through the grace of God and because of her piety her hands that had been cut off grew again.

The king finally came back from the wars and the first thing he wanted to see was his wife and child. Then his old mother began to weep, saying, "You wicked man, why did you write me to put two innocent souls to death?" She showed him the two

letters which the Evil One had forged and went on to say, "I did as you ordered," and displayed the tokens—the tongue and the eyes. Then the king began to weep even more bitterly over his poor wife and his little son, until his mother took pity and said, "Console yourself, she's still alive. I had a hind killed secretly and the tokens taken from it. As for your wife, I tied her child on her back and bade her go out into the world, and she promised never to come back, since you were so angry with her." Then the king said, "I'll go as far as the sky is blue and neither eat nor drink until I've found my dear wife and child again, unless they've perished in the meantime or died of hunger."

Then the king went roaming abroad for some seven years, looking for her on every cliff and in every cave, but didn't find her and thought she'd perished. He neither ate nor drank during this long time, but God sustained him. At last he got into a big forest and there found the cottage with the sign reading, "Anyone may lodge here free." Then the maiden in white came out, took him by the hand, and led him inside, saying, "Welcome, Lord King." She asked him whence he came. He replied, "I've been roaming about nearly seven years, looking for my wife and child, but I can't find them." The angel offered him food and drink, but he didn't accept it and only wanted to rest a bit. Then he lay down to sleep and covered his face with a cloth.

Then the angel went into the chamber where the queen was sitting with her son, whom she usually called Little Woe-Begone and said to her, "Go out with your child; your husband's come." She went to where he was lying, and the cloth fell from his face. Then she said, "Little Woe-Begone, lift up your father's cloth and cover his face again." The child lifted it up and covered his face with it again. The king heard this in his sleep and on purpose dropped the cloth again. Then the little boy lost patience and said, "Mother dear, how can I cover my father's face? You know I have no father in this world. I've learned the prayer, 'Our Father that art in Heaven,' and you told me that my Father is in Heaven and is our good Lord. How am I to acknowledge such a fierce-looking man? He isn't my father." When the king heard this, he sat up and asked her who she was. Then she told him, "I'm your wife, and this is your son Little Woe-Begone." He saw her hands, which were whole, and said, "My wife had silver hands." She replied, "Our gracious Lord let my natural hands

grow again," and the angel went into the other room, fetched the silver hands and showed them to him. Only then did he feel perfectly sure that it was his dear wife and his darling child and kissed them and was happy, saying, "A heavy load has fallen from my heart." Then the angel of the Lord gave them all one last meal, and then they went home to his old mother. There was much rejoicing everywhere, and the king and the queen celebrated a second wedding and lived happily to their dying day.

32 Clever Hans

Der gescheite Hans

HIS MOTHER ASKED, "Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's," answered Hans. "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." Gretel gave Hans a pin. Hans said, "Good-bye, Gretel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the pin, stuck it in a haycart, and walked home behind the cart. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything; she gave me something." "What did Gretel give you?" "Gave me a pin." "What did you do with the pin, Hans?" "Stuck it in a haycart." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have stuck it in your sleeve." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's, mother." "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." Gretel gave Hans a knife. "Good-bye, Gretel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the knife, stuck it in his sleeve, and went home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything; she gave me something." "What did Gretel give you?"

"Gave me a knife." "What did you do with the knife, Hans?" "Stuck it in my sleeve." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have put the knife in your pouch." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's, mother." "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." Gretel gave Hans a young goat. "Good-bye, Gretel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the kid, tied its legs together, and put it in his pouch. When he got home, it had suffocated. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything; she gave me something." "What did Gretel give you?" "Gave me a kid." "What did you do with the kid, Hans?" "Put it in my pouch." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have tied the kid to a rope." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's, mother." "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." Gretel gave Hans a side of bacon. "Good-bye, Gretel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the bacon, tied it to a rope, and dragged it along behind him. The dogs came and ate up the bacon. When he got home, he had the rope in his hand and there was nothing tied to it. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything; she gave me something." "What did Gretel give you?" "Gave me a side of bacon." "What did you do with the bacon, Hans?" "Tied it to a rope, was bringing it home, dogs made off with it." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have carried the bacon on your head." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's, mother." "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." Gretel gave Hans a calf. "Good-bye, Gretel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the calf, put it on his head, and the calf kicked his face. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you

been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything; she gave me something." "What did Gretel give you?" "Gave me a calf." "What did you do with the calf, Hans?" "Put it on my head; it kicked my face." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have led the calf and put it by the crib." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To Gretel's, mother." "Good luck, Hans." "I'll have it all right. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans got to Gretel's. "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. Bring any news?" "Didn't bring any, gave it away." "I'll come along with you," said Gretel to Hans. Hans took Gretel, tied her to a rope, led her along, took her to the crib, and fastened her up. Then Hans went to his mother. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been at Gretel's." "What did you bring her?" "Didn't bring her anything." "What did Gretel give you?" "Didn't give me anything; came along herself." "Where did you leave Gretel?" "Led her on a rope, fastened her by the crib, and threw some grass in." "That was foolish, Hans. You ought to have cast friendly eyes at her." "No matter, I'll do better next time."

Hans went to the stable, put out the eyes of all the calves and sheep, and cast them in Gretel's face. Then Gretel got angry, jerked herself loose, and ran away and was Hans's bride no more.

33 The Three Languages

Die drei Sprachen

IN SWITZERLAND there once lived an old count who had only one son, but he was stupid and couldn't learn anything. His father said to him, "Listen, my son, I'm not getting anything into your head, no matter what I do. You've got to get out of here. I'm going to turn you over to a famous master who'll have a try at you." So the boy was sent to a strange city and stayed with the master a whole year. At the end of this time he came home again, and his father asked, "Now, my son, what have you learned?"

"Father," he replied, "I've learned what dogs say when they bark." "Mercy on us," cried the father, "is that all you've learned? I'm going to put you with another master in another city." The boy was taken there and stayed with this master for a year, too. When he came back, his father again asked, "My son, what have you learned?" "Father," he answered, "I've learned what birds say." Then his father flew into a rage and said, "O you hopeless person! You've been spending precious time and have learned nothing. Aren't you ashamed to appear before me? I'm going to send you to a third master, but if you don't learn anything this time, either, I'll no longer own you as my son." The son stayed with the third master likewise for a whole year, and when he returned home and his father asked, "My son, what have you learned?" he replied, "Father dear, this year I've learned what frogs say when they croak." Then his father flew into a fearful rage, jumped up, summoned his servants, and said, "This person is no longer my son. I'm throwing him out and order you to take him out into the forest and put him to death." So they took him out, but when it came to killing him, they were seized with pity, couldn't do it, and let him go. They cut out the eyes and the tongue of a roe so as to be able to bring the old man a token.

The lad went on his way and after a time arrived at a castle where he asked for a night's lodging. "All right," said the lord of the castle, "if you're willing to spend the night down in the old keep, then go there. But I warn you that it's perilous, for it's full of savage dogs that keep barking and howling and at set times have to be given a human being, whom they immediately devour." The whole region was plunged in grief and sorrow on account of this, yet no one could do anything about it. The youth, however, was fearless and said, "Just let me go down to the barking dogs and give me something I can throw to them. They won't do anything to me." Since he insisted, they gave him some food for the fierce animals and took him down to the keep. When he went in, the dogs didn't bark at him, walked around him wagging their tails in friendly fashion, ate what he gave them, and didn't ruffle a hair of his head. Next morning to everybody's astonishment he reappeared safe and sound and said to the lord of the castle, "The dogs revealed to me in their language why they're living there and harming the countryside. They're bewitched and have to guard a great treasure that's down there in the keep and they won't quiet down until it's been

taken up. And from their talk I've also learned how this must be done." Then all who heard it rejoiced greatly, and the lord of the castle said he'd adopt him as a son if he accomplished it successfully. Again he went down and because he knew what he had to do, he carried out the task successfully and brought up a chest filled with gold. From then on the howling of the savage dogs was no longer heard. They'd disappeared, and the country was rid of the plague.

Some time later he thought he'd go to Rome. On the way he passed a swamp in which frogs were sitting and croaking. He listened and when he understood what they were saying, became quite pensive and sad. At last he got to Rome. The pope had just died, and the cardinals were in grave doubt as to whom they should designate as his successor. They finally agreed to elect pope the person in whom a divine miracle should be revealed and had decided on this at the very moment when the young count entered the church. Suddenly two snow-white doves lighted on his shoulders and remained there. In this the clergy recognized a sign from God and at once asked him if he would become pope. He was undecided, for he didn't know whether he was worthy of this, but the doves persuaded him to accept, and finally he said "yes." Then he was anointed and consecrated, and thus came to pass what he had heard from the frogs on the way and what had so bewildered him: that he was to become pope. Then he had to sing a mass and didn't know a word of it, but the two doves stayed right on his shoulders and whispered it all in his ear.

34 Clever Elsie

Die kluge Else

THERE WAS A MAN who had a daughter; her name was Clever Elsie. When she was grown up, her father said, "Let's marry her off." "Yes," said her mother, "if only someone would turn up who'd have her!" At last someone from far away turned up; his

name was John, and he sued for her hand though he stipulated that Clever Elsie had to be really clever. "Oh," said the father, "she knows what's what," and her mother said, "Why, she can see the wind blowing down the street and can hear flies cough." "All right," said John, "but unless she's awfully clever, I won't take her." When they were sitting at table and had finished eating, her mother said, "Elsie, go down cellar and fetch some beer." So Clever Elsie took a jug from the wall, went to the cellar, and on the way rattled the lid in fine style in order to while away the time. When she got down there, she took a stool and put it in front of the keg, so that she wouldn't have to stoop over, or perhaps hurt her back, or suffer any unexpected injury. Then she set the jug in front of her and turned on the spigot. While the beer was running into the jug, she didn't want to let her eyes be idle and looked up on the wall. After much looking about she saw right above her a pickax which the masons had forgotten and had left sticking there. Then Clever Elsie began to weep, saying, "If I get John and we have a child and it grows up and we send it to the cellar to fetch beer, the pickax will drop on its head and kill it."

There she sat and wept and wailed for all she was worth over the impending misfortune. The people upstairs kept waiting for their drink, but Clever Elsie didn't come and didn't come. Then her mother said to the maid, "Just go down cellar and see where Elsie is." The maid went and found her sitting in front of the keg and wailing loudly. "Elsie, why are you weeping?" "Oh," she said, "I've good reason to weep. If I get John and we have a child and it's grown up and has to draw beer down here, perhaps the pickax will drop on its head and kill it." Then the maid said, "What a clever Elsie we've got!" sat down beside her and likewise began to weep over the misfortune. After a while when the maid didn't come back and the people upstairs were thirsty for their drink, the father said to the manservant, "Just go down cellar and find out what's keeping Elsie and the maid." The man went down: there sat Clever Elsie and the maid, both weeping. So he asked, "Why are you weeping?" "Oh," said Elsie, "I've good reason to weep. If I get John and we have a child and it grows up and has to draw beer down here, the pickax will drop on its head and kill it." Then the man said, "What a clever Elsie we've got!" sat down beside her, and likewise began to howl loudly.

Upstairs they kept waiting for the man, and when he didn't come and didn't come, the husband said to his wife, "Just go down cellar and find out what's keeping Elsie." The wife went down and found all three lamenting and asked the reason. Then Elsie told her, too, that her future child would surely be killed by the pickax as soon as it grew up and had to draw beer, and that the pickax would fall down. Then the mother, too, exclaimed, "What a clever Elsie we've got!" likewise sat down and wept with the rest. Her husband waited upstairs a little longer, but when his wife didn't come back and he kept getting thirstier and thirstier, he said, "Well, I must go down cellar myself and find out what's keeping Elsie." But when he got to the cellar and saw them all weeping and heard that the child that Elsie might perhaps some time give birth to was the cause of it and that the child might be killed by the pickax if it were sitting under it drawing beer at the very moment it fell, he cried out, "How clever our Elsie is!" sat down and wept with the others.

The suitor stayed upstairs alone for a long time. Then since no one seemed to be coming back, he thought, "No doubt they're waiting for me to come downstairs; I'd better go, too, and see what they're doing." When he got down there, the five of them were sitting and weeping and wailing most piteously, each one more than the other. "What misfortune has happened?" he asked. "Oh, John dear," said Elsie, "if we get married and have a child, and it's grown up and we happen to send it down here to draw a drink, then if the pickax that's stuck up in the wall should fall, it might smash its head in and lay it out. Isn't this reason for us to weep?" "Well," said John, "I don't need any greater intelligence for my home and, since you're such a clever Elsie, I'll take you." With these words he took her by the hand, led her upstairs, and married her.

When she'd had John for some time, he said, "Wife, I'm going out to look for work and make some money for us. You go into the field and reap the rye so we may have some bread." "Certainly, John dear, I'll do that." When John had gone, she cooked herself some good porridge and took it with her into the field. When she came to the field, she said to herself, "Which shall I do first, reap first or eat first? Well, I'd better eat first." So she ate up her pot full of porridge, and when she'd eaten her fill, she again said, "Which shall I do, reap first or sleep first? Well, I'd better

sleep first." So she lay down in the rye and fell asleep. John had been home long since, but Elsie didn't appear, so he said, "What a clever Elsie I've got! she's so industrious that she doesn't even come home to eat." But when she didn't come back and didn't come back, and night came on, John went out to see how much she had reaped. Nothing, however, had been reaped, and she was lying fast asleep in the rye. Then John hurried home, fetched a bird-snare with little bells, and draped it over her. But she kept right on sleeping. Then he went home, locked the front door, sat down in his chair and worked. At long last when it was already quite dark, Clever Elsie woke up, and when she got up, there was a jingling noise around her, and the bells rang with every step she took. Then she got frightened and began to wonder whether she really was Clever Elsie and said, "Is it me or isn't it me?" But she didn't know the answer and for a while stood there undecided. Finally she thought, "I'll go home and ask if it's me or if it isn't me; they're bound to know." She ran up to her front door, but it was locked. Then she knocked at the window and called out, "John, is Elsie inside?" "Yes," answered John, "she's inside." Then she got frightened and said, "Oh, God! so I'm not me," and went to the door of another house, but when the people heard the bells ringing, they wouldn't open the door, and she couldn't get in anywhere. Then she ran out of the village and away, and no one saw her again.

35 The Tailor in Heaven

Der Schneider im Himmel

ONE FINE DAY our good Lord happened to want to take a walk in the Heavenly garden and took along all the apostles and saints so that no one but St. Peter was left in Heaven. The Lord had bidden him not to admit anyone in his absence, and Peter was standing at the gate and keeping watch. Then somebody knocked, and Peter asked who he was and what he wanted. "I'm

a poor honest tailor," answered a thin voice, "who begs to be admitted." "Hm, honest," said Peter, "as honest as a thief on the gallows. You were light-fingered and pilfered customers' cloth. You won't get into Heaven; the Lord's forbidden me to admit anyone while He's out." "Do take pity on me," cried the tailor. "There's no question of stealing little bits of patching material that drop off the table of themselves; they're not worth mentioning. Look, I'm limping and I've got blisters on my feet from the journey; I can't possibly turn back. Please let me in. I'm willing to do any dirty work. I'll carry babies, wash their diapers, clean and wipe off the benches they've been playing on, and patch their torn clothes." St. Peter let himself be moved to pity and opened the gate of Heaven just enough to let the lame tailor slip his skinny body in. He had to sit in a corner behind the door and stay there lest the Lord on His return should notice him and get angry.

The tailor obeyed, but once when St. Peter stepped out the door, he got up and, full of curiosity, went about in all the nooks and corners of Heaven, looking at the sights. At last he came to a spot where there were many beautiful and sumptuous chairs, and in the middle a solid gold armchair studded with shining jewels; it was also much higher than the other chairs, and there was a gold footstool in front of it. It was the armchair used by our Lord when He was at home and from which He could see everything that went on down on Earth. The tailor stopped and looked at the armchair for quite a while, for he liked it better than all the rest. Finally he couldn't restrain his curiosity, climbed up and sat down in it. Then he saw everything that was going on down on Earth and noticed an ugly old woman who was standing by a brook doing washing and secretly making away with two veils. At the sight of this the tailor got so angry that he seized the gold footstool and hurled it through Heaven down to Earth at the thieving old woman. Since, however, he couldn't get the footstool back, he slipped quietly out of the armchair and resumed his seat behind the door, looking completely innocent.

When the Lord and Master came back with his heavenly retinue, He didn't notice the tailor behind the door, but when He sat down in his armchair, the footstool was missing. He asked St. Peter where the footstool had got to, but the latter didn't know. Then He asked further whether he'd let anybody in. "I

don't know of anyone having been here," replied Peter, "except a lame tailor who's still sitting behind the door." Then the Lord summoned the tailor before Him, asked him if he'd taken away the footstool and where he'd put it. "Oh, Lord," answered the tailor joyfully, "in my anger I threw it down to Earth at an old woman whom I saw stealing two veils while she was doing washing." "Oh, you rogue," said the Lord, "were I to sentence as you do, what do you think would have happened to you long since? By this time I shouldn't have had any chairs, benches, armchairs, yes, stove-pokers, for I'd have thrown them all at sinners. Hereafter you can't stay in Heaven but must go outside the gate again. Now watch out where you get to! Here no one but Myself alone, the Lord, is to mete out punishment."

St. Peter had to take the tailor outside Heaven again, and because his shoes were torn and his feet covered with blisters, he took a stick in his hand and went to Wait-a-While, where pious soldiers sit and make merry.

36 Table-Be-Set, the Gold-Donkey, and Cudgel-Come-out-of-the-Bag

Tischchen deck dich, Goldesel und Knüttel aus dem Sack

IN DAYS OF YORE there was a tailor who had three sons and only one goat. But since they all lived on its milk, the goat had to have good fodder and had to be led to pasture every day. This the boys did in turn. Once the eldest son took it to the churchyard, where the finest grass grew, and let it feed there and skip about. In the evening when it was time to go home, he asked, "Goat, have you had enough?" The goat answered,

"I've had so much,
I don't want another blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"Then come home," said the boy, took it by the rope, and led it into the stable and tied it up. "Well," said the old tailor, "did the goat get what it's supposed to?" "Oh," replied the son, "it's had so much it doesn't want another blade." But the father wanted to make sure, went down into the stable, patted the dear creature, and asked, "Goat, did you really get enough?" The goat answered,

"What could I have had my fill of?
I was just gamboling over graves
And didn't find a single blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"What's this I hear!" cried the tailor, ran upstairs, and said to the boy, "Why, you liar! You said the goat had had enough, and you let it starve," and in his anger took the yardstick from the wall and chased him out with blows.

Next day it was the second son's turn. He picked out a place near the garden hedge, where lots of good grass grew, and the goat grazed it clean. In the evening when he was about to go home, he asked, "Goat, have you had enough?" The goat answered,

"I've had so much,
I don't want another blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"Then come home," said the boy, led it home and tied it up in the stable. "Well," said the old tailor, "did the goat get what it's supposed to?" "Oh," answered the son, "it's had so much it doesn't want another blade." The tailor wasn't willing to rely on this statement, went down into the stable, and asked, "Goat, did you really get enough?" the goat answered,

"What could I have had my fill of?
I was just gamboling over graves
And didn't find a single blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"The unprincipled rascal!" cried the tailor, "to let such a good animal starve!" ran upstairs and with the yardstick beat the boy out the front door.

Now it was the third son's turn. He wanted to do a job of it, picked out some bushes with the finest foliage, and let the goat

feed on it. In the evening when he was about to go home, he asked, "Goat, did you really get enough?" The goat answered,

"I've had so much,
I don't want another blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"Come home then," said the boy, led it into the stable, and tied it up. "Well," said the old tailor, "did the goat get what it's supposed to?" "Oh," answered the son, "it's had so much, it doesn't want another leaf." The tailor didn't believe it, went down and asked, "Goat, did you really get enough?" But the malicious creature replied,

"What could I have had my fill of?
I was just gamboling over graves
And didn't find a single blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"Oh, you pack of liars!" cried the tailor, "one as base and un-dutiful as the other! You won't make a fool of me any longer." Quite beside himself with anger he rushed up and with his yard-stick gave the poor boy such a terrible tanning on the back that he ran out of the house.

The old tailor was now alone with his goat. Next morning he went down to the stable, petted the goat, and said, "Come, my dear creature, I lead you to pasture myself." He took it by the rope and led it to green hedges and under clusters of scabious and to whatever goats like to eat. "Now you may eat to your heart's content," he said to it, and let it graze till nightfall. Then he said, "Goat, have you had enough?" It answered,

"I've had so much,
I don't want another blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

"Come home then," said the tailor, led it into the stable, and tied it up. Before leaving he turned around once more and said, "At last you've had enough!" but the goat behaved no better toward him and cried out,

"What could I have had my fill of?
I was just gamboling over graves
And didn't find a single blade.
Bleat! bleat!"

When the tailor heard this, it gave him pause, and he saw that he had driven his sons away without cause. "Wait, you ungrateful creature," he cried, "driving you away is far too little punishment! I'll brand you so you won't be able to show yourself any more among honest tailors." In great haste he rushed up, got his razor, lathered the goat's head, and shaved it as smooth as the palm of his hand. And since the yardstick would have been too good for it, he took a whip and dealt it such blows that it bounded away wildly.

Sitting thus all alone in his house, the tailor was plunged into great sadness; he'd like to have had his sons back, but no one knew where they'd got to.

The eldest had apprenticed himself to a cabinetmaker and learned the trade diligently and perseveringly, and when his time was up and he was to start traveling, his master gave him a little table of no very special appearance and of ordinary wood. But it had one good property: on putting it down and saying, "Table, be set!" it was at once covered with a clean cloth, and there'd be a plate with a knife and fork beside it, and dishes with all sorts of food, as many as there was room for, also a large glass gleaming with red wine which made one's heart jump for joy. The young journeyman thought, "That's enough for the rest of your life," roamed gaily about the world, and didn't worry whether an inn was good or bad, and whether anything was to be had there or not. If he felt like it, he wouldn't turn in anywhere, but be it in field, in forest, or in some meadow, wherever he fancied, he'd take his table off his back, put it down in front of him, and say, "Be set!" Thereupon everything was there that his heart desired. At last the idea occurred to him to return to his father, whose anger would likely have subsided and, what with table-be-set, would probably gladly welcome him again. Now it happened that on the way home he one evening got to an inn which was crowded with guests. They bade him welcome and invited him to come in and join them and eat with them, otherwise he'd have a hard time getting anything so late. "No," the cabinetmaker replied, "I won't deprive you of the few morsels; you'd better be *my* guests." They laughed and thought he was joking them, but he set up his wooden table in the middle of the room, saying, "Table, be set!" Immediately it was covered with food better than anything the host could have served and whose odor rose

agreeably to the guests' noses. "Help yourselves, dear friends," said the cabinetmaker, and the guests, when they saw the point, didn't wait to be asked twice but drew up, took out their knives, and went to it valiantly. What amazed them most of all, however, was that as soon as one dish got empty, a full dish at once took its place. The innkeeper stood in a corner and watched the affair. He didn't know what to say but thought, "You could certainly use a chef like that in your business." The cabinetmaker and his companions made merry far into the night; finally they went to sleep, and the journeyman went to bed, too, putting his wishing-table against the wall. But the innkeeper's thoughts left him no peace and he remembered that there was in his lumber-room an old table that looked just like it. He quietly fetched it and substituted it for the wishing-table. Next morning the cabinetmaker paid for his lodging, picked up his table, and, never dreaming he had a false table, went on his way.

At noon he reached his father's house and was received with great rejoicing. "Well, my dear son, what did you learn?" his father said to him. "Father, I've become a cabinetmaker." "A good trade," replied the old man, "but what did you bring back from your travels?" "Father, the best thing I've brought back is this table." The tailor looked at it from all sides and said, "This isn't exactly a masterpiece of yours; it's an old and poor table." "But it's a set-itself table," answered the son. "Whenever I put it up and tell it to set itself, at once the finest dishes appear and a wine, too, that delights the heart. Just invite all our friends and relatives. For once they shall refresh themselves and enjoy themselves, for the table will give them all they can eat." When the company was assembled, he put up his table in the middle of the room and said, "Table, be set!" But the table didn't stir and remained as bare as any other table that didn't understand speech. Then the poor journeyman realized that his table had been changed on him and was mortified at appearing there as a liar. His relatives, however, laughed at him and had to go back home without having had a bite to eat or a drop to drink. His father fetched his cloth and went on tailoring, and the son started work with a master.

The second son had gone to a miller and had apprenticed himself to him. When his term was up, the master said, "Since you've behaved so well, I'm giving you a donkey of a special kind: it

doesn't pull a cart or carry sacks." "What good is it?" asked the young journeyman. "It spits gold," answered the miller. "If you put it on a cloth and say 'Brickle-brit,' the good creature will spit out gold pieces for you from in front and behind." "That's a fine thing," said the journeyman, thanked the master, and set out in the world. Whenever he needed money, he had only to say "Brickle-brit" to his donkey, and it rained gold pieces, and he had no further bother than to pick them up off the ground. Wherever he went, only the best was good enough for him, and the dearer the better, for he always had a full purse. After traveling about the world for some time, he thought, "You'd better look up your father. When you arrive with your gold-donkey, he'll forget his anger and give you a hearty welcome." Now it so happened that he got into the very inn where his brother's table had been changed. He was leading his donkey and the host wanted to take the animal from him and tie it up, but the young journeyman said, "Don't bother, I'll lead Gray-Steed into the stable myself and tie it up myself, for I've got to know where it is." This struck the innkeeper as odd and he thought that a man who had to look after his donkey himself wouldn't have much money to spend. But when the stranger reached into his pocket, took out two gold pieces, and told him to lay in nothing that wasn't really good, he opened his eyes, hurried off, and shopped for the best food he could get.

After the meal the stranger asked what he owed. The host didn't mind chalking up double the amount and said he'd have to add a couple of gold pieces. The journeyman reached into his pocket, but his supply of gold had just run out. "Wait a moment, innkeeper," he said, "I'll just go and get some more gold," taking along the tablecloth. The innkeeper didn't know what that might mean, was curious, and crept after him, and since the guest bolted the stable door, he peeked through a knothole. The stranger spread out the cloth under the donkey, called out "Brickle-brit," and straightway the animal began to spit out gold from in front and behind, so that it really rained down on the ground. "The deuce!" said the innkeeper, "that's minting ducats fast! Not a bad kind of purse."

The guest paid his bill and went to sleep. During the night, however, the innkeeper crept into the stable, led the master minter away, and tied another donkey in its place. Early next

morning the journeyman went off with his donkey, thinking he had his gold-donkey. He arrived at his father's at noon; the latter was glad to see him again and gave him a hearty welcome. "What have you become, my son?" asked the old man. "A miller, father dear," he answered. "What did you bring back from your travels?" "Nothing but a donkey." "There are plenty of donkeys hereabouts," said the father, "I'd rather have had a good goat." "Yes," replied the son, "but it's no ordinary donkey; it's a gold-donkey. When I say 'Brickle-brit' the good creature spits out a whole cloth full of gold pieces for one. Just have all the relatives in; I'll make them all rich." "I like that all right," said the tailor, "then I shan't have to toil any longer with the needle," hurried off, and called in his relatives. As soon as they were assembled, the miller told them to make way, spread out his cloth, and led the donkey into the room. "Now pay attention," he said and called out "Brickle-brit," but what dropped weren't gold pieces, and it was clear that the animal understood nothing of that art, for not every donkey's so accomplished. Then the poor miller pulled a long face, realized he'd been cheated, and apologized to his relatives, who went home as poor as they'd come. So there was nothing to do but for the old man to take up his needle again and the lad to hire himself out to a miller.

The third brother had become apprentice to a turner, and because this is a skilled trade, his apprenticeship lasted longest. His brothers, however, told him by letter how ill they'd fared and how on the very last night before reaching home the innkeeper had got their fine wishing-objects away from them. When the turner finished his apprenticeship and was to start journeying, his master, to reward him for his good conduct, gave him a bag, saying, "There's a cudgel in it." "I can carry the bag on my back, and it may be very useful to me, but what good is the cudgel in it? It only makes it heavier." "I'll tell you," answered the master, "if anyone harms you in any way, all you have to say is, 'Cudgel, come out of the bag,' and the cudgel will jump out into the crowd and dance about so merrily on their backs that they won't be able to move or stir for a week. And it won't stop till you say, 'Cudgel, get into the bag!'"

The journeyman thanked him, shouldered the bag, and when anybody came too near and was going to attack him, he'd say, "Cudgel, come out of the bag!" and the cudgel would jump out

and beat the dust out of the coats or jackets on their backs, one after the other, without waiting for them to take them off. And this happened so quickly that one's turn came before one could say "Jack Robinson." It was evening when the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had been cheated. He put his knapsack in front of him on the table and began to recount all the remarkable things he'd seen in the world. "Yes," he said, "of course one finds a table-be-set, a gold-donkey, and the like—all very fine things, which I don't despise—but all that's nothing to the treasure I've acquired and which I'm carrying with me in my bag there." The innkeeper pricked up his ears. "What in the world can it be?" he thought, "the bag's surely full of jewels, and by rights I should have it, too, for all good things go by threes." When it was bedtime, the guest stretched out on the bench and put his bag under his head for a pillow. When the innkeeper thought the guest was fast asleep, he softly and cautiously tugged at the bag to see if he could pull it out and slip in another. But the turner had long been waiting for this, and just as the innkeeper was about to give a good tug, he called out, "Cudgel, come out of the bag!" At once the cudgel jumped out, attacked the innkeeper and gave him a good drubbing. The innkeeper cried piteously, but the louder he cried, the harder the cudgel beat time to it on his back, until he finally fell to the ground exhausted. Then the turner said, "If you don't give me back the table-be-set and the gold-donkey, the dance will start up again." "Oh no," cried the innkeeper, quite subdued, "I'll gladly hand over everything, only have this cursed hobgoblin creep back into the bag." Then the journeyman said, "I'll let mercy prevail over justice, but watch out for yourself." Then he called out, "Cudgel, get into the bag!" and made it quiet down.

Next morning the turner went home to his father's with the table-be-set and the gold-donkey. The tailor was glad to see him again and asked him, too, what he'd learned abroad. "Father dear," he answered, "I've become a turner." "A skilled trade," said the father. "What did you bring home from your travels?" "A valuable item, father dear," answered the son, "a cudgel in a bag." "What!" cried the father, "a cudgel! That's worth while! You can cut that off any old tree!" "But not one like this, father dear; if I say 'Cudgel come out of the bag!' the cudgel at once jumps out and starts a vicious dance with anyone who harbors

me ill, and it doesn't stop till he's on the ground and asking for mercy. You see, with this cudgel I recovered the table-be-set and the gold-donkey, which the thievish innkeeper took from my brothers. Now have them both called and invite all the relatives. I'm going to give them food and drink and fill their pockets with gold, besides." The old tailor couldn't really believe it, but just the same he got the relatives together. Then the turner spread out a cloth in the room, led in the gold-donkey, and said to his brother, "Now, dear brother, talk to it." The miller said "Bricklebrit," and at once gold pieces began raining down on the cloth like a cloudburst, and the donkey didn't stop till all had so much that they couldn't carry any more. (From the way you look, I see you'd like to have been there, too.) Then the turner fetched the table and said, "Dear brother, now you speak to it," and scarcely had the cabinetmaker said, "Table, be set!" than it was laid with a cloth and covered with an abundance of the finest dishes. Then they had a meal such as the good tailor had never had in his house, and all the relatives stayed on till far into the night and were all merry and contented. The tailor locked up his needle and thread, yardstick and goose, in a cupboard and lived with his sons in joy and splendor.

But what happened to the goat that was to blame for the tailor's driving his three sons away? I'll tell you. It was so ashamed of its bald head that it ran into a fox hole and hid there. When the fox got home, a pair of big eyes were sparkling at it in the dark, so that it was frightened and ran off again. It met a bear, and since the fox looked quite upset, the bear said, "What's the matter, brother fox? What kind of a face are you making?" "Alas," said Redcoat, "a fierce animal is sitting in my hole and is staring at me with fiery eyes." "We'll soon drive it out," said the bear, went along to the hole and looked in. But on beholding the fiery eyes, it, too, got scared and would have nothing to do with the fierce animal and cleared out. It met a bee, and when the bee noticed that the bear didn't seem in any too good spirits, it said, "Bear, you've certainly got a dreadfully sour expression. What's become of your good humor?" "You may talk!" answered the bear. "Why, there's a fierce animal with staring eyes that's sitting in Redcoat's hole, and we can't drive it out." The bee said, "I'm sorry for you, bear. I'm a poor, weak creature which you two won't even look at in passing; still, I think I can help you." So it

flew into the fox hole, settled on the goat's smooth-shaven head, and stung it so badly that it jumped up, crying "Bleat, bleat!" and ran like mad out into the world. And to this day nobody knows where it ran to.

37 Tom Thumb

Daumesdick

ONE EVENING a poor farmer was sitting by the hearth and poking the fire while his wife was spinning. Then he said, "How sad that we have no children! It's so quiet in our house, while in other houses there's so much noise and fun." "Yes," answered his wife with a sigh, "if we only had one single child and even if it were very tiny, only as big as a thumb, I'd be really content. And we'd love it with all our hearts." Now it happened that the wife got sickly and after seven months gave birth to a child which was, to be sure, perfect in all its parts but no taller than a thumb. Then they said, "It's as we wished and it shall be our darling child," and from its size they named it Tom Thumb. They gave him plenty to eat, but the child grew no bigger, just stayed as he was the first hour he was born. Nevertheless he had an intelligent look and soon turned out to be a clever and nimble little thing, lucky in everything he undertook.

One day the farmer was getting ready to go to the forest to cut wood and said to himself, "Now I wish there was somebody to come after me with the cart." "Oh, father," cried Tom Thumb, "of course I'll bring it; you can count on it, it'll be in the forest at the time you say." Then the man laughed, saying, "How can it? You're much too small to lead the horse by the bridle." "That doesn't matter, father. If mother will just hitch up the horse, I'll sit in its ear and call out to it how to go." "Well," answered the father, "we'll try it once."

When the time came, the mother hitched up the horse and put Tom Thumb in its ear, and then the little fellow called out to the

horse how to go: "Hup! Whoa! Gee! Reel!" Then everything went as smooth as under a master coachman, and the cart took the right way toward the forest. Now it happened, just as the cart was turning a corner and the little chap was calling "Gee! gee!" that two strangers came along. "Myl!" said one, "what's that? There goes a cart, and a driver's calling to the horse, yet he isn't to be seen." "That's weird," said the other, "let's follow the cart and see where it stops." The cart went clear into the forest and straight to the spot where the wood was being cut. When Tom Thumb saw his father, he called to him, "You see, father, here I am with the cart. Now take me down." The father held the horse with his left hand and with his right took his little son out of the horse's ear. The boy sat down gaily on a straw.

When the two strangers saw Tom Thumb, they didn't know what to say from amazement. Then one took the other aside and said, "Listen, that little fellow might make our fortunes if we exhibited him for money in a big city. Let's buy him." So they approached the farmer, saying, "Sell us the little man; we'll treat him well." "No," answered the father, "he's the apple of my eye and I won't sell him for all the gold in the world." However, when he heard the proposal, Tom Thumb crept up on the pleat of his father's coat, got on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Father, do give me away; I'll come back again all right." Then his father handed him over to the two men in return for a handsome sum of money. "Where do you want to sit?" they said to him. "Oh, just put me on the brim of your hat, then I can walk up and down and view the landscape and not fall off, either." They did as he asked, and when Tom Thumb had taken leave of his father, they set out with him. They went on till it got dusk. Then the little fellow said, "Take me down; you simply must." "Just stay up there," said the man on whose head he was sitting, "I shan't mind it. The birds, too, sometimes drop something on me." "No," said Tom Thumb, "I know what's proper. Just hurry up and lift me down." The man took off his hat and set the little chap in a ploughed field by the roadside. Then he crawled and jumped a little here and there among the clods of earth, hunted out a mouse hole, and suddenly slipped into it. "Good evening, gentlemen," he called out laughing at them, "now go home without me." They came running up and poked in the mouse hole with sticks but in vain. Tom Thumb crawled

farther and farther back, and since it soon got quite dark, they had to walk home again full of rage and with an empty purse.

When Tom Thumb saw that they were gone, he crept out again from the underground passage. "It's so dangerous walking in the dark," he said, "how easily one can break one's neck or leg!" Luckily he ran against an empty snail shell. "Thank goodness," he said, "here I can spend the night in safety," and sat down in it. Before long, as he was falling asleep, he heard two men passing; one of them said, "How shall we go about getting the rich parson's money and his silver?" "I could tell you that," Tom Thumb interrupted. "What's that!" said one of the thieves in a fright. "I heard somebody speak." They stopped and listened. Then Tom Thumb spoke again, "Take me along and I'll help you." "Where are you?" "Just search the ground and notice where the voice comes from," he replied. The thieves finally found him and lifted him up. "You little creature, how are you going to help us?" they said. "Look," he answered, "I'll creep between the iron bars into the parson's room and hand you whatever you want." "All right," they said, "we'll see what you can do." When they got to the rectory, Tom Thumb crawled into the room, at the same time immediately shouted with all his might, "Do you want everything that's here?" The thieves were frightened and said, "Please do talk softly, so as not to wake anybody up." But Tom Thumb acted as though he hadn't understood them and again shouted, "What do you want? Do you want everything that's here?" The cook, who was sleeping in the next room, heard that, sat up in bed and listened. In their fright the thieves had, however, retreated a little; finally they plucked up courage again and thought, "The little chap's trying to tease us," so they came back and whispered to him, "Now be serious and hand us out something." Then Tom Thumb once more shouted out as loud as he could. "I'm quite willing to give you everything. Just put your hands in here." The maid, who was listening, heard this most distinctly, jumped out of bed, and stumbled in through the door. The thieves took to their heels and ran as if the Wild Huntsman was after them. When, however, the maid couldn't see anything, she went to light a candle. When she came along with it, Tom Thumb, without being seen, betook himself to the barn while the maid, having searched every nook and

corner and finding nothing, went back to bed and thought she'd just been seeing and hearing things in her sleep.

Tom Thumb climbed about in the hay and found a nice place to sleep; he planned to rest up there until daybreak and then go back to his parents. But other experiences were in store for him. Alas, the world is full of sorrow and misery! Already at the first crack of dawn the maid got up to feed the cattle. Her first trip was to the barn, where she picked up an armful of hay and the very hay in which poor Tom Thumb was lying asleep. He was sleeping so soundly, however, that he didn't notice anything and didn't wake up until he was in the mouth of a cow, which had gathered him in with the hay. "Good heavens," he cried, "how did I get into the fulling mill!" but soon saw where he was. He had to watch out not to get between the cow's teeth and be crushed, and anyway in the end he couldn't help slipping down into the stomach along with the hay. "They forgot the windows in this little room," he said, "and the sun doesn't get in, and no one's bringing a light." On the whole he thought the quarters bad, and, worst of all, more new hay kept coming in the door, and the place got more and more cramped. In his fright he finally shouted as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more fodder! Don't bring me any more fodder!" The maid was just milking the cow, and when she heard talking without seeing anyone and heard the voice that was the same, too, that she'd heard in the night, she got so frightened that she slipped off her stool and spilled the milk. In all haste she ran to her master, crying, "Good heavens, parson, the cow's been talking!" "You're mad," answered the rector, but all the same he went into the stable himself to see what was up. Scarcely had he set foot there than Tom Thumb shouted, "Don't bring me any more fodder! Don't bring me any more fodder!" Then the rector himself got frightened, thought that an evil spirit had entered the cow, and ordered it killed.

It was slaughtered, but the stomach with Tom Thumb inside it was thrown on the dungheap. Tom Thumb had great difficulty in working himself through but managed to clear the way. Nevertheless, as he was about to stick his head out, a new misfortune occurred. A hungry wolf came along and swallowed the whole stomach in one gulp. Tom Thumb didn't lose courage.

"Perhaps," he thought, "the wolf will listen to reason," and from its belly he called out, "Dear wolf, I know of a wonderful meal for you." "Where can I get it?" said the wolf. "In such and such a house: you'll have to crawl in through the drain, but you'll find all the cake, bacon, and sausage you want," and described his father's house to him in detail. The wolf didn't have to be told twice, squeezed through the drain at night, and ate to its heart's content in the pantry. When it had eaten its fill, it wanted to go away again but it had got so fat that it couldn't go back out the same way. Tom Thumb had counted on this and now began to make a tremendous noise inside the wolf, roaring and yelling as loud as he could. "Will you be quiet," said the wolf, "you're waking the people up." "What do I care?" answered the little fellow. "You've eaten your fill; I want to have some fun, too," and began anew to yell with all his might. This finally awakened his father and mother; they ran to the pantry and looked in through a crack. On seeing the wolf in there, they ran away; the man fetched an ax and his wife a scythe. "Stand back," said the man as they went into the pantry. "If I give it a blow and that doesn't kill it at once, you must go for it and cut it to pieces." Then Tom Thumb heard his father's voice and shouted, "Father dear, I'm here inside the wolf." Then his father said joyfully, "Thank God we've found our dear child again," and ordered his wife to lay the scythe aside so as not to hurt Tom Thumb. Then he hauled off and dealt the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell down dead. Then they got a knife and scissors, cut it open, and pulled the little fellow out again. "My," said the father, "how we've been worrying about you!" "Yes, father, I've been about in the world a lot. Thank heaven that I can breathe fresh air again." "Where all have you been?" "Oh, father, I was in a mouse hole, in a cow's stomach, and a wolf's belly, and now I'll stay with you and mother." "And we shan't sell you again for all the riches in the world," said the parents, hugging and kissing their darling Tom Thumb. They gave him food and drink and had new clothes made for him, for his own had been ruined on the journey.

38 Mistress Fox's Wedding

Die Hochzeit der Frau Fuchsin

FIRST TALE

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD FOX who had nine tails; he thought his wife had been unfaithful to him and wanted to test her. He stretched out under a bench, didn't move a muscle, and acted as though he were stone dead. Mrs. Fox went to her room and shut herself up while her maid, Miss Cat, sat on the hearth and did the cooking. Now when it became known that the old fox had died, suitors presented themselves. Then the maid heard someone standing outside the front door and knocking. She went and opened the door, and there was a young fox who said,

"What are you doing, Miss Cat?
Are you asleep or are you awake?"

She answered,

"I'm not asleep, I'm awake.
Do you want to know what I'm doing?
I'm warming the beer, putting butter in it.
Will the gentleman be my guest tonight?"

"Thank you just the same, Miss," said the fox, "and what is Mrs. Fox doing?" The maid answered,

"She's sitting in her room
In sorrow and mourning.
She's crying her eyes red
Because old Mr. Fox is dead."

"Tell her anyway, Miss, that a young fox is here who would very much like to court her." "Very well, sir."

Then the cat went trippity trap,
Then the door slammed clippity clap.

"Mrs. Fox, are you there?"

"Oh yes, Kitty, yes."

"A suitor's outside."

"What, my child, does he look like?"

Has he, too, nine bushy tails as fine as those of the late Mr. Fox?"
"Oh, no," answered the cat, "he's got only one." "Then I won't have him."

Miss Cat went down and sent the suitor away. Soon after there was another knock, and another fox was at the door and wanted to woo Mrs. Fox. He had two tails but fared no better than the first. After that other foxes came, each with one tail more than the one before, but they were all rejected, until at last one came that had nine tails like old Mr. Fox. When the widow heard that, she joyfully said to the maid,

"Now open gate and door
And sweep out old Mr. Fox."

But as the wedding was about to be celebrated, old Mr. Fox stirred under the bench, gave the whole crowd a thrashing, and along with Mrs. Fox drove them all out of the house.

SECOND TALE

When old Mr. Fox died, a wolf appeared as a suitor and knocked at the door. The cat, who was Mrs. Fox's maid, opened it. The wolf greeted her and said,

"Good day, Mrs. Cat von Kehrewitz.
How do you happen to be sitting all alone?
What good dish are you preparing there?"

The cat answered,

"I'm crumbling rolls into my milk.
Will the gentleman be my guest?"

"Thanks just the same, Mrs. Cat," answered the wolf, "is Mrs. Fox not at home?" The cat said,

"She's sitting up in her room,
Lamenting her sorrow,
Bewailing her great distress
Because old Mr. Fox is dead."

The wolf answered,

"If she wants another husband,
Just have her come downstairs."

The cat ran up the stairs
And let her tail whisk around
Till she came to the long hall.
She knocked with her five gold rings:
"Mrs. Fox, are you there?
If you want another husband,
You've just got to go downstairs."

Mrs. Fox asked, "Has the gentleman red trousers on and has he a pointed mouth?" "No," answered the cat. "Then he can't be of any use to me."

When the wolf had been dismissed, there came a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, a lion, and all the animals in the forest, one after the other, but some one of old Mr. Fox's qualities was always lacking, and every time the cat had to send the suitor away. Finally a young fox came. Then Mrs. Fox said, "Has the gentleman red trousers on and has he got a pointed mouth?" "Yes," said the cat, "he has." "Let him come up then," said Mrs. Fox and ordered the maid to prepare the wedding feast.

"Cat, sweep out the room
And throw the old fox out the window.
He brought so many plump, fat mice
But always ate them himself,
Never gave me one."

Then the wedding with young Mr. Fox was celebrated, and there was gaiety and dancing, and if they haven't stopped, they're still dancing.

39 The Elves

Die Wichtelmänner

FIRST TALE

THERE WAS A SHOEMAKER who through no fault of his own had become so poor that he finally had nothing left but the leather for a single pair of shoes. So in the evening he cut out the shoes which he intended to work on the following morning. And because he had a clear conscience, he went peacefully to bed, commended himself to the good Lord, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he'd said his prayers and was about to sit down to work, the two shoes were standing all finished on his workbench. He was astonished and didn't know what to say. He took the shoes in his hand to examine them more closely: the workmanship was so fine that there wasn't a wrong stitch anywhere, just as if they were meant to be a masterpiece. Soon after, a customer came in and, because he liked the shoes so much, he paid more than the usual price for them, and with the money the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut them out and next morning was going to start work with renewed courage, but he didn't need to, for when he got up, they were already finished. Nor was there any lack of customers; the latter paid him so much that he was able to buy leather for four pairs of shoes. The four pairs, too, he found ready in the morning. And so it went on: whatever he cut out in the evening was finished in the morning, so that he soon had a nice income again and finally became a well-to-do man.

Now one evening not long before Christmas when the man had again been cutting, it happened that before going to bed he said to his wife, "How would it be if we stayed up tonight and see who's lending us such a helping hand?" The wife agreed and lighted a candle. Then they hid in corners of the room behind the clothes which had been hung up there and watched closely. When it was midnight, two cute little naked elves came, sat down in front of the shoemaker's bench, took over all the work

that had been cut out and with their little fingers began to stitch, sew, and hammer so nimbly and quickly that the shoemaker couldn't keep his eyes off them from amazement. They didn't stop till everything was finished and standing on the workbench. Then they hurried away.

Next morning the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we should show our gratitude for this. They're running about so without anything on and are bound to freeze. Do you know what? I'm going to sew shirts, coats, jackets, and trousers for them, also knit a pair of stockings for each, and you make each of them a little pair of shoes." The man said, "I'm quite willing to," and in the evening, when everything was ready, they put on the bench the presents instead of the cut-out leather and then hid in order to see how the dwarves would act. At midnight they came scampering in and were about to start work at once, but when they found not cut-out leather but cute clothes, they were at first astonished and then displayed tremendous pleasure. With all speed they dressed themselves, arranged the fine clothes on themselves, and sang,

"Aren't we sleek, fine boys?"

Why should we be shoemakers any longer?"

Then they skipped and danced and jumped over chairs and benches, finally dancing out the door. From then on they didn't come again, but the shoemaker prospered as long as he lived and was lucky in everything he undertook.

SECOND TALE

There was once a poor servant girl, who was industrious and clean, swept the house every day and dumped the sweepings on a big pile outside the door. One morning as she was about to get to work again, she found a letter on the pile and, because she didn't know how to read, put the broom in a corner and took the letter to her employers. It was an invitation from the elves, who asked the girl to stand sponsor for a child of theirs. The girl didn't know what she should do. At last after much persuasion and because they told her one mustn't decline such a thing, she accepted. Then the three elves came and led her into a hollow mountain where the little folk lived. Everything there was tiny

but indescribably elegant and splendid. The mother was lying in a black ebony bed with pearl knobs, the bedclothes were embroidered with gold, the cradle was of ivory, and the bath tub of gold. The girl stood sponsor and was then about to return home, but the elves besought her to stay with them for three days, so she stayed and passed the time in joyous merrymaking, and the little folk did everything to please her. Finally she wanted to start back. They first filled her pockets full of gold and then led her back out of the mountain. When she got home, she was about to start work, took the broom that was still standing in the corner, and began to sweep. Then strangers came out of the house, asked her who she was and what was her business there.

She had not been, as she'd thought, three days in the mountain with the elves but seven years, and her former employers had in the meanwhile died.

THIRD TALE

The elves had stolen a mother's child out of its cradle and put in a changeling with a fat head and staring eyes who would only eat and drink. In her distress she went to her neighbor and asked her advice. The neighbor told her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, put it on the hearth, build a fire, and boil water in two eggshells: this would make the changeling laugh, and once it laughed, its power would be gone. The woman did just as her neighbor said. As she was putting the eggshells full of water on the fire, the blockhead said,

"Now I'm as old
As the Westerwald
And have never seen anybody cooking in eggshells."

and then began to laugh at this. While it was laughing, all of a sudden a crowd of elves came, brought the right child, put it on the hearth, and took the changeling away with them again.

40 The Robber Bridegroom

Der Räuberbräutigam

THERE WAS ONCE A MILLER who had a beautiful daughter, and when she was grown up, he wanted to see her provided for and well married. "If a proper suitor comes and woos her," he thought, "I'll give her to him." Soon after a suitor came who seemed to be very wealthy, and since the miller could find no fault with him, he promised him his daughter. The girl, however, didn't really love him as much as a bride-to-be is supposed to love her bridegroom and didn't trust him. Every time she looked at him or thought of him, she shuddered in her heart.

Once he said to her, "You're my bride-to-be and don't even call on me." The girl replied, "I don't know where your house is." Then the bridegroom said, "My house is out in the dark forest." She tried to get out of it and said she couldn't find the way there. The bridegroom said, "Next Sunday you've got to come out to my place; I've already invited the guests and, so that you can find the way through the forest, I'll sprinkle ashes." When Sunday came and the girl was supposed to set out, she felt terribly frightened—she didn't really know why—and to mark the way she filled both her pockets with peas and lentils. At the entrance of the forest ashes had been sprinkled. She followed these but at every step she threw a few peas on the ground to right and to left. She walked almost the whole day, till she reached the middle of the forest where it was darkest. There stood a lonely house, which she didn't like, for it looked so dark and uncanny. She entered, but there was no one there and the deepest silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice called out,

"Turn back, turn back, young bride!
You're in a murderers' den."

The girl looked up and saw that the voice came from a bird in a cage hanging on the wall. Again it cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young bride!
You're in a murderers' den."

Then the fair bride-to-be went on from one room to another and through the whole house, but it was all empty and not a living soul anywhere. Finally she got even into the cellar, where an old, old woman was sitting and nodding her head. "Can't you tell me," said the girl, "whether my bridegroom lives here?" "Alas, you poor child," answered the old woman, "what a place you've got into! You're in a murderer's den. You think you're a bride-to-be and that you'll soon celebrate your wedding, but your wedding will be with Death. Look, there I've put a big kettle of water on the fire. If they get you in their power, they'll chop you to pieces without mercy, boil you, and eat you, for they're cannibals. If I don't take pity on you and save you, you're lost."

The old woman then took her behind a big barrel where she couldn't be seen. "Be as still as a mouse," she said, "don't stir and don't move, otherwise it's all up with you. At night when the robbers are asleep, we'll escape. I've been waiting for a chance for a long time." The girl had hardly hidden herself when the wicked crew came home. They were dragging another girl along, were drunk, and weren't listening to her cries and lamentations. They gave her wine to drink, three glasses: one of white, one of red, and one of yellow wine. This broke her heart. Then they tore off her fine clothes, put her on a table, chopped her beautiful body to pieces, and sprinkled salt on it. The poor bride-to-be behind the barrel was trembling, for she plainly saw what fate the robbers had in store for her. One of them noticed a gold ring on the murdered girl's little finger and when it couldn't be easily pulled off, took a hatchet and chopped off the finger. The finger flew up over the barrel and fell right in the girl's lap. The robber took a candle to look for it but couldn't find it. Then another said, "Did you look behind the big barrel, too?" But the old woman shouted, "Come and eat and leave the looking till tomorrow; the finger won't run away from you."

Then the robbers said, "The old woman's right," stopped looking and sat down to eat. The old woman put sleeping drops in their wine so that they soon lay down in the cellar, sleeping and snoring. When the girl heard that, she came out from behind

the barrel and had to step over the sleepers, who were lying on the ground in rows, and was very much afraid she might wake one of them up. But God helped her safely through. The old woman went upstairs with her, opened the door, and they hurried as quickly as possible out of the murderers' den. The wind had blown away the ashes that had been sprinkled about, but the peas and lentils had sprouted and come up and pointed the way in the moonlight. They walked all night, till in the morning they got to the mill. Then the girl told her father everything that had happened.

When the day when the wedding was to be celebrated, the bridegroom appeared, and the miller had invited all his friends and relatives. As they were sitting at table, each one was asked to tell a story. The bride sat still and said nothing. Then the bridegroom said to the bride, "Now, my dear, don't you know anything?" "Well," she answered, "I'll tell a dream. I went all alone through a forest and finally reached a house where there wasn't a living soul, but on the wall there was a bird in a cage, which called out,

'Turn about, turn about, young bride!
You are in a murderers' den,'

and repeated it. My dear, I was only dreaming that. Then I went through all the rooms, and all were empty, and it was so very weird in there. Finally I went down cellar, where an old, old woman was sitting and nodding her head. I asked her, 'Does my bridegroom live in this house?' She answered, 'Alas, you poor child, you've got into a murderers' den. Your bridegroom does live here but he'll chop you to pieces and kill you and then boil you and eat you.' My dear, I was only dreaming that. The old woman hid me behind a big barrel, and I was scarcely hidden there when the robbers came home, dragging along a girl. They gave her three kinds of wine to drink: white, red, and yellow. Then her heart broke. My dear, I was only dreaming that. Then they took off her fine clothes, chopped her beautiful body to pieces on a table and sprinkled it with salt. My dear, I was only dreaming that. And one of the robbers saw that a ring was still on her ring finger, and because it was hard to pull off, he took a hatchet and chopped it off. The finger flew up over the barrel

and fell in my lap, and here's the finger with the ring." With these words she took it out and showed it to those present.

The robber, who during the story had turned as white as chalk, jumped up and wanted to flee, but the guests held him fast and turned him over to the courts. Then he and his whole band were condemned for their infamous deeds.

41 Mr. Korbes

Herr Korbes

THERE WAS ONCE A HEN and a cock who wanted to take a trip together. Then the cock built a fine coach with four red wheels and hitched four mice to it. The hen and the cock got in and off they went together. It wasn't long before they met a cat, who said, "Where are you going?" The cock answered,

"Off and away
To Mr. Korbes' house."

"Take me along," said the cat. The cock answered, "Gladly. Sit down in the back so you won't fall off in front.

Watch out
Not to soil my red wheels.
Roll on, you wheels!
Whistle, you mice!
Off and away
To Mr. Korbes' house."

Then came a millstone, then an egg, then a duck, then a pin, and finally a needle. They all sat down in the coach and rode along. But when they got to Mr. Korbes' house, Mr. Korbes wasn't in.

The mice pulled the coach into the barn, the hen and the cock flew up on a perch, the cat sat down in the fireplace, the duck chose the well-sweep, the egg wrapped itself up in a face towel, the pin stuck itself in a chair cushion, the needle jumped up on

the bed in the middle of the pillow, and the millstone placed itself above the door. Then Mr. Korbes came home and went to the fireplace to make a fire. Then the cat threw ashes right in his face. He ran quickly into the kitchen to wash himself, but the duck spurted water in his face. He was about to dry himself with the towel, but the egg rolled out towards him, broke, and stuck up his eyes. He wanted to take a rest and sat down in the chair; then the pin pricked him. He flew into a rage and threw himself on the bed, but as he laid his head on the pillow, the needle pricked him so that he screamed and in his fury was about to run out into the wide world. But as he got to the front door, the millstone jumped down and killed him.

Mr. Korbes must have been a very wicked man.

42 The Godfather

Der Herr Gevatter

A POOR MAN had so many children that he had already asked everybody on earth to stand sponsor for them and, when he had still another, there wasn't anybody left to ask. He didn't know what to do and in his plight lay down and fell asleep. Then he dreamed that he was to go outside the town gate and ask the first person he met to stand sponsor for his child. When he woke up, he decided to follow out the dream, went outside the town gate, and the first man he met he asked to be sponsor. The stranger made him a gift of a vial of water, saying, "This is miraculous water: with it you can make the sick well. You have only to see where Death is standing: if he is standing at the head of the bed, give the patient some of the water and he'll get well. But if Death is standing at the foot, it's hopeless and he's doomed to die."

From now on, the man could always tell whether a sick person could be saved or not, became famous through his art, and earned a great deal of money. Once he was summoned to the king's child and on entering saw Death standing at the head of the bed and cured the child with the water. And similarly the second time.

The third time, however, Death was standing at the foot, and the child was doomed to die.

Once the man was going to call on the godfather to tell him how he'd fared with the water, but when he entered the house, it was a very queer establishment. On the second floor the shovel and the broom were quarreling and lashing out violently at one another. He asked them, "Where does the godfather live?" The broom answered, "Up one flight." When he got to the third floor, he saw a lot of dead fingers lying about. He asked, "Where does the godfather live?" One of the fingers answered, "Up one flight." On the fourth floor there was a heap of dead heads, who sent him up another flight. On the fifth floor he saw fish on the fire; they were sizzling in the pan and were frying themselves. They, too, said, "Up one flight." And when he'd climbed the sixth flight, he came to a room and peeked through the keyhole. There he saw the godfather, who had a pair of long horns. When he opened the door and stepped in, the godfather quickly lay down on the bed and covered himself up. Then the man said, "Godfather, what a queer establishment you have in your house. When I got to your second floor, the shovel and the broom were quarreling and hitting one another like anything." "How foolish you are," said the godfather, "that was the manservant and the maid who were talking to one another." "But on the third floor I saw dead fingers lying about." "My, how stupid you are; they were salsify roots." "On the fourth floor lay a heap of dead heads." "Stupid man, they were cabbage heads." "On the fifth floor I saw fish in the pan: they were sizzling and frying themselves." As he said this, the fish came and served themselves. "And when I got up the fifth flight, I peeked through the keyhole of a door and saw you, godfather, and you had long, long horns." "Why, that's not true."

The man got frightened and ran away, and who knows what else the godfather might have done to him.

43 Mistress Trudy

Frau Trude

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl who was stubborn and inquisitive, and whenever her parents told her to do something, she'd never obey. How could she get along well? One day she said to her parents, "I've heard so much about Mistress Trudy; I'll call on her sometime. People say that her house looks queer and that there are many strange things in it. I've become quite curious." The parents strictly forbade her going there and said, "Mistress Trudy is a wicked woman, given to evil things, and if you go there, we'll disown you."

The girl paid no attention, however, to her parents' orders and went to Mistress Trudy's just the same. When she got there, Mistress Trudy asked her, "Why are you so pale?" "Oh," she answered, shaking all over, "I'm so frightened at what I've seen." "What have you seen?" "I saw a black man on your stairs." "That was a charcoal burner." "Then I saw a green man." "That was a huntsman." "Then I saw a blood-red man." "That was a butcher." "Oh, Mistress Trudy, I shuddered: I looked through the window and I didn't see you but I did see the Devil with his fiery head." "Is that so?" she said. "Then you saw the witch in her proper garb. I've been waiting for you for a long time now and have longed for you. Now you shall furnish me with light." Thereupon she transformed the girl into a log and threw it in the fire, and when it was all aglow, she sat down beside it and, warming herself at it, said, "That really does give a bright light."

44 Godfather Death

Der Gevatter Tod

A POOR MAN had twelve children and had to work day and night just to keep them in bread. When the thirteenth came into the world, he didn't know what on earth to do and went out on the great highway intending to ask the first man he met to be sponsor. The first man he met was the good Lord, who already knew what was weighing on his mind and said to him, "Poor man, I'm sorry for you; I'll stand sponsor for your child, care for it, and make it happy on Earth." "Who are you?" said the man. "I'm the good Lord." "Then I don't want you as godfather," said the man, "You give to the rich and let the poor starve." The man said this because he didn't know how wisely God distributes wealth and poverty. So he turned away from the Lord and went on. Then the Devil approached him and said, "What are you looking for? If you'll have me as sponsor for your child, I'll give him gold aplenty and all the joys of the World besides." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I'm the Devil." "Then I don't want you as a sponsor; you deceive men and lead them astray," said the man and went on. Then withered Death stepped up to him and said, "Take me as a sponsor." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I'm Death, who makes all men equal." Then the man said, "You're the right person; you fetch rich and poor alike without distinction. You shall act as sponsor for me." "I'll make your child rich and famous," answered Death, "for whoever has me for a friend can't but prosper." The man said, "The christening's next Sunday. Be there on time." Death appeared as he'd promised and made a thoroughly proper godfather.

When the boy grew up, his godfather appeared one day and bade him come with him. He led him out into the forest and, showing him an herb growing there, said, "Now you're to receive your christening present. I'm making you a famous physician. When you're summoned to a sick person, I'll ap-

pear every time. If I'm standing at the sick man's head, you may speak up boldly and say that you'll cure him. Then give him some of the herb, and he'll get well. But if I'm standing at the sick man's feet, he's mine and you must say that nothing can be done and that no physician in the world can save him. Beware of using the herb against my will or it might fare ill with you."

It wasn't long before the youth was the most famous physician in the whole world. "He has only to look at a patient and he already knows how things stand: whether he'll get well or is doomed to die." Such was his reputation, and people came from far and near, brought him to the sick, and gave him so much money that he was soon a rich man. Now it happened that the king fell ill. The physician was summoned and was supposed to say whether recovery was possible. As he approached the bed, Death was standing at the sick man's feet, and so there was no herb that would cure him. "If I could outwit Death just once!" thought the physician, "of course he'll take it amiss, but since I'm his godchild, he'll surely let it pass. I'll risk it." Accordingly, he took the sick man and turned him the other way about, so that Death was now standing at his head. Then he gave him some of the herb, and the king recovered and got well again. Death, however, came to the physician and with dark and angry looks shook his finger at him, saying, "You tricked me! This time I'll excuse you, because you're my godchild, but if you dare do it again, you'll catch it, and I'll carry you yourself off with me."

Soon after, the king's daughter fell seriously ill; she was his only child. He wept day and night, till his eyes got blind and he had it proclaimed that whoever would save her from death should be her husband and inherit the crown. When the physician came to the sick girl's bed, he saw Death at her feet. He should have remembered his godfather's warning, but the great beauty of the king's daughter and the advantage of becoming her husband so deluded him that he threw all discretion to the winds. He didn't see that Death was looking at him angrily, that he was raising his hand and shaking his withered fist at him. He picked up the sick girl and put her head where her feet had been. Then he administered the herb to her, and forthwith her cheeks got rosy and life stirred anew.

When Death saw himself cheated out of his own for a second time, he strode up to the physician and said, "You're done for, and now it's your turn," seized him with his icy hand so hard that he couldn't resist, and led him into an underground cavern. There he saw thousands upon thousands of candles burning in endless rows, some large, some medium, others small. Every moment some went out and others flared up again, so that the flames seemed to be perpetually hopping about hither and thither. "You see," said Death, "these are the life-candles of men. The big candles belong to children, the medium-sized to married people in the prime of life, the small to the aged. But children and young people, too, often have just a small candle." "Show me my life-candle," said the physician, supposing it would still be quite big. Death pointed to a tiny stub that was just threatening to go out and said, "You see, there it is." "Oh, dear godfather," said the frightened physician, "light a fresh candle for me. Do it as a favor so I may enjoy my life, become king and the husband of the king's beautiful daughter." "I can't," answered Death, "one candle must go out before a new one starts to burn." "Then put the old one on the new one which will go right on burning when the old one is used up," begged the physician. Death pretended he was going to grant him his wish and fetched a big new candle, but because he wanted to revenge himself, he blundered on purpose in putting the fresh candle on and the stub tipped over and went out. At once the physician dropped to the ground and himself had now fallen into the hands of Death.

45 Tom Thumb's Wanderings

Daumerlings Wanderschaft

A TAILOR had a son who turned out to be small and was no larger than a thumb, so he, too, was called Tom Thumb [cp. No. 37]. But he had plenty of courage and said to his father, "Father, I shall and must go out in the world." "Right, my son,"

said the old man, took a long darning needle and, holding it over a candle, attached a knob of sealing wax. "Now you've got a rapier for your journey." The little tailor wanted to have one more meal with the family and skipped into the kitchen to see what his mother had cooked for a last time. It was just ready and the dish was on the hearth. Then he said, "Mother, what's there to eat today?" "See for yourself," said the mother. Then Tom Thumb jumped onto the hearth and looked into the dish, but because he craned his neck too far, the steam from the food took him and drove him out the chimney. For a while he rode about in the air on the steam, till finally he came down to earth again.

Now the little tailor was out in the wide world, roamed about, also hired himself out to a master but found fault with the food. "Mistress, if you don't give us better food," said Tom Thumb, "I shall go away and tomorrow morning write with chalk on your front door: 'Too much potato, too little meat! Good-bye, Potato King!'" "What do you really want, Grasshopper?" said the master's wife, who got angry, grabbed a rag, and was going to hit at him. The little tailor crawled nimbly under the thimble, looked out from underneath, and stuck out his tongue at the master's wife. She picked up the thimble and was about to take hold of him, but little Tom Thumb hopped into the rags and, while the master's wife was untangling the rags and hunting for him, he got into a crack in the table. "Ha! ha! Mistress," he cried and stuck his head out, and when she was about to strike, he jumped down into the drawer. Finally, however, she caught him and chased him out of the house.

The little tailor wandered on and got into a big forest. There he met up with a lot of robbers who were planning to steal the king's treasure. When they saw the little tailor, they thought: "A little chap like that can creep through a keyhole and serve us as a passkey." "Hello," one of them cried, "you giant Goliath! Do you want to come along with us to the treasury? You can slip in and throw out the money." Tom Thumb thought it over, finally said "yes," and went along to the treasury. Then he surveyed the door from top to bottom to see if there wasn't a crack in it. He soon discovered one wide enough to let him in. He wanted to slip through straight off, but one of the two guards who were standing before the door

noticed him and said to the other, "What ugly spider is crawling there? I'm going to step on it and kill it." "Let the poor creature go," said the other; "it hasn't done anything to you." Tom Thumb got safely through the crack and into the treasury, opened the window beneath which the robbers were standing, and threw out to them one dollar after another. When the little tailor was in the midst of his work, he heard the king coming to inspect his treasury and hastily crept into hiding. The king noticed that many good dollars were missing but couldn't understand who might have stolen them, since the locks and bolts were in good order and everything seemed to be well guarded. Then he went away again, saying to the two guards, "Watch out, somebody's after the money."

When Tom Thumb started work again, they heard the money in there moving and tinkling clickety-click, clickety-click. They hurried quickly in, intending to seize the thief, but the little tailor, who heard them coming, was even quicker, jumped into a corner, and covered himself with a dollar so that nothing was to be seen of him. At the same time he teased the guards, crying out, "Here I am!" The guards ran up but when they got there, he'd already skipped under a dollar in another corner and was shouting, "Hello, here I am!" The guards rushed up, but Tom Thumb was long since in a third corner and shouting, "Hello, here I am!" Thus he made fools of them and chased them about in the treasury so long that they got tired and went away. Gradually he threw out all the dollars, tossing the last one with all his might, then nimbly hopping on it himself, flew along with it through the window to the ground. The robbers praised him highly. "You're a mighty hero," they said, "do you want to become our leader?" Tom Thumb thanked them, saying he first wanted to see the world. They now divided the booty, but the little tailor asked only for a farthing, because he couldn't carry any more.

Then he again buckled his rapier around his waist, said good-bye to the robbers, and started out. He took service with several masters but didn't find the work to his taste. Finally he hired out as a servant in an inn. The maids, however, couldn't abide him; for while they couldn't see him, he saw everything that they did on the sly and reported to the proprietors what they took from the plates and fetched for themselves from the cellar.

Then they said, "Wait, we'll pay you back!" and planned to play a mean trick on him. When soon after that one of the maids was mowing grass in the garden and saw Tom Thumb skipping about and climbing up and down on the plants, she quickly mowed him in with the grass, tied the lot in a big cloth, and secretly threw it to the cows. Now among these was a big black cow, who swallowed him without hurting him. Nevertheless, he didn't like it down there, for it was quite dark and no candle was burning either. When the cow was being milked, he shouted,

"Strip, strap, strull!

Will the pail soon be full?"

but because of the noise of the milking no one understood him. Then the master came into the stable and said, "Tomorrow that cow over there is to be slaughtered." Tom Thumb got frightened and cried in a clear voice, "Let me out first; I'm in there." The master, of course, heard this but didn't know where the voice came from. "Where are you?" he asked. "In the black one," he replied. But the master didn't understand what that meant and went away.

Next morning the cow was slaughtered. In the course of chopping up and cutting up the carcass Tom Thumb luckily escaped being struck and got under the sausage meat. When the butcher stepped up and started his work, he shouted as loud as he could, "Don't chop too deep, don't chop too deep! I'm down there." Because of the noise of the chopping-knives no one heard him. Now Poor Tomb Thumb was in real trouble, but need lends speed, and he hopped so nimbly among the chopping-knives that not one touched him and he got off with a whole skin. But he couldn't really escape and couldn't help being stuffed down into a black pudding along with the bits of bacon. The quarters there were rather cramped, and, besides, he was hung up in the chimney to be smoked: there time hung very heavy on his hands. Finally in winter he was taken down, because the pudding was to be served to a guest. While the innkeeper's wife was slicing up the pudding, he took care not to stick his head out too far lest perchance his neck might be cut off along with it. Finally he saw his chance, cleared a way for himself, and jumped out.

Now the little tailor didn't want to stay any longer in the house where he'd fared so ill but at once set out again on his wanderings. His freedom, however, was short-lived; out in the country he met a fox who absent-mindedly snapped him up. "I say there, Mr. Fox," cried the little tailor, "it's I who am sticking in your throat. Let me go!" "You're right," answered the fox, "in eating you I get practically nothing. Promise me the chickens in your father's barnyard and I'll let you go." "Gladly," answered Tom Thumb; "you may have all the chickens, I promise you." Then the fox let him go and even carried him home itself. When his father saw his dear little son again, he gladly gave the fox all the chickens he had. "In return I'm bringing you a pretty piece of money," said Tom Thumb and handed him the farthing he'd acquired on his wanderings.

"But why did they give the fox the poor little chickens to eat?" "Why, you fool, your father, too, would of course care more for his child than for the chickens in the barnyard."

46 Fitcher's Bird

Fitchers Vogel

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a wizard who took the form of a poor man, went begging from house to house, and caught the pretty girls. No one knew where he took them, for they never turned up again. One day he appeared before the door of a man who had three pretty daughters. The wizard looked like a poor, decrepit beggar and was carrying a big basket on his back, as if he were collecting alms in it. He begged for a little food, and when the eldest daughter came out and was about to hand him a piece of bread, he merely touched her, and she had to jump into his basket. Thereupon he hurriedly strode away and carried her to a dark forest, in the middle of which stood his house. Inside the house everything was most sumptuous.

He gave her whatever she wanted, saying, "My dear, you'll surely like it here with me; you've got everything your heart desires." This went on for a few days, then he said, "I've got to go on a journey and leave you alone for a short time. Here are the house keys; you may go everywhere and look at everything except one room, which this little key here opens. That I forbid to you on pain of death." He also gave her an egg, saying, "Take good care of this egg for me, and you'd better carry it about with you all the time, for if it were lost, a great misfortune would result." She took the keys and the egg and promised to carry it all out as he said. When he was gone, she went about the house from top to bottom and looked at everything. The rooms were resplendent with silver and gold, and she thought she'd never seen such magnificence. Finally she came to the forbidden door and was going to go past it, but her curiosity gave her no rest. She looked at the key. It looked like any other key. She put it in the keyhole and turned it a little, then the door flew open. But what did she behold as she stepped in! A big, bloody basin stood in the middle of the room, and in it were dead people all chopped up, and beside it stood a chopping block, and a shiny hatchet was lying on it. She was so frightened that the egg which she was holding in her hand plopped in. She took it out again and wiped off the blood, but in vain, for it reappeared instantly. She wiped and she scraped but couldn't get it off.

Not long afterwards the man returned from his journey, and the first thing he demanded to see was the key and the egg. She handed him the egg but trembled as she did so, and from the red stains he at once saw that she'd been in the blood-drenched room. "Since you entered the room against my will," he said, "you shall re-enter it against yours. Your life is forfeit." He threw her down, dragged her along by the hair, struck off her head on the block, and chopped her up, so that her blood flowed off on the floor. Then he threw her into the basin with the others.

"Now I'll fetch me the second," said the wizard, again went to the house in the guise of a poor man and begged for alms. Then the second daughter brought him a piece of bread. He caught her like the first by merely touching her and carried her off. She fared no better than her sister. She let herself be

betrayed by her curiosity, opened the blood-drenched room, looked in, and on his return had to pay for it with her life. Then he went and fetched the third. She, however, was clever and wily. When he'd given her the keys and the egg and had gone off, she first carefully put the egg in a safe place, then surveyed the house, and last of all went into the forbidden room. Alas, what did she see! Both her dear sisters were lying there in the basin cruelly murdered and chopped to pieces. But she started and got the members together and put them properly in place; head, trunk, arms, and legs. When nothing further was missing, the members began to stir and grew together, and both girls opened their eyes and came to life again. Rejoicing, they hugged and kissed one another. On his arrival the man at once asked for the key and the egg, and when he could discover no trace of blood on it, he said, "You've stood the test, you shall be my bride." He now had no further power over her and had to do what she demanded.

"All right," she answered, "before we're married, you must take a basket full of gold to my father and mother and carry it there yourself on your back. Meanwhile, I shall give orders for the wedding." Then she ran to her sisters, whom she'd hidden in a little room, and said, "The moment's come when I can save you. The scoundrel shall carry you back home himself, but as soon as you get home, send me help." She put them both in a basket and covered them all up with gold, so that nothing could be seen of them. Then she called in the wizard and said, "Now carry off the basket, but I'll be looking out my window and watching to see that you don't stop on the way to rest."

The wizard put the basket on his back and went off with it, but it weighed so heavily on him that the sweat ran down his face. Then he sat down and was going to rest a bit, but at once one of the girls in the basket called out, "I'm looking out my window and see that you're resting. Will you get along at once!" He thought his bride-to-be was calling this out to him and got under way. Again he wanted to sit down, but a voice at once cried, "I'm looking out my window and see that you're resting. Will you get along at once!" And every time he stopped, a voice would call out and he'd have to go on, until finally, groaning and out of breath, he brought the basket with the gold and the two girls to their parents' house.

Back home the bride was arranging about the wedding feast and had the wizard's friends invited to it. Then she took a death's head with grinning teeth, put on it an ornament and a wreath of flowers, took it up to the attic window, and set it facing outward. When everything was ready, she got into a barrel of honey, cut open the feather bed, and rolled about in it, so that she looked like a queer bird and no one could recognize her. Then she went out of the house and on the way met some of the wedding guests. They asked,

"Fitcher's bird, where are you coming from?"

"I'm coming from Fitze Fitcher's."

"And what's the young bride doing there?"

"She's swept the house from top to bottom
And is looking out the attic window."

Finally she met the bridegroom, who was walking slowly back. Like the others, he asked,

"Fitcher's bird, where are you coming from?"

"I'm coming from Fitze Fitcher's."

"And what's the young bride doing there?"

"She's swept the house from top to bottom
And is looking out the attic window."

The bridegroom looked up and saw the tricked-out death's head. He thought it was his bride and nodded to her and greeted her in friendly fashion. When he'd entered the house along with his guests, the bride's brothers and relatives arrived who had been sent to save her. They locked all the doors of the house so that no one could get away, and set it on fire so that the Wizard and his crew had to burn to death.

47 The Juniper

Von dem Machandelboom

A LONG TIME AGO, probably a good two thousand years, there lived a rich man who had a beautiful and devout wife, and they loved one another very much. They had no children but very much wanted some. Day and night the wife prayed ever so much about it, but they didn't have any and didn't have any. In front of the house was a yard, and in it stood a juniper. Once in winter the wife was standing under it, peeling herself an apple, and as she was peeling the apple, she cut her finger, and the blood dropped in the snow. "Alas," said the wife and heaved a deep sigh. Then she looked at the blood in front of her and grew quite sad. "If only I had a child as red as blood and as white as snow!" As she said this, she became quite joyful of heart: she felt that something would come of it. She went into the house, and a month passed and the snow went away. After two months things got green. After three months the flowers came up. After four months all the trees in the forest burst into leaf and the green boughs were all intertwined and the birds sang so that the whole forest resounded, and the blossoms fell from the trees. The fifth month passed. Then she stood under the juniper, and it was very fragrant. Her heart leapt for joy, and she fell on her knees and was beside herself. When the sixth month had passed, the fruit got full and firm, and she became very quiet. In the seventh month she reached for the juniper berries and ate them most greedily. Then she grew sad and ill. The eighth month passed, and she called her husband and, weeping, said, "If I die, bury me under the juniper." Then she became quite consoled and joyful, until the ninth month passed. Then she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she saw it, she was so happy that she died.

Her husband buried her under the juniper and began to weep

very hard. After a time he wept somewhat less and after weeping a little more, stopped. Some time after that he again took a wife.

By his second wife he had a daughter. The first wife's child was a little boy, and he was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the wife looked at her daughter, she loved her very dearly, but then she'd look at the little boy, and it pained her dreadfully, and he seemed to be always in the way. She kept thinking how she'd like to divert the whole inheritance to her daughter, and the Evil One inspired her with a grudge against the little boy. She shoved him about from pillar to post and buffeted him here and cuffed him there, so that the poor child was always in a state of fear. When he got out of school, he had no peace or quiet.

Once the wife went to her room, and her little daughter came up and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the wife and gave her a nice apple from a chest. The chest had a big, heavy lid and a big, sharp iron lock. "Mother," said the little daughter, "isn't brother to have one, too?" That astonished the wife, but she said, "Yes, when he gets out of school." When she saw out the window that he was coming, the Evil One really seemed to possess her, and she made a grab and took her daughter's apple away from her, saying, "You shan't have one before your brother." Then she threw the apple into the chest and shut it. The little boy came in the door, and the Evil One suggested that she say to him in a friendly way, "Son, do you want an apple?" and looked at him angrily. "Mother," said the little boy, "how angry you look! Yes, give me an apple." Then she felt she ought to persuade him. "Come along," she said, opening the lid, "take out an apple for yourself," and as the little boy was bending over the chest, the Evil One whispered to her, and crash! she slammed down the lid, so that his head flew off and fell among the red apples. Then she was overcome with terror and thought, "How can I get out of this?" She went up to her room and took a white cloth from the top drawer of a dresser and put the boy's head back on the neck and tied the neckerchief around it so that nothing could be seen. She set him on a chair outside the front door and put the apple in his hand.

Afterward Marlene went to her mother in the kitchen; the

latter was standing by the fire and had a pot of hot water in front of her which she kept stirring. "Mother," said Marlene, "brother's sitting outside the door looking quite pale, and has an apple in his hand. I asked him to give me the apple, but he didn't answer me. Then I got quite frightened." "Go back," said the mother, "and if he won't answer you, box his ears." Then Marlene went back and said, "Brother, give me the apple," but he kept still. Then she boxed his ears, and his head fell off. At that she was frightened and began to weep and howl and, running to her mother, said, "Oh, mother, I've knocked my brother's head off." She kept on weeping and couldn't be comforted. "Marlene," said her mother, "What have you done! However, keep quiet about it, so that nobody will notice it. There's nothing to be done about it in any event. We'll cook him in vinegar." Then the mother took the little boy and chopped him up, put the pieces in a pot, and cooked him in vinegar. But Marlene stood by and wept and wept, and all her tears fell into the pot and they didn't need any salt.

The father came home and, sitting down to table, said, "Where's my son?" Then the mother served up a great big dish of marinated minced boy, and Marlene wept and couldn't stop. Again the father said, "Where's my son?" "Oh," said the mother, "he's gone across country to mother's great-uncle; he wanted to stay there for a while." "What's he doing there? He didn't even say good-bye to me." "Oh, he very much wanted to go and asked me if he might stay for six weeks. He'll be well looked out for there." "Oh," said the man, "I'm very sad. It isn't right; he should have said good-bye to me." Then he began to eat and said, "Marlene, why are you weeping? Of course brother will come back. Oh, wife," he went on to say, "how good the food tastes! Give me some more," and the more he ate, the more he wanted and said, "Give me some more. The rest of you shan't have any of this. I feel as if it were all mine." He went on eating and threw all the bones under the table until he had quite finished it. Then Marlene went to her dresser, took out her best piece of silk from the bottom drawer, collected all the bones, big and small, from under the table, tied them up in the silk cloth, carried them outside the door, and wept bitter tears. She laid them in the green grass under the juniper and, once she'd put them there, she suddenly felt

light of heart and stopped weeping. Then the juniper began to stir, and the branches parted and joined again, just as when one rejoices and claps one's hands like that. At the same time a big mist issued from the tree, and right in the mist a fire seemed to burn, and from out of the fire flew such a beautiful bird that sang so magnificently and flew high up in the air. When it had gone, the juniper was as it had been before, but the cloth with the bones had vanished. Marlene was very happy and contented, just as when her brother was still alive. She went quite happily back into the house, sat down at table, and ate.

The bird, however, flew away and, lighting on a goldsmith's house, began to sing,

"My mother, she killed me,
My father, he ate me,
My sister Marlene
Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth,
Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

The goldsmith was sitting in his workshop making a gold chain. He heard the bird that was perched on his roof and singing and thought it most beautiful. He got up and as he was walking across the threshold, lost a slipper, but he went right on up the middle of the street with only one slipper and one sock on. He had on his apron and was holding the gold chain in one hand and the tongs in the other, and the sun was shining bright on the street. He went and stopped and looked at the bird. "Bird," he said, "how beautifully you can sing. Sing me that piece again." "No," said the bird, "I don't sing twice for nothing. Give me the gold chain, and I'll sing it again for you." "There," said the goldsmith, "you have the gold chain. Now sing it for me again." Then the bird came, took the gold chain in its right claw, and perching in front of the goldsmith, sang,

"My mother, she killed me,
My father, he ate me,
My sister Marlene
Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth,
Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker and perching on his roof, sang,

"My mother, she killed me,
My father, he ate me,
My sister Marlene
Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth,
Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

The shoemaker heard it and ran to the door in his shirt sleeves, looked toward the roof, and had to keep his hand before his eyes lest the sun blind him. "Bird," he said, "how beautifully you can sing." Then he called in through the door, "Wife, come out here, there's a bird. Just look at it; it certainly can sing beautifully." Then he called his daughter and her children and the journeyman, apprentice, and maid, and they all came out onto the street and, looking at the bird, saw how beautiful it was, that it had such bright red and green feathers, with something like pure gold around its neck, and that the eyes in its head twinkled like stars. "Bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that piece again." "No," said the bird, "I don't sing twice for nothing. You've got to make me a present of something." "Wife," said the husband, "go to the shop. There's a pair of red shoes on the top shelf; fetch them down." The wife went and fetched the shoes. "There, bird," said the man, "now sing me the piece once more." Then the bird came and taking the shoes in its left claw, flew back up on the roof and sang,

"My mother, she killed me,
My father, he ate me,
My sister Marlene
Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth,
Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

When it finished, it flew away. It had the chain in its right claw and the shoes in its left and flew far away to a mill. The mill was going clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clack, and in the mill were sitting twenty miller's apprentices. They were

holding a stone and cutting it chip-chip, chip-chip, chip-chip, and the mill was still going clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clack. The bird perched on a linden that stood outside the mill and sang,

"My mother, she killed me."

Then one of the apprentices stopped.

"My father, he ate me."

Then two more stopped and heard,

"My sister Marlene."

Then four more stopped.

"Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth."

Now only eight were chipping.

"Laid them under . . ."

Now only five.

". . . the juniper."

Now only one.

Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

Then the last one, too, stopped and heard the last words. "Bird," he said, "how beautifully you sing." Let me hear that, too. Sing it for me once more." "No," said the bird, "I don't sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, then I'll sing it again." "Yes," he said, "if it belonged just to me, you should have it." "Yes," said the others, "if it sings once more, it'll have it." Then the bird came down, and all twenty millers took levers and raised the stone, "one, two, three, up!" Then the bird stuck its neck through the hole, putting it on like a collar, flew back up in the tree, and sang,

"My mother, she killed me,
My father, he ate me,
My sister Marlene
Collected all my bones,

Tied them up in a silk cloth,
Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

When it had finished, it spread its wings and in its right claw had the chain, in its left the shoes, and around its neck the millstone, and it flew far away to its father's house.

The father, the mother, and Marlene were sitting in the living room, and the father was saying, "How happy I feel; I'm in really good spirits." "Not I," said the mother, "I feel very frightened, just as if a storm were brewing." Marlene was sitting and weeping. Then the bird flew up, and as it lighted on the roof, the father said, "Oh, I feel so happy, and the sun's shining so bright outdoors. I feel as though I were going to see an old acquaintance again." "Not I," said the wife, "I'm frightened. My teeth are chattering and I feel as if fire were running through my veins." She tore open her bodice even more. Marlene was sitting in a corner weeping and had her handkerchief in front of her eyes and soaked it with her tears. Then the bird perched on the juniper and sang,

"My mother, she killed me."

The mother stopped up her ears and shut her eyes and didn't want to see anything or hear anything, but there was a roaring noise in her ears as in the wildest gale, and her eyes smarted and stung like lightning.

"My father, he ate me."

"Oh, mother," said the man, "there's a beautiful bird. It's singing so wonderfully, the sun's shining so warm, and it smells like pure cinnamon."

"My sister Marlene."

Then Marlene put her head on her knees and wept and wept, but the man said, "I'm going outdoors. I want to see the bird from close at hand." "Oh, don't go!" said the wife, "I feel as though the whole house was shaking and was in flames," but the man went out and looked at the bird.

"Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth,

Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

At these words the bird dropped the gold chain, and it fell around the man's neck, so exactly around it that it fitted him perfectly. Then he went in and said, "See what a lovely bird it is! It made me a present of such a beautiful gold chain; it's so wonderful looking." The woman was very frightened and fell full length on the floor of the room, and her cap fell off her head. Then the bird again sang,

"My mother, she killed me."

"Oh that I were a thousand fathoms under the earth not to hear this!"

"My father, he ate me."

Then the wife fell down as if dead.

"My sister Marlene."

"Oh," said Marlene, "I'll go out, too, and see if the bird will give me something." So she went out.

"Collected all my bones,
Tied them up in a silk cloth."

Then it dropped the shoes down to her.

"Laid them under the juniper.
Tweet, tweet, what a beautiful bird I am!"

Then she felt so gay and happy, put on the new red shoes, and danced and skipped into the house. "Oh," she said, "I was so sad when I went out, and now I feel so gay. It's certainly a beautiful bird. It made me a present of a pair of shoes." "Not I," said the wife, jumping up and her hair standing on end like fiery flames, "I feel as if the world's coming to an end. I, too, want to go out and see whether it'll make me feel better." As she went out the door, crash! the bird threw the millstone on her head, so that she was squashed to death. The father and Marlene heard the noise and went out. Then steam and flames and fire rose from the spot, and when it was over, the little brother was standing there. He took his father and Mar-

lene by the hand, and they were all three very happy and went into the house, sat down to table, and ate.

48 Old Sultan

Der alte Sultan

A FARMER had a faithful dog whose name was Sultan. He'd grown old and lost all his teeth so that he could no longer grip anything tight. On one occasion the farmer was standing with his wife at the front door and said, "I'm going to shoot old Sultan tomorrow; he's no longer good for anything." The wife, who felt sorry for the poor animal, answered, "Since he's served us for so many years and stood by us loyally, we can certainly pension him." "Why!" said the man, "you're crazy. He no longer has a tooth in his head, and no thief's afraid of him, and he might as well pass on now. If he served us, he was well fed in return."

The poor dog, which was lying stretched out near by in the sun, heard everything and was sad that tomorrow was to be his last day. He had a good friend in a wolf and in the evening slunk out to the forest and complained to it of his impending fate. "Listen, friend," said the wolf, "cheer up. I'll help you in your need. I've thought of something. Early tomorrow morning you master and his wife are going haying and will be taking their baby with them because no one will be staying at home. While working they usually lay the child in the shade behind the hedge. You lie down beside it as if you were going to guard it. Then I'll come out of the forest and steal the child. You must rush after me as hard as you can as if you wanted to get it away from me. I'll drop it, and you bring it back to the parents; then they'll think you saved it and will be far too grateful to do you any harm. On the contrary, you'll regain full favor, and they'll give you plenty of everything."

The dog liked the idea, and it was carried out as planned. The father screamed when he saw the wolf running through the fields with his child, but when old Sultan brought it back, he was happy, patted him, and said, "Not a hair of your head shall be hurt, and you shall be pensioned as long as you live." To his wife he said, "Go straight home and cook old Sultan some bread sops that he won't need to chew and bring the pillow from my bed. I'm going to give it to him to lie on." From then on old Sultan was as well off as he could possibly wish.

Soon after the wolf called on the dog and was glad that everything had turned out so well. "But friend," it said, "you'll surely look the other way if I happen to steal a fat sheep from your master? It's hard these days to make both ends meet." "Don't count on that," answered the dog, "I'm remaining faithful to my master and can't allow that." The wolf thought he didn't mean it seriously, came slinking along at night, and was about to carry off the sheep, but the farmer, whom faithful Sultan had informed of the wolf's intention, was lying in wait for it and gave it a good thrashing with a flail. The wolf made off but cried out to the dog, "Just wait, you faithless friend! You'll pay for it!"

The next morning the wolf dispatched a boar and had it challenge the dog to come out to the forest and settle matters there. Old Sultan could find no second but a three-legged cat, and as they went out together, the poor cat limped along, at the same time holding up its tail in pain. The wolf and its second were already at the spot, but when they saw their opponent coming along, they thought he was carrying a sabre, for such they believed the cat's erect tail to be, and as the poor creature hopped along on three legs, they simply thought that each time it was picking up a stone to throw at them. Then they both got frightened: the boar slunk off into the bushes, and the wolf jumped up in a tree. When the dog and the cat drew near, they were surprised that no one appeared. The boar, however, had not been able completely to hide in the bushes, and its ears were still sticking out. As the cat was looking cautiously about, the boar twitched its ears, and the cat, thinking a mouse was stirring there, jumped at it and gave it a good hard bite. Then the boar got up, crying out loudly, and

ran away shouting, "The guilty party is sitting up there in the tree." The dog and the cat looked up and saw the wolf, who, ashamed of having cut so timid a figure, accepted the dog's offer of peace.

49 The Six Swans

Die sechs Schwäne

A KING was once hunting in a great forest and was chasing a deer with such zeal that not one of his men could keep up with him. When evening came, he stopped and looked about. Then he saw that he was lost. He looked for a way out of the forest but couldn't find one. Then he saw an old woman bobbing her head and walking toward him; she was, however, a witch. "Good woman," he said to her, "could you show me the way through the forest?" "Oh yes, Sir King," she replied. "I can do that, but there's a condition attached. Unless you fulfill it, you'll never get out of the forest and will have to starve to death here." "What sort of a condition?" asked the king. "I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who's as beautiful as any girl you can find in the world and quite worthy of becoming your wife. If you'll make her your queen, I'll show you the way out of the forest." In his distress of heart the king assented, and the old woman led him to her cottage, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the king as if she'd been expecting him, and he saw that she was very beautiful. Just the same he didn't like her and couldn't look at her without secretly shuddering. After he'd lifted the girl up on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the king got back to his royal palace, where the wedding was celebrated.

The king had been married once before and by his first wife had had seven children, six boys and one girl, whom he loved above everything else in the world. Since he feared that

the stepmother wouldn't treat them well and even that she'd do them some harm, he took them to a lonely castle in the middle of a forest. It was so hidden and the way to it was so hard to find that he wouldn't have found it himself unless a wise woman had made him a present of a ball of yarn of marvelous property: when he threw it in front of him, it unwound itself and showed him the way. The king went out so often to see his dear children that the queen was struck by his absence. She became curious and wanted to know what he did all alone out in the forest. She gave his servants a lot of money, and they disclosed the secret to her, also told her about the ball of yarn which alone could show the way. Now she had no rest till she'd ferreted out where the king kept the ball of yarn. Then she made white silk shirts and since she'd learned witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a spell in them. One day when the king had ridden out to hunt, she took the shirts and went into the forest, and the ball of yarn showed her the way. The children, who from afar saw someone coming, thought that their dear father was coming to see them and joyfully ran out to meet him. Then over each she threw one of the shirts, and as they touched them, they were changed into swans and flew away over the forest. The queen went home quite content, thinking she was rid of her stepchildren. However, the girl had not run out with her brothers to meet her, and the stepmother knew nothing about her. Next day the king went to visit his children but found only the girl. "Where are your brothers?" asked the king. "Oh, father dear," she answered, "they've gone away and left me alone behind," and told him that from her window she'd seen her brothers fly away over the forest in the form of swans and showed him the feathers they'd dropped in the yard and that she'd picked up. The king was sorry but didn't think that the queen had done the evil deed, and fearing lest the girl, too, might be taken from him, wanted to take her away with him. However, she was afraid of her stepmother and begged the king to be allowed to stay in the forest mansion for at least that one night

The poor girl thought, "I can't stay here any longer. I'll go and look for my brothers." When night came, she fled and went straight into the forest. She walked the whole night and all the next day, till from fatigue she could walk no farther.

Then she saw a hunting lodge, went up, and found a room with six little beds. But she didn't dare lie down in any one of them, crept underneath one, lay down on the hard floor, and was going to spend the night there. When the sun was about to set, she heard a whirring noise and saw six swans flying in through the window. They lighted on the floor and blew at one another so that all their feathers blew off, and their swan skins stripped off them like shirts. The girl looked at them and recognized her brothers, rejoiced, and crawled out from under the bed. The brothers were no less glad to see their sister, but their joy was short-lived. "You can't stay here," they said to her; "this is a robbers' den. If they come home and find you, they'll murder you." "Can't you protect me?" asked the sister. "No," they answered, "for we're only allowed to put off our swan skins a quarter of an hour every evening, during which time we have our human form. Then we're turned into swans again." The sister wept and said, "Can't you be unspelled?" "Oh, no," they answered, "the conditions are too hard. You mustn't speak or laugh for six whole years, and during that time you must sew six shirts for us out of asters. If a single word escapes your lips, all your work will have been in vain." When the brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour had passed, and in the form of swans they again flew out through the window.

The girl, however, firmly resolved to unspell her brothers even if it cost her her life. She left the hunting lodge, went straight into the middle of the forest, sat down up in a tree, and spent the night there. Next morning she went out, gathered asters, and began to sew. She might talk to no one and she had no desire to laugh; she sat there, just looking at her work. When she'd already spent a long time there, the king of the country happened to be hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came to the tree up in which the girl was sitting. They called out to her, saying, "Who are you?" She made no answer. "Come on down," they said, "we shan't hurt you." She just shook her head. When they continued to ply her with questions, she threw her gold necklace down to them, thinking to satisfy them with that. But they didn't stop, and she threw down her belt, and when even this didn't work, her garters, and little by little everything she had on that could

be dispensed with. Finally she had nothing but her shift. The huntsmen, however, didn't let themselves be put off by this, climbed the tree, brought the girl down, and took her to the king. The king asked, "Who are you? What are you doing up in the tree?" She didn't answer. He questioned her in every language he knew, but she remained as silent as a stone. Because she was so beautiful the king's heart was moved, and he conceived a great love for her. He put his cloak about her, set her in front of him on his horse, and took her to his palace. There he had her dressed in fine clothes, and being so beautiful, she was as radiant as the day; nevertheless it was impossible to get a word out of her. He placed her beside him at table, and her modest ways and good manners pleased him so that he said, "I want to marry this girl and none other in the world," and after a few days he married her.

Now the king had a wicked mother. She was not pleased with this marriage and spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows where the wench who can't speak hails from?" she said. "She's not worthy of a king." A year later, when the queen gave birth to her first child, the old woman took it away from her and smeared her mouth with blood as she slept. Then she went to the king and accused her of being a cannibal. The king wouldn't believe it and didn't allow any harm to be done her. All the time she sat sewing on the shirts and paid no attention to anything else. The next time, when she again gave birth to a fine boy, the false mother-in-law carried out the same deception. Still the king couldn't bring himself to believe her charges. "She's too devout and good," he said, "to do such a thing. If she weren't mute and could defend herself, her innocence would come to light." Yet when for the third time the old woman stole the newborn child and accused the queen, who uttered not a word in her own defense, the king couldn't help it and had to turn her over to the court, which condemned her to be burned to death.

The day arrived when the sentence was to be executed. It happened to be the last day of the six years during which she mightn't speak or laugh. She'd freed her dear brothers from the power of the magic spell: the six shirts were finished, except that the left sleeve was still missing on the last shirt. As she was being led to the pyre, she laid the shirts over her arm, and when

she was standing up there and the fire was about to be kindled, she looked about. Then the six swans came flying through the air, and she saw that her liberation was approaching, and her heart leapt for joy. The swans came whirring up to her and alighted, so that she was able to throw the shirts over them. As the shirts touched them, their swan skins dropped off, and her brothers stood before her in the flesh and were hale and fair—except that the youngest lacked his left arm and in its place had a swan's wing attached to his back. They hugged and kissed one another, and the queen went to the king, who was quite dumbfounded, and began to speak, saying "Dearest husband, now I may speak and reveal to you that I'm innocent and have been wrongly accused," and told him about the deception on the part of the old woman, who'd taken her three children from her and had hidden them. Then to the king's great joy they were fetched, and as a punishment the wicked mother-in-law was tied to the pyre and burned to ashes.

But the king and the queen and her six brothers lived for many years in peace and happiness.

50 Hawthorn Blossom

Dornröschen

IN DAYS OF YORE there was a king and a queen who every day used to say, "Oh, if we only had a child!" yet they never had one. Once when the queen was bathing, it happened that a frog crawled ashore out of the water and said to her, "Your wish will be fulfilled: before a year's out, you'll give birth to a daughter." What the frog said came to pass, and the queen gave birth to a girl; she was so beautiful that in his joy the king didn't know what to do and arranged a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and well disposed

toward the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but because he had only twelve gold plates from which they might eat, one of them had to stay home. The feast was celebrated with all splendor, and when it came to an end, the wise women presented the child with their marvelous gifts. One gave it virtue, the second beauty, the third riches, and so on, with everything the heart desires. When eleven had finished bestowing their gifts, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wanted to revenge herself for not having been invited, and without greeting anyone or so much as looking at anyone, she cried out in a loud voice, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter will prick herself with a spindle and fall down dead." Without another word she turned about and left the hall. Everybody was frightened. Then the twelfth, who still had her wish left, stepped up and because she couldn't undo the evil gift but merely temper it, said, "It won't be a real death; the princess will fall into a hundred years' deep sleep."

The king wanted to guard his dear child against this misfortune and issued a decree that all spindles throughout the whole kingdom should be burned. The gifts of the wise women were, however, quite fulfilled in the girl, for she was so beautiful, well mannered, friendly, and intelligent that whoever looked at her couldn't help loving her. On the very day she became fifteen the king and the queen happened not to be at home, and the girl was left all alone in the palace. She went all about, looking into rooms and chambers to her heart's content, and finally even got to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow winding stairs and came to a little door. There was a rusty key in the lock, and when she turned it, the door flew open and in the little room was sitting an old woman with a spindle and spinning her flax industriously. "Good day, Granny," said the king's daughter, "what are you doing there?" "I'm spinning," said the old woman, bobbing her head. "What sort of thing is it that's jumping about so gaily?" asked the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin too, but no sooner had she touched the spindle than the spell started working and she pricked her finger with it.

The very moment she felt the prick, she fell down on the bed there and lay in a deep sleep. This sleep spread over the whole palace: the king and the queen, who'd just come home

and had entered the great hall, fell asleep, and the entire court with them. The horses in the stable also fell asleep, the dogs in the courtyard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, even the fire that was flickering on the hearth died down and fell asleep, and the roast stopped sizzling, and the chef who was about to pull the scullery boy's hair because he'd done something wrong let the boy go and fell asleep. The wind died down, and not a leaf stirred on the trees in front of the palace.

Around about the palace a hawthorn hedge began to grow. This grew higher every year and finally surrounded the entire palace and even grew out beyond it, so that nothing more was to be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. The legend of the beautiful sleeping Hawthorn Blossom—for such was the name of the king's daughter—went about the country, so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to break through the hedge and reach the palace. They found it impossible, however, for the hawthorn bushes held together as if they had hands, and the young men remained stuck in them, couldn't get free, and died miserable deaths. Once again after many, many years, a king's son came to the country and heard an old man telling about the hawthorn hedge: a palace was said to be behind it, in which a most beautiful king's daughter, named Hawthorn Blossom, had already been sleeping a hundred years, and the king and the queen and the whole court sleeping along with her. From his grandfather the old man also knew that many kings' sons had already come and tried to break through the hawthorn hedge but had remained stuck in it and had died miserable deaths. Then the youth said, "I'm not afraid; I'll go out and see the fair Hawthorn Blossom." No matter how hard the good old man tried to dissuade him, he wouldn't listen to his words.

Now the hundred years were just up, and the day had come on which Hawthorn Blossom was to wake up again. When the king's son approached the hawthorn hedge, there were nothing but beautiful big hawthorn blossoms that moved aside of themselves and let him through unharmed, closing again behind him like a hedge. In the palace courtyard he saw the horses and spotted hunting dogs lying asleep; on the roof were perched the pigeons with their heads under their wings. When he entered the house, the flies were asleep on the walls.

In the kitchen the chef was still holding his hand as if about to take hold of the scullery boy, and the kitchen maid was sitting in front of the black chicken which she was supposed to pluck. Then he went on and in the great hall saw the whole court lying asleep, and up near the throne lay the king and the queen. He went on still farther, and everything was so quiet that one could hear oneself breathe. Finally he got to the tower and opened the door of the small room in which Hawthorn Blossom was sleeping. There she lay and was so beautiful that he couldn't turn his eyes away and stooped down and kissed her. As he touched her with his lips, Hawthorn Blossom opened her eyes, woke up, and looked at him in friendly fashion. Then they went downstairs together, and the king woke up and the queen and the whole court, and they all looked at one another in astonishment. The horses in the courtyard got up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped about, wagging their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked about, and flew out into the country. The flies on the walls went on crawling; the fire in the kitchen came up, blazed, and cooked the meal; the roast began to sizzle again; and the chef boxed the scullery boy's ears so that he cried out; and the maid finished plucking the chicken.

Then they celebrated the wedding of the king's son with Hawthorn Blossom in all splendor, and they lived happily until their death.

51 Foundling Bird

Fundevogel

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a gamekeeper who went hunting in the forest, and when he got there, he heard cries like a small child's. He followed the cries and finally came to a tall tree up in which a little child was sitting. The mother and the child had fallen asleep under the tree, and a bird of prey, see-

ing the child in her lap, had swooped down, carried it away in its beak, and put it up in the tall tree.

The gamekeeper climbed up and, bringing the child down, thought, "You may as well take it home and bring it up with your Nellie." So he took it home, and the two children grew up together. Because it had been found up in a tree and because it had been carried off by a bird, the child was named Foundling Bird. Foundling Bird and Nellie loved each other so much, so very much, that they were unhappy when out of one another's sight.

Now the gamekeeper had an old cook who one evening took two pails and began to carry water, going out to the well not once but many times. Nellie noticed this and said, "Listen, old Susy, why are you carrying so much water?" "If you'll promise not to tell anybody, I'll tell you." Nellie said no, she wouldn't tell anybody about it. Then the cook said, "Early tomorrow morning when the gamekeeper is out hunting, I'm going to bring the water to a boil, and when its boiling in the kettle, I'm going to throw Foundling Bird in and boil the child in it."

Very early the next morning the gamekeeper got up and went hunting, and the children were still in bed when he left. Then Nellie said to Foundling Bird, "If you won't desert me, I won't desert you," and Foundling Bird said, "Never, no never." Then Nellie said, "I might as well tell you: last night old Susy was carrying ever so many pails of water into the house, so I asked her why she was doing it. She said that if I wouldn't tell anybody, she'd tell me, and I said I certainly wouldn't tell anybody. Then she said that early tomorrow when father had gone hunting, she was going to bring the kettle full of water to a boil, throw you in and boil you. Let's get up quickly, dress, and go away together."

So the two children got up, dressed in a hurry, and made off. When the water was boiling in the kettle, the cook went into the bedroom, intending to fetch Foundling Bird and throw the child in, but when she came in and went up to the beds, both the children were gone. She got terribly frightened and said to herself, "What shall I say now when the gamekeeper comes home and sees that the children are gone? Quick, let's go after them and get them back."

The cook sent three servants after them; they were to run and overtake the children. The children were sitting by the edge of the forest, and when from afar they saw the servants coming on the run, Nellie said to Foundling Bird, "If you won't desert me, I won't desert you," and Foundling Bird said, "Never, no never." Then Nellie said, "You change yourself into a rosebush and I'll change myself into the rose on it." When the three servants got to the edge of the forest, there was nothing there but a rosebush with a rose on it, and no sign of the children. Then they said, "There's nothing doing here," went home, and told the cook they'd seen nothing at all but a rosebush with a rose on it. The old cook scolded them, "You simpletons, you should have cut the rosebush in two, picked the rose, and brought it along home. Now hurry up and do so." So they had to go out and look a second time. The children saw them coming from afar, and Nellie said, "Foundling Bird, if you won't desert me, I won't desert you." Foundling Bird said, "Never, no never." Then Nellie said, "Change yourself into a church, and I'll be the chandelier in it." When the three servants got there, there was nothing but a church with a chandelier inside, so they said to one another, "What are we to do here? Let's go home." When they got home, the cook asked whether they'd found anything, and they said no, they'd found nothing but a church with a chandelier inside. "You fools," scolded the cook, "why didn't you destroy the church and bring home the chandelier?" Now the cook started out herself and with the three servants went after the children. From afar the children saw the three servants coming and the cook waddling behind them. Then Nellie said, "Foundling Bird, if you won't desert me, I won't desert you," and Foundling Bird said, "Never, no never." Then Nellie said, "Change yourself into a pond, and I'll be the duck on it." The cook came up, and when she beheld the pond, she lay down over it and was going to drink it up. The duck, however, swam quickly up, seized her by her head with its bill, and dragged her into the water. Then the old witch had to drown.

Then the children went home together and were ever so happy, and if they haven't died, they're still alive.

52 King Thrushbeard

König Drosselbart

A KING had a daughter who was beautiful beyond measure but so proud and overbearing withal that no suitor was good enough for her. She rejected one after the other and made fun of them in the bargain. Once upon a time the king ordered a great feast to be arranged and from far and near invited men who wanted to get married. They were all lined up according to their rank and dignity: first came the kings, then the dukes, princes, counts, and barons, finally the lesser nobility. The king's daughter was conducted through the lines but she found something to criticize in every man. One was too fat for her: "The wine cask," she said. Another was too tall: "Tall and slender with no bearing." The third was too short: "Short and fat with no grace"; the fourth too pale: "Pallid Death." The fifth was too red in the face: "Turkey cock." The sixth didn't stand straight enough: "Green wood dried out behind the stove." In this way she found something to object to in every one of them and made particular fun of a good king who stood right at the head of the line and whose chin was a little crooked. "Well," she cried, laughing, "his chin's like a thrush's bill," and from that time he was called Thrushbeard. When the king saw that his daughter was doing nothing but making fun of the people and scorning all the suitors who were assembled there, he got angry and swore she'd have to take for a husband the first beggar who came to his door.

A few days later a minstrel began to sing beneath the window in order to earn some small alms. When the king heard it, he said, "Have him come up." The minstrel entered, dressed in his dirty, ragged clothes, came in, sang in the presence of the king and his daughter, and when he had finished, begged for alms. The king said, "Your song has pleased me

so much that I'll give you my daughter there in marriage." The king's daughter was frightened, but the king said, "I swore an oath to give you to the first beggar, and I'll keep it." Objecting did her no good, the parson was fetched, and she had to let herself be married then and there to the minstrel. When it was over, the king said, "Now as a beggar woman it's not fitting for you to stay in my palace any longer; you can just move on with your husband."

The beggar led her by the hand, and she had to go away with him on foot. When they got into a big forest, she asked,

"Whose is the beautiful forest?"

"It belongs to King Thrushbeard.

Had you accepted him, it would be yours."

"Poor girl that I am!

Had I only accepted King Thrushbeard!"

Next they crossed a meadow, and again she asked,

"Whose is the beautiful green meadow?"

"It belongs to King Thrushbeard.

Had you accepted him, it would be yours."

"Poor girl that I am!

Had I only accepted King Thrushbeard!"

Then they passed through a big town, and again she asked,

"Whose is this beautiful big town?"

"It belongs to King Thrushbeard.

Had you accepted him, it would be yours."

"Poor girl that I am!

Had I only accepted King Thrushbeard!"

"I'm not at all pleased with your always wishing you had someone else as a husband," said the minstrel. "Am I not good enough for you?" Finally they came to a very small cottage, and then she said,

"Good heavens, how very small the house is!

Whose can this wretched, tiny cottage be?"

"This is my house and yours, where we'll live together," answered the minstrel. She had to stoop to get through the low door. "Where are the servants?" said the king's daughter. "Servants!" answered the beggar, "Whatever you want done

you must do yourself. Make a fire at once and put the water on so you can cook my meal. I'm all tired out." The king's daughter knew nothing about making fires and cooking, and the beggar had to lend a hand himself and then things went at least so-so. When they'd eaten their poor fare, they went to bed, but in the morning he got her up very early because she was supposed to take care of the house.

For a few days they went in thus for plain and honest living and used up their provisions. Then the man said, "Wife, we can't go on like this, eating and earning nothing. You're to weave baskets." He went out, cut willows, and brought them home. She began to weave, but the rough willows pricked her tender hands. "I see that this doesn't work," said her husband; "you'd better spin; perhaps you're better at that." She sat down and tried to spin, but the hard thread soon cut her soft fingers so that the blood ran down them. "You see," said the husband, "you're not good for any work. I got a poor bargain in marrying you. Now I'll have a try at trading in pots and earthenware. You're to sit down in the market place and sell the wares." "Alas," she thought, "if people from my father's kingdom come to the market and see me sitting there selling, how they'll make fun of me!" It did no good, however; she had to obey if they weren't to starve to death. The first time things went all right, for people gladly bought from the woman because she was so beautiful and paid what she asked; indeed, many gave her the money and left her the pots in the bargain.

They lived on the profit as long as it lasted. Then the husband again bought a lot of new earthenware. She sat down with this in a corner of the market place and arranged it about her and offered it for sale. All of a sudden a drunken hussar came racing up and rode his horse right into the earthenware so that it was all smashed to pieces. She began to weep and in her distress didn't know what to do. "Alas, what will happen to me!" she cried; "what will my husband say to this!" She ran home and told him of her misfortune. "Who on earth sits down in the corner of the market place with earthenware!" said the man. "Just stop your weeping. I see quite well that you're no good for any proper work. I've been up in our king's palace and asked whether they couldn't use a kitchen maid,

and they promised me to take you on. In return you'll get your food free."

Now the king's daughter became a kitchen maid, had to help the cook and do the nastiest work. She fastened a little pot inside each of two pouches and in them used to take home what was given her of the leftovers, and they lived on that. It happened that the wedding of the king's eldest son was to be celebrated. The poor woman went up there and stood outside the door of the great hall, since she wanted to see it. When the candles were lighted and the people were going in, each more finely dressed than the last, and everything was magnificent and splendid, with sorrowful heart she thought of her fate and cursed her pride and arrogance which had brought her so low and had plunged her into such great poverty. Of the delicious dishes which were being carried in and out and whose savor rose to her nostrils the servants would once in a while throw her a few bits; she put them in her little pot, intending to take them home.

Suddenly the king's son came in dressed in velvet and silk, with gold chains around his neck. When he saw the beautiful woman standing in the doorway, he seized her by the hand and wanted to dance with her, but she refused and was frightened, for she saw that it was King Thrushbeard who had wooed her and whom she'd scornfully rejected. It did her no good to resist, for he dragged her into the great hall. Then the band to which the pouches were tied broke, and the pots fell out, so that the porridge poured out and the bits of food scattered all over the floor. When the people saw that, there was general laughter and joking, and she was so mortified that she'd rather have been a thousand fathoms under the earth. She ran out the door, wanting to escape, but on the stairway a man overtook her and brought her back, and when she looked at him, it was King Thrushbeard again. He spoke to her in kindly fashion, "Don't be afraid, I and the minstrel who's been living with you in the miserable cottage are one and the same person. For love of you I disguised myself, and I was also the hussar who rode his horse into your earthenware and smashed it. All this was done to humble your proud spirit and to punish you for the arrogance with which you made fun of me." Then

she wept bitterly, saying, "I did very wrong and am not worthy to be your wife"; but he said, "Console yourself, the evil days are over. Now we'll celebrate our wedding." Then the ladies-in-waiting came and put the most splendid clothes on her, and her father arrived, and the whole court, and they wished her luck on her wedding with King Thrushbeard, and then the real joy began.

I wish that you and I had been there, too.

53 Snow-White

Schneewittchen

ONCE UPON A TIME in the middle of winter when the snow-flakes were falling from the sky like feathers, a queen was sitting by a window with a black ebony frame and was sewing. As she was thus sewing and looking at the snow, she stuck the needle in her finger, and three drops of blood fell into the snow. Because the red looked so pretty in the white snow, she thought to herself, "If only I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window frame!" Soon thereafter she had a little daughter who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and whose hair was as black as ebony. Therefore she was called Snow-White, and when the child was born, the queen died.

A year later the king married a second wife. She was a beautiful woman but proud and haughty and couldn't bear being second in beauty to anyone. She had a marvelous mirror: when she stepped up to it and looked at herself in it, she'd say,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

The mirror would then reply,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest in the land."

Then she'd be content, knowing that the mirror was telling the truth.

But Snow-White grew up and got more and more beautiful and, when she was seven, she was as beautiful as a bright day and fairer than the queen herself. Once when the queen asked her mirror,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land,"

it replied,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest here,
But Snow-White is a thousand times fairer than you."

Then the queen was frightened and got green and yellow with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow-White, she'd feel a turn, she hated the girl so. Envy and pride grew like a weed in her heart, higher and higher, so that day or night she no longer had any rest. Then she summoned a huntsman and said, "Take the child out into the forest; I don't want to lay eyes on her again. You're to kill her and bring me her lungs and her liver as a token." The huntsman obeyed and took her out, and when he'd drawn his hunting-knife and was about to pierce Snow-White's innocent heart, she began to weep and said, "Alas, dear huntsman, spare me my life. I'm willing to go into the wild forest and never come back home again," and because she was so beautiful, the huntsman took pity on her and said, "Just run away, poor child." "The wild animals will soon devour you," he thought, feeling just the same as if a heavy load had been lifted from his heart because he didn't have to kill her. Since a young boar came running past, he killed it, took out its lungs and liver, and brought them as a token to the queen. The chef had to cook them in brine, and the wicked woman ate them up, thinking she'd eaten Snow-White's lungs and liver.

Now the poor child was all alone in the big forest and got so frightened that she even eyed all the leaves of the trees and didn't know what to do. She started running and ran over the sharp stones and through the thorn bushes, and the wild animals sprang past her but did her no harm. She ran as long as her legs would carry her till nearly nightfall. Then she saw

a little cottage and went in to rest. In the cottage everything was tiny but indescribably pretty and neat. There was a little table there laid with a little white cloth with seven little plates, and each plate with its little spoon, furthermore seven little knives and forks, and seven little tumblers. Along the wall stood seven little beds side by side, spread with snow-white sheets. Because she was so hungry and thirsty. Snow-White ate some vegetables and bread off each plate and drank a drop of wine from each tumbler, for she didn't want to take everything away from any one of them. After that, since she was so tired, she lay down in one of the beds, but not one of them fitted her: one was too long, another too short, till finally the seventh was just right. She lay down in it, commended herself to God, and fell asleep.

When it had got quite dark, the masters of the cottage came home; they were the seven dwarfs who with pick and shovel mined for ore in the mountains. They lighted their seven little candles and, when it was light in the cottage, they saw that someone had been in there, for not everything was the way they'd left it. The first said, "Who's been sitting in my chair?" The second, "Who's been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who's been taking some of my roll?" The fourth, "Who's been eating some of my vegetables?" The fifth, "Who's been handling my fork?" The sixth, "Who's been cutting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who's been drinking out of my tumbler?" Then the first looked about and noticing a little wrinkle in his bed, said, "Who got into my bed?" The others came on the run, exclaiming, "Somebody's been lying in my bed, too!" The seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snow-White, who was lying there asleep. He called the others. They came running up and crying out in astonishment, fetched their seven candles and let the light shine on Snow-White. "My goodness, my goodness!" they exclaimed, "how beautiful the child is!" and were so happy that they didn't wake her up but let her go on sleeping in the bed. The seventh dwarf, however, slept with his companions, one hour with each till the night had passed.

When it was morning, Snow-White woke up, and seeing the seven dwarfs, was frightened. They were friendly, however, and asked, "What's your name?" "My name is Snow-

White," she answered. "How did you get to our house?" continued the dwarfs. Then she told them that her stepmother had meant to have her slain, but that the huntsman had made her a present of her life, and that she'd walked all day until she finally found their cottage. "If you'll keep house for us," said the dwarfs, "cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and if you'll keep everything neat and clean, then you may stay with us and you shall lack nothing." "Yes, very gladly," said Snow-White, stayed on with them and kept their house in order. In the morning they'd go into the mountains to look for ore and gold, in the evening they'd come back, and then their food had to be ready. During the day the girl was alone, and the good little dwarfs warned her, saying, "Watch out for your stepmother. She'll soon know that you're here. Let absolutely nobody in."

The queen, after she thought she'd eaten Snow-White's lungs and liver, had no notion but that she was once more the fairest and most beautiful woman. She stepped up to her mirror and said,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

Then the mirror answered,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest here,
But Snow-White over the mountains
With the seven dwarfs
Is a thousand times fairer than you."

Then she was frightened, for she knew that the mirror didn't lie and saw that the huntsman had deceived her and that Snow-White was still alive. Again she thought and thought how she might kill her, for so long as she was not the most beautiful woman in the whole land, her envy gave her no rest. When at last she'd thought up something, she stained her face, dressed herself up as an old peddler woman, and was quite unrecognizable. In this guise she crossed the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and called, "Pretty wares for sale! pretty wares for sale!" Snow-White looked out the window and said, "How do you do, good woman, What have you got for sale?" "Good wares, pretty wares," she answered,

"bodice laces of every color," and drew one out that was braided of silks of many colors. "I may safely let this good woman in," thought Snow-White. She unbolted the door and bought the pretty lace. "Child," said the old woman, "how you do look! Come, let me lace you up properly for once." Snow-White, suspecting no harm, stood in front of her and let herself be laced up with the new bodice lace. The old woman, however, laced her up so quickly and so tight that Snow-White lost her breath and fell down as if dead. "Well, you used to be the most beautiful!" she said and hurried out.

Not long after, the seven dwarfs came home in the evening, but how frightened they were to see their dear Snow-White lying on the floor, still and motionless as if dead. They lifted her up, and noticing that she was too tightly laced, cut the lace. Then she began to breathe a little and gradually revived. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old peddler woman was none other than the wicked queen. Watch out and don't let any person come in when we're not with you."

When the wicked woman got home she stepped up to the mirror and asked,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

Then as usual the mirror replied,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest here,
But Snow-White beyond the mountains
With the seven dwarfs
Is a thousand times fairer than you."

When she heard this, all her blood went to her heart from fright, for she quite realized that Snow-White had come to life again. "But this time," she said, "I'll think up something that will be the death of you," and with witches' arts, in which she was expert, made a poisoned comb. Then disguising herself and assuming the appearance of a different old woman, she went on over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked on the door and called, "Pretty wares for sale! pretty wares for sale!" Snow-White looked out and said, "Get right along! I mayn't let anybody in." "But surely you're allowed to look," said the old woman, took out the poisoned comb and

held it up. The child liked it so well that she let herself be fooled and opened the door. When they'd agreed on the price, the old woman said, "Now I'll comb your hair properly for once." Poor Snow-White, suspecting no harm, let the old woman go ahead, but hardly had she put the comb in her hair than the poison in it worked, and the girl fell down unconscious. "You paragon of beauty!" said the wicked woman, "now you're done for!" and went away. Fortunately it was near evening, the time the seven dwarfs would be coming home. When they saw Snow-White lying on the floor as if dead, they at once suspected the stepmother, searched about, and found the poisoned comb. No sooner had they taken it out than Snow-White regained consciousness and told them what had happened. Once more they warned her to be on her guard and not to open the door for anyone.

At home the queen stood before her mirror and said,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

Then the mirror answered as before,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest here,
But Snow-White beyond the mountains
With the seven dwarfs
Is a thousand times fairer than you."

On hearing the mirror talk thus, she trembled and shook with anger. "Snow-White shall die!" she cried, "even if it costs me my very life." Thereupon she went into a solitary chamber, quite hidden away, where no one ever went and there made a very poisonous apple. Outside it looked beautiful, white with red cheeks, so that everybody who saw it longed for it, but whoever ate even a tiny bit of it was doomed to die. When the apple was ready, she stained her face and disguised herself as a farmer's wife and went thus over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door, and Snow-White put her head out the window, saying, "I mustn't let anybody in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to." "Quite all right," answered the farmer's wife, "but of course I'll get rid of my apples. There! I'll make you a present of one." "No," said Snow-White, "I mustn't accept anything." "Are

you afraid of poison?" said the old woman. "Look, I'll cut the apple in half: you eat the red cheek and I'll eat the white." The apple had been so skillfully made that only the red cheek was poisonous. Snow-White looked greedily at the beautiful apple, and when she saw the farmer's wife eating some, she could no longer resist, put out her hand, and took the poisoned half. Scarcely, however, had she got a bite of it in her mouth than she fell dead to the floor. Then the queen gave her an awful look and burst out into loud laughter, saying, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! This time the dwarfs can't wake you up again!" When she consulted the mirror at home,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

it finally replied,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest in the land."

Then her envious heart was at rest, at least as much as an envious heart can be.

When the dwarfs got home in the evening, they found Snow-White lying on the floor. No breath was coming out of her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her up, looked to see if they might find something poisonous, unlaced her bodice, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but all to no purpose. The dear child was dead and remained dead. They laid her on a bier, and all seven sat down beside it and wept for three whole days. They were going to bury her, but she still looked as fresh as a living being and her pretty cheeks were still rosy. "We can't lower her into the dark ground," they said and had a transparent glass coffin made so that one could view her from all sides, put her in it, and on it wrote in letters of gold her name and that she was a king's daughter. Then they placed the coffin on the mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and guarded it, and the birds, too, came and wept over Snow-White, first an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove.

Snow-White lay in the coffin for a long, long time and didn't decay but looked rather as if she were asleep, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. A king's son happened to get into the forest and

came to the dwarfs' cottage to spend the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain and beautiful Snow-White in it and read what was written on it in letters of gold. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin; I'll give you whatever you want for it;" but the dwarfs answered, "We won't sell it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Make me a present of it then, for I can't live without seeing Snow-White. I'll honor her and esteem her as my most dearly beloved." Since he spoke thus, the good dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin. The king's son now had his servants carry it off on their shoulders. Then by chance they stumbled over a shrub, and from the jolt the poisoned piece of apple which Snow-White had bitten off came out of her throat, and before long she opened her eyes, lifted the coffin lid, raised herself up, and was alive again. "Good heavens, where am I?" she cried. Joyfully the king's son said, "You're with me," and relating what had happened, said, "I love you more than everything on earth. Come with me to my father's palace. You shall be my wife." Then Snow-White fell in love with him and went with him, and their wedding was celebrated with great pomp and splendor.

Snow-White's wicked stepmother was also invited to the feast. Once she was all dressed in beautiful clothes, she stepped up to her mirror and said,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest in all the land?"

The mirror answered,

"Lady Queen, you are the fairest here,
But the young queen is a thousand times fairer than you."

Then the wicked woman cursed and got so very frightened that she didn't know what to do. At first she didn't want to go to the wedding at all, but that gave her no peace; she had to go and see the young queen. When she came in, she recognized Snow-White and stood motionless from terror and fear. However, iron slippers had already been put over a charcoal fire and were now brought in with tongs and placed before her. Then she had to put the red-hot slippers on and dance until she dropped to the ground dead.

54 The Knapsack, the Cap, and the Horn

Der Ranzen, das Hütlein und das Hörnlein

ONCE UPON A TIME there were three brothers. They'd been getting poorer and poorer, and finally their distress was such that they were starving and had nothing left to eat. "It can't go on like this," they said, "we'd better go out in the world and seek our fortune." So they set out and had walked a long distance and had covered a lot of ground but still hadn't found their fortune. One day they got into a large forest in the middle of which was a mountain, and on getting nearer, they saw that the mountain was of solid silver. Then the eldest said, "Now I've found the good fortune I've been seeking and ask for none greater." He took as much of the silver as he could carry, then turned about and went back home. But the other two said, "We expect something more in the way of good fortune than mere silver," didn't touch it, and went on. After walking a few days more they came to a mountain of solid gold. The second brother stopped, reflected and hesitated. "What shall I do?" he said. "Shall I take so much gold that I'll have enough for the rest of my life, or shall I go on farther?" Finally he made up his mind, filled his pockets as full as he could, said good-bye to his brother, and went home. But the third said, "Silver and gold mean nothing to me. I won't forswear my good fortune; perhaps something better is in store for me." He went on and after walking for three days came to a forest still larger than the others and apparently endless, and finding nothing to eat or drink he nearly perished. Then he climbed a high tree to find out whether from there he could see the limits of the forest, but as far as the eye could reach he saw nothing but treetops. He climbed down the tree again, but hunger tormented him and he thought, "If once again I could eat my fill!" On getting down, to his amazement he saw under the tree a table all set with dishes, whose savor rose to his nostrils. "This time,"

he said, "my wish has been fulfilled in the nick of time," and without asking who'd brought the food and who'd cooked it, he went up to the table and ate to his heart's content till he'd satisfied his hunger. When he'd finished, he thought, "It's really a pity to let the fine tablecloth spoil here in the forest," folded it neatly and put it in his pouch. Then he went on, and in the evening when he got hungry again, he wanted to test his cloth. He spread it out and said, "Now I wish that you were once more covered with fine dishes." Hardly had the wish passed his lips when dishes with the finest food appeared, as many as there was room for. "Now," he said, "I see in what kitchen the cooking is done for me! You'll be dearer to me than the silver and gold mountain!" for he saw clearly that it was a cloth-be-laid [cp. No. 36].

Still, the cloth wasn't enough to make him settle down at home; he preferred rather to keep wandering about in the world and try his fortune further. One evening in a lonely forest he met a charcoal burner all black with charcoal dust; he was burning charcoal there, had potatoes on the fire, and was going to make his meal of them. "Good evening, Black-bird," he said, "how are you getting on in your solitude?" "One day's like another," answered the charcoal burner, "and potatoes every evening. Do you want some, and will you be my guest?" "Thanks a lot," answered the traveler, "I won't deprive you of your meal; you weren't counting on a guest. However, if you'll put up with me, let me invite you." "Who's going to prepare it for you?" said the charcoal burner; "I see that you haven't anything with you, and there's no one within a couple of hours of here who could give you anything." "Just the same," he answered, "it'll be a meal better than any you've ever tasted." Thereupon he took his cloth out of the knapsack and spreading it on the ground, said, "Cloth, be laid!" and at once all sorts of good food was there and was as hot as if it had just come from the kitchen. The charcoal burner looked very astonished but didn't have to be asked twice. He helped himself and kept putting bigger and bigger pieces into his black mouth. When they'd finished eating, the charcoal burner smiled contentedly and said, "Listen, I approve of your cloth; it would be just the thing for me in the forest where there's no one to cook anything good for me. I propose an exchange:

over there in the corner is hanging an army knapsack which, true enough, is old and doesn't look like much, but it has marvelous powers. Since, however, I no longer need it, I'm willing to exchange it with you for the cloth." "I must first know what sort of marvelous powers these are," he replied. "I'll tell you," answered the charcoal burner, "every time you rap on it with your hand, a corporal appears with six men armed from head to foot and they'll carry out your every order." "All right," he said, "if you insist, then let's exchange," gave the charcoal burner his cloth, took the knapsack down from the hook, slung it on his back, and said good-bye.

When he'd gone some distance, he wanted to test the magic powers of his knapsack and rapped on it. Immediately the seven war heroes appeared before him, and the corporal said, "What does my lord and master wish?" "March off on the double to the charcoal burner and demand my wishing cloth back." They made a left turn and in no time brought what he'd asked for, having taken it from the charcoal burner without much ado. He bade them withdraw again and went on, hoping to meet with still better fortune. At sundown he came to another collier who was preparing his evening meal by the fire. "Do you want to eat with me?" said the sooty fellow; "potatoes and salt but no drippings. If so, sit down with me." "No," he answered, "this time you shall be my guest," and spread out his cloth, which was at once covered with the finest dishes. They ate and drank together and were in good spirits. After the meal the collier said, "Up there on the roof-tree is an old worn-out cap with strange properties. If one puts it on and turns it around on one's head, culverins go off as if twelve were lined up together and they shoot down everything, so that no one can stand up against them. The cap's no use to me, and I'm quite willing to exchange it for the cloth." "That's a bargain!" he answered, took the cap and, putting it on, left his cloth behind. He'd gone but a short distance before rapping on his knapsack, and his soldiers had to bring him back his cloth. "Nothing succeeds like success," he thought, "and I feel that my good fortune has not yet come to an end." Nor was he wrong in this thought. After walking still another day he came to a third charcoal burner who, like the others, invited him

to a meal of potatoes without drippings. However, he asked the collier to eat with him off his wishing cloth, and the food tasted so good to the latter that in the end he offered him in exchange a horn, which had quite other properties than the cap. When one blew it, all walls and fortifications, indeed, all cities and villages collapsed. True enough, he gave the collier the cloth for it but afterward had his men demand it back, so that finally he had the knapsack, the cap, and the horn. "Now," he said, "I'm a made man, and it's time for me to return home and find out how my brothers are getting along."

By the time he got home, his brothers had built a fine house with their silver and gold and were leading a gay life. He went in, but since he arrived in a half-tattered coat with the shabby cap on his head and the old knapsack on his back, they wouldn't acknowledge him as their brother. They made fun of him, saying, "You claim to be our brother who scorned silver and gold and asked better luck for himself. He'll certainly come in all splendor, driving up as a mighty king and not as a beggar," and they chased him out the door. Then he flew into a rage, rapped on his knapsack till a hundred and fifty men stood lined up before him. He ordered them to surround his brothers' house. Two were to take along hazel rods and tan the two insolent fellows' hides till they knew who he was. There was a frightful uproar: the crowd gathered and wanted to help the two in their plight but could do nothing against the soldiers. Finally a report of this reached the king; he became indignant and had a captain march out with his company and chase the trouble-maker out of town. But the man with the knapsack soon had a larger crew assembled, which repulsed the captain and his soldiers so that they had to retire with bloody noses. "We'll tame this vagabond," said the king and the following day sent a larger detachment against him, but it was able to accomplish even less, for he opposed still greater numbers and, to end the business even quicker, turned his cap around on his head a couple of times. Then the artillery began to come into play, and the king's men were beaten and put to flight. "Now I shan't make peace," he said, "until the king gives me his daughter in marriage and I'm ruling the whole kingdom in his name." He had the king notified of this, and the latter

said to his daughter, "Need will have its way. What can I do but what he demands? If I want to have peace and keep my crown on my head, I must surrender you."

So the wedding was celebrated, but the king's daughter was vexed because her husband was a commoner and wore a shabby cap and had an old knapsack on his back. She'd gladly have been rid of him again and day and night thought how she might bring this about. Then she thought, "Can his magic powers be in the knapsack?" dissembled, and caressed him, and when his heart softened, said, "If only you'd take off the wretched knapsack! It's so unbecoming to you that I can't but be ashamed of you." "Dear child," he answered, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I have it, I fear no power in the world," and confided in her the magic powers with which it was endowed. Then she fell on his neck as if to kiss him but deftly removed the knapsack from his shoulder and ran off with it. As soon as she was alone, she rapped on it and ordered the veterans to arrest their former master and to lead him out of the royal palace. They obeyed, and the false woman had still more men follow him and chase him right out of the country. Now he would have been lost if he hadn't had the cap, but no sooner were his hands free than he waved it a couple of times: at once the guns began to thunder, leveling everything, and the king's daughter had to come herself and beg for mercy. Since she begged so movingly and promised to reform, he let himself be persuaded and granted her peace. She feigned friendliness with him, pretended that she loved him dearly, and after some time succeeded in deluding him so that he confided in her that even if one got hold of his knapsack, the person wouldn't be able to accomplish anything against him so long as the old cap was still his. When she learned the secret, she waited till he was asleep, then took away his cap and had him thrown out in the street. However, he still had the horn left and in great anger blew it with all his might. At once everything collapsed: walls, fortifications, cities, and villages, killing the king and his daughter, and if he hadn't put the horn down and had he blown it just a little longer, everything would have collapsed and not one stone would have remained on top of the other.

Then no one opposed him any longer, and he set himself up as king of the whole realm.

55 Rumpelstilts

Rumpelstilzchen

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a miller who was poor but who had a pretty daughter. By chance he got an opportunity to speak with the king and, in order to make an impression, said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold." "That's a skill I very much like" said the king to the miller. "If your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her tomorrow to my palace, and I'll test her." When the girl was brought to him, he took her into a room full of straw, gave her a spinning wheel and spindle and said, "Now get to work! And if by tomorrow morning you haven't spun this straw into gold, you're doomed to die." Then he personally locked the room, and she was all alone there.

The poor miller's daughter sat there and for the life of her didn't know what to do. She had no idea how to spin straw into gold, and her fear increased until she finally began to weep. Suddenly the door opened, and a little dwarf came in and said, "Good evening, miller's daughter. Why are you weeping so?" "Alas," answered the girl, "I'm supposed to spin straw into gold and don't know how." "What will you give me," said the dwarf, "if I spin it for you?" "My necklace," said the girl. The dwarf took the necklace, sat down at the spinning wheel, and whir, whir, whir, three pulls and the spool was full. Then he put on a second and, whir, whir, whir, three pulls and the second was full, too, and so it went till morning. Then all the straw was spun and all the spools were full of gold. At sunrise the king appeared and, seeing the gold, was amazed and joyful, but his heart grew ever greedier for gold. He had the miller's

daughter taken into another still larger room full of straw and ordered her to spin it, too, in one night, if she valued her life. The girl didn't know what to do and wept. Again the door opened, and the dwarf appeared, saying, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold?" "The ring from my finger," answered the girl. The dwarf took the ring, again began to make the spinning wheel whirl, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold. At the sight of it the king was frightfully happy but still didn't have enough gold and had the miller's daughter taken into an even larger room full of straw, saying, "This room, too, you must spin tonight; if, however, you succeed, you shall be my wife." "Even if she's just a miller's daughter," he thought, "I won't find a richer wife in the whole wide world." When the girl was alone, the dwarf appeared for the third time and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold this time, too?" "I've nothing left that I can give you," answered the girl. "Promise me then your first child, if you become queen." "Who knows how things will turn out," thought the miller's daughter and in her plight, not knowing what to do, promised the dwarf what he asked. In return the dwarf once again spun the straw into gold. In the morning when the king came and found everything as he had desired, he celebrated his wedding with her, and the pretty miller's daughter became a queen.

After a year she brought a fine baby into the world and no longer gave any thought to the dwarf. Then he suddenly came into her room, saying, "Now give me what you promised." The queen was frightened and offered the dwarf all the riches of the kingdom if he'd leave her the child, but the dwarf said, "No, a living being is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world." Then the queen began so to lament and weep that the dwarf took pity on her. "I'll give you three days," he said; "if in that time you know my name, you may keep your child."

The whole night through the queen thought of all the names she'd ever heard and sent a messenger across country to enquire far and wide of any other names there might be. When the dwarf came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, and recited in order all the names she knew, but each time the dwarf would say, "That's not my name." The second day she had enquiries made around in the neighbor-

hood about the names of the people there and recited to the dwarf the strangest and most unusual names. "Is your name by chance Skeleton Beast? or Sheep's Tail? or Boot Lace?" Every time he'd answer, "That's not my name." On the third day the messenger came back and said, "I haven't been able to discover a single new name, but on coming around the corner of the forest to a high mountain, where the fox and the hare say goodnight to one another, I saw a little house with a fire burning outside it and a most ridiculous dwarf hopping around the fire on one foot, crying,

"Today I'm baking, tomorrow I'll brew,
Day after tomorrow I'll fetch the queen's child;
Oh, what a fine thing it is that no one knows
That my name is Rumpelstilts!"

You can imagine the queen's joy on hearing the name, and when the dwarf came in shortly after and asked, "Well, Lady Queen, what's my name?" she asked first, "Is it Conrad?" "No." "Is it Harry?" "No."

"Is it perhaps Rumpelstilts?"

"The Devil told you! the Devil told you!" screamed the dwarf and in his anger drove his right foot so deep into the ground that he went down to his waist. Then in his rage he seized his left foot with both hands and tore himself right in two.

56 Lover Roland

Der liebste Roland

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a woman who was a real witch. She had two daughters: one ugly and bad, whom she loved because she was her own daughter, and one beautiful and good, whom she hated because she was her stepdaughter. On one occasion the stepdaughter had a pretty apron which so took

the other girl's fancy that she grew envious and told her mother that she wanted the apron and had to have it. "Quiet, my child," said the old woman, "you shall have it all right. Your stepsister has long since deserved to die. Tonight when she's asleep, I'll go and cut off her head. Just be careful to lie on the far side of the bed and push her well to the front." The poor girl would have been done for if she hadn't been standing in a corner and overheard everything. She wasn't allowed to go out all that day, and when it was bedtime, the stepsister had to climb into bed first, in order to lie on the far side. But when the stepsister had fallen asleep, she pushed her gently toward the front and took the place on the far side by the wall. In the night the old woman came creeping up: in her right hand she held an ax, with her left first felt around to see if someone really was lying in the front part of the bed. Then she grasped the ax with both hands, swung it, and cut off her own child's head.

When she'd gone away, the girl got up and went to see her lover, whose name was Roland, and knocked at his door, and when he came out, said to him: "Listen, dearest Roland, we must flee in haste; my stepmother intended to kill me but hit her own child. When day breaks and she sees what she's done, we're lost." "Just the same," said Roland, "I advise you first to take away her magic staff, otherwise we shan't be able to save ourselves if she sets after us and pursues us." The girl fetched the magic staff and then took the dead girl's head and let three drops of blood drip on the floor, one by the bed, one in the kitchen, and one on the stairs. Then she hastened off with her lover.

When the old witch got up in the morning, she called her daughter and was going to give her the apron, but she didn't come. Then she called out, "Where are you?" "Why, here on the stairs, sweeping," replied one drop of blood. The old woman went out but saw no one on the stairs and called a second time, "Where are you?" "Why, here in the kitchen, warming myself," cried the second drop of blood. She went into the kitchen but found no one. Then once again she called out, "Where are you?" "Why, here in bed, sleeping," cried the third drop of blood. She went into the room to the bed. What did she see there! Her own child swimming in her blood, whose head she herself had cut off.

The old witch fell into a rage and rushed to the window and since she was able to see far into the world, spied her step-daughter hurrying away with her lover Roland. "That will do you two no good," she cried; "though you're already far away, even so you won't escape me." She put on her seven-league boots, in which she covered a league with every step, and it wasn't long before she'd overtaken them both. However, on seeing the old woman striding along, the girl with the witch's staff changed her lover Roland into a lake and herself into a duck swimming in the middle of it. The witch took up a position on the shore, threw in bits of bread, and did her best to lure the duck. But the duck wouldn't be lured, and in the evening the old woman had to go back home, having accomplished nothing. Then the girl and her lover Roland resumed their natural forms and went on all night until daybreak. Then the girl changed herself into a beautiful flower blooming in the middle of a hawthorn hedge and her lover Roland into a fiddler. Not long till the witch came striding up and said to the fiddler, "Dear fiddler, may I please pluck the pretty flower?" "Why, yes," he answered, "I'll strike up a tune while you're doing it." As she hurriedly crept into the hedge to pluck the flower—for she well knew who the flower was—he began to play a tune and, willy-nilly, she couldn't help dancing, for it was a magic dance tune [cp. No. 110]. The faster he played, the more violently she had to jump about, and the thorns tore off her clothes, pricked her till she was bloody and wounded, and since he didn't stop, she had to dance till she lay dead.

Once they were freed, Roland said, "Now I'm going to my father and arrange for the wedding." "Then I'll stay here in the meantime and wait for you," said the girl, "and so that no one may recognize me, I'll change myself into a red field stone." Then Roland went off, and the girl lay in the field in the form of a red stone and waited for her lover. But when Roland got home, he fell into the toils of another woman, who made him forget the girl. The poor girl stayed there a long time, but when finally he didn't come back and didn't come back, she grew sad and changed herself into a flower, thinking, "Someone will probably come along and trample me down."

Now a shepherd was by chance tending his sheep in the field and saw the flower and, because it was so beautiful, plucked it,

took it with him, and put it in his box. From that time queer things went on in the shepherd's house. On getting up in the morning he'd find that all the work had already been done, the room swept, table and benches dusted, the fire laid on the hearth, and the water drawn, and when he'd come home at noon, the table would be set and a good meal served. He couldn't imagine how that happened, for he never saw a human being in his house, nor could anyone have hidden himself in the little hut. Quite true, he liked this good service, but finally he got frightened and, going to a wise woman, sought her advice. The wise woman said, "There's magic back of this. Just look some morning very early and see whether anything's moving about in the room. If you see anything, no matter what, quickly throw a white cloth over it; then the magic will be checked." The shepherd did as she said, and next morning at daybreak he saw the chest open of itself and the flower come out. He rushed up to it quickly and threw a white cloth over it. At once the transformation was at an end and before him stood a beautiful girl, who confessed that she'd been the flower and up to that moment had been keeping house for him. She told him her fate, and because he liked her, he asked her whether she'd marry him. But she answered no, for she intended to remain faithful to her lover Roland though he had forsaken her. However, she promised not to go away and said she'd continue to keep house for him.

Now the time came when Roland was to celebrate his wedding. Then, according to old custom it was proclaimed throughout the land that all girls should present themselves and sing in honor of the bridal couple. On hearing this the faithful girl grew so sad that she thought her heart would break. She didn't want to go, but the others came and took her along. When it was her turn to sing, she hung back, until she was the only one left, and then there was nothing for her to do but sing. When she began her song and it reached Roland's ears, he jumped up, crying, "I know that voice; that is the right bride; I want no other." Everything he'd forgotten and that had slipped from his mind had suddenly come back to him. Then the faithful girl celebrated her wedding with her lover Roland; her suffering was now at an end and her joy began.

57 The Gold Bird

Der goldene Vogel

IN OLDEN TIMES there was a king who had beautiful grounds behind his palace. In the grounds stood a tree which bore gold apples. When the apples got ripe, they were counted, but the very next morning one was missing. This was reported to the king, and he ordered that watch be kept under the tree every night. The king had three sons, and as night came on, he sent the eldest to the garden. When it was midnight he couldn't fight off sleep, and the following morning another apple was again missing. The next night the second son had to mount watch but fared no better. When it struck twelve, he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was missing. Now it was the third son's turn to stand watch. He, too, was quite willing, but the king didn't have much confidence in him, thinking that he'd accomplish even less than his brothers. Finally, however, he gave his permission, so the youth lay down under the tree, kept watch, and didn't let sleep overpower him. When it struck twelve, something rustled in the air, and in the light of the moon he saw a bird flying along whose feathers shone with solid gold. The bird lighted on the tree and had just pecked off an apple when the youth shot an arrow at it. The bird flew away, but the arrow had struck its plumage, and one of its gold feathers dropped down. The youth picked it up, took it next morning to the king, and told him what he'd seen in the night. The king assembled his council, and everyone declared that a feather like this was worth more than the whole kingdom. "If the feather is so precious," said the king, "I shan't be satisfied with just one but will and must have the whole bird."

The eldest son set out, trusting to his cleverness, and thought he'd surely find the gold bird. When he'd gone some distance,

he saw a fox sitting by the edge of the forest and, leveling his gun, took aim at it. "If you don't shoot me," cried the fox, "I'll give you a good piece of advice in return. You're on your way to the gold bird and this evening you'll come to a village where two inns face one another. One will be brightly lighted and fun will be going on there. Don't turn in there but go into the other, even though it's of mean appearance." "How can such a silly creature be giving me sensible advice?" thought the king's son, and pulled the trigger. But he missed the fox, which, straightening out its tail, ran quickly into the forest. Then he continued on his way and in the evening came to the village with the two inns. In one there was singing and dancing, while the other had a poor and sorry appearance. "I'd certainly be a fool," he thought, "if I went into the shabby inn and avoided the fine one." So he entered the gay inn, led a merry life there, and forgot the bird, his father, and all good advice.

When some time had passed and the eldest son didn't come home and didn't come home, the second son set out to look for the gold bird. Like the eldest he met the fox, who gave him the good advice, which he didn't heed. He came to the two inns, at the window of one of which his brother was standing and from which the noise of revelry resounded. His brother called out to him, and he couldn't resist the temptation, went in, and did nothing but gratify his desires.

Again some time passed. Then the king's youngest son wanted to set out and try his luck. But his father wouldn't allow it, saying, "It's useless; he's even less likely to find the gold bird than his brothers, and if he meets with an accident, he won't know what to do. He hasn't got it in him." Finally, however, when the boy left him no peace, he let him set out. Again the fox was sitting outside the forest, begged for its life, and gave the good piece of advice. The youth was goodhearted and said, "Don't worry, little fox, I won't hurt you." "You won't regret it," answered the fox, "and, to get on faster, climb onto my tail." No sooner had he sat down than the fox began to race at full speed, so that the wind whistled through his hair. When they came to the village, the youth got off, acted on the good advice, and without looking about, went into the mean inn, where he quietly spent the night.

Next morning when he came out into the field, the fox was

already sitting there and said, "I'm going to tell you what else you've got to do. Keep going straight on; finally you'll reach a palace before which a whole troop of soldiers will be lying. However, pay no attention to them, for they will all be sleeping and snoring. Walk right through them and straight into the palace. Go through all the rooms, and finally you'll reach a chamber where there's a gold bird in a wooden cage. Beside it is an empty gold cage just there as an ornament, but be careful not to take the bird out of its poor cage and put it in the splendid cage, otherwise you'll come to grief." After these words the fox again straightened out its tail and the king's son sat down on it; then they raced at full speed, so that the wind whistled through his hair. Arriving at the palace, he found everything as the fox had said. The king's son came to the chamber where the gold bird was in the wooden cage while a gold cage stood beside it, and three golden apples were lying about in the room. He thought it would be ridiculous to leave the beautiful bird in the mean and ugly cage, opened the cage door, took hold of it, and put it in the gold cage. At that very moment, however, the bird uttered a piercing cry. The soldiers awoke, rushed in, and took him off to prison. Next morning he was brought to trial and, since he confessed to everything, was sentenced to death. But the king said he'd grant him his life on the condition that he'd fetch him the gold horse which was swifter than the wind; in that case he should receive as a reward the gold bird in addition to his life.

The king's son set out, but he sighed and was sad, for where would he find the gold horse? All of a sudden he saw his old friend the fox sitting by the wayside. "You see," said the fox, "it happened that way because you didn't listen to me. But take heart, I'll champion your cause and tell you how to get to the gold horse. You must go straight ahead and you'll come to a palace where the horse is stabled. The grooms will be lying outside the stable but will be sleeping and snoring, and you may take the gold horse right out. But you must be careful about one thing: put the mean wood and leather saddle on it, not the gold saddle which is hanging near by, otherwise you'll get into trouble." Then the fox straightened out its tail, the king's son sat down on it, and off they raced at full speed, so that the wind whistled through his hair. Everything happened

as the fox had said: he went into the stable where the gold horse was standing, but when he was about to put the mean saddle on it, he thought, "A beautiful animal like that will be insulted if I don't put on the fine saddle to which it's entitled." But scarcely had the gold saddle touched the horse than it began to neigh loudly. The grooms woke up, seized the youth, and threw him into prison. Next morning he was sentenced to death by the court, but the king promised to grant him his life and the gold horse in the bargain if he could fetch the beautiful princess from the gold palace.

With heavy heart the youth set out but by good luck soon found the faithful fox. "I should now abandon you to your misfortune," said the fox, "but I'm sorry for you and once more will help you out of your difficulty. Your way leads straight to the gold palace. You'll arrive there in the evening, and at night when all is still, the beautiful princess will go to the bathhouse to take her bath there. When she goes in, rush at her and give her a kiss; then she'll follow you, and you'll be able to take her away with you. But don't think of letting her first take leave of her parents, otherwise you'll get into trouble." Then the fox straightened out its tail, the king's son sat down on it, and off they raced at full speed, so that the wind whistled through his hair. When he got to the gold palace, it was as the fox had said. He waited till about midnight when everybody was fast asleep and the fair damsel went to the bathhouse; then he rushed out and gave her a kiss. She said she'd gladly go with him but implored him with tears in her eyes to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he resisted her request, but when she kept on weeping and fell at his feet, he finally gave in. No sooner had the damsel stepped up to her father's bedside than the latter and everybody else in the palace woke up, and the youth was arrested and put in prison.

Next morning the king said to him, "Your life is forfeit, and you'll be pardoned only if you remove the mountain which is before my windows and blocks my view, and that you must accomplish within eight days. If you succeed, you shall have my daughter as a reward." The king's son set to work, dug and shoveled unceasingly, but when after seven days he saw how little he'd accomplished and that all his labor amounted to so much as nothing, he fell into a state of great depression and

gave up all hope. In the evening of the seventh day, however, the fox appeared and said, "You don't deserve my championing your cause; all the same, just go over there and go to sleep. I'll do the work for you." Next morning when he woke up and looked out the window, the mountain had disappeared. Joyfully the youth went to the king and reported that his condition had been fulfilled, and whether he would or no, the king had to keep his word and give him his daughter.

The two set out together, and before long the faithful fox joined them. "True enough, you've got the best thing," it said, "but with the damsel from the gold castle goes the gold horse, too." "How am I to get that?" asked the youth, "I'll tell you," answered the fox, "first of all take the fair damsel to the king who sent you to the gold castle. There'll be tremendous rejoicing; they'll gladly give you the gold horse and will lead it out to you. Mount it at once and shake everybody's hand good-bye, last of all the fair damsel's. When you've got hold of her, pull her up in one motion and race away. No one will be able to overtake you, for the horse is swifter than the wind."

Everything was accomplished successfully, and the king's son took the fair damsel away on the gold horse. The fox didn't stay behind but said to the youth, "Now I'll help you get the gold bird, too. When you're close to the palace where the bird is, have the damsel dismount, and I'll take her under my protection. Then ride the gold horse into the palace yard. On seeing this there will be great rejoicing, and they'll bring you out the gold bird. When you have the cage in your hand, race back to us and take the damsel away with you again." When the plan had succeeded and the king's son was about to ride home with his treasures, the fox said, "Now you are to reward me for my help." "What do you demand for that?" said the youth. "When we reach the forest over there, shoot me dead and cut off my head and my paws." "That would be a fine expression of gratitude," said the king's son, "I can't possibly grant you that." "If you won't do it," said the fox, "then I must leave you. But before I go, I'll give you a good piece of advice. Beware of two things: don't ransom anybody from the gallows and don't sit down on the edge of any well." With that it ran into the forest.

The youth thought, "That's a queer animal with strange no-

tions. Who'd ransom a man from the gallows! And I've never had the slightest desire to sit down on the edge of a well." He rode on with the fair damsel, and his way again led him through the village where his two brothers had stayed. There was a great noise and uproar there, and when he asked what the matter was, they said that two people were to be hanged. On coming nearer he saw that they were his two brothers who had been up to all sorts of bad tricks and had squandered all their possessions. He asked if there wasn't some way to ransom them. "If you're willing to pay for them," answered the people, "but why should you want to waste your money on these evil-doers and ransom them?" However, he didn't hesitate, bought them off, and when they'd been released, they continued their journey in company.

They came to a forest where they'd first met the fox, and since it was cool and pleasant there and the sun very hot, the two brothers said, "Let's rest here a bit by the well and eat and drink." He agreed and in the course of the conversation forgot himself and sat down on the edge of the well, suspecting no harm. But the two brothers pushed him backward into the well, took the damsel, the horse, and the bird, and rode home to their father. "Here we're bringing not only the gold bird," they said, "but we've also got the gold horse and the damsel from the gold palace." There was great rejoicing, but the horse didn't eat, the bird didn't sing, and the damsel sat and wept.

The youngest brother had not perished, however. Fortunately the well was dry, and he landed on soft moss without being hurt, though he couldn't get out again. Even in this predicament the faithful fox didn't desert him but jumped down to where he was and scolded him for having forgotten his advice. "Nevertheless, I can't leave it at that," it said, "I'll help you to the light of day again." It told him to take hold of its tail and to hold onto it tight, and then it pulled him out. "Even now you're not altogether out of danger," said the fox. "Your brothers weren't certain of your death and all around the forest have mounted guards who are to kill you if you show yourself." A poor man was sitting by the wayside, with whom the youth changed clothes and thus reached the king's court. No one recognized him, but the bird began to sing, the horse to eat, and the fair damsel stopped weeping. Astonished, the king asked,

"What can that mean?" The damsel said, "I don't know, but I was so sad and now I'm so happy. I feel as though my true bridegroom had come." She told him all that had happened, though the other brothers had threatened her with death should she give anything away. The king ordered all the people in the palace to be brought into his presence, and the youth, too, came in his ragged clothes in the guise of a poor beggar. The damsel, however, recognized him at once and fell on his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and executed, while he was married to the fair damsel and named the king's heir.

But what happened to the poor fox? A long time afterward the king's son once again went into the forest where he met the fox, who said, "Now you have everything you can wish for, but to my misfortune there's no end, and yet it's in your power to unspell me." Once again it implored him to shoot it and to cut off its head and its paws. Accordingly he did so, and no sooner was it done than the fox turned into a man and was none other than the brother of the fair princess, freed at last from the spell under which he'd lain. And now there was no limit to their happiness as long as they lived.

58 The Dog and the Sparrow

Der Hund und der Sperling

THERE WAS A SHEEPDOG whose master was unkind and let it starve. When it could stand it with him no longer, it went away very sad. On the highway it met a sparrow, which said, "Brother dog, why are you so sad?" "I'm hungry," answered the dog, "and have nothing to eat." Then the sparrow said, "Dear brother, come along with me to town, and I'll see that you get enough," so together they went to town. When they were outside a butcher's shop, the sparrow said to the dog, "Stay here and I'll peck a piece of meat down for you," settled on the counter, looked about to see whether anybody was noticing it, and

pecked and pulled and tugged so long at a piece of meat lying near the edge that it slid off. Then the dog seized it, ran into a corner, and ate it up. "Now come along with me to another shop," said the sparrow, "and I'll pull down a second piece for you, so that you may have enough." When the dog had eaten the second piece, too, the sparrow asked, "Brother dog, have you all you want?" "Yes, indeed, as far as meat is concerned," it answered, "but I haven't had any bread yet." "You shall have that, too," said the sparrow, "just come along." The sparrow led it to a baker's shop and pecked at a couple of rolls till they rolled down, and when the dog wanted still more, led it to another shop and again got down some bread for it to eat. When that was eaten up, the sparrow said, "Brother dog, have you had all you want?" "Yes," it replied, "now let's take a little walk outside the town."

Then the two walked out on the highway. The weather was warm, and when they had gone on a bit, the dog said, "I'm tired and should very much like to sleep." "All right, just go to sleep," answered the sparrow, "meanwhile I'll perch on a twig." So the dog lay down on the highway and fell fast asleep. As it lay and slept, a carter came along with a cart drawn by three horses and loaded with two casks of wine. The sparrow saw that he wasn't going to turn out but that he was staying in the rut in which the dog was lying, so it cried out, "Carter, don't do that, or I'll make a poor man of you." But the carter grumbled to himself, "You won't make a poor man of me," cracked his whip and drove the cart over the dog, so that it was killed by the wheels. Then the sparrow cried, "You've run over my brother dog and killed it; that will cost you your cart and your nag." "Just fancy! cart and nag!" said the carter, "how could you hurt me?" and went on. The sparrow crept under the tarpaulin and pecked at one of the bungholes till it got the bung loose, and all the wine ran out without the carter noticing it. But once when he looked back, he saw that the cart was dripping, examined the casks, and found one of them empty. "Alas, poor me!" he exclaimed. "Not poor enough yet," said the sparrow and lighting on the head of one of the horses, pecked out its eyes. When the carter saw that, he pulled out his pickax and was about to hit the sparrow, but the sparrow flew up, and the carter hit his horse on the head so that it fell down dead. "Alas,

poor me!" he cried out. "Not poor enough yet," said the sparrow and, when the carter went on with the two horses, again crept under the tarpaulin and pecked loose the bung of the second cask, too, so that all the wine slopped out. When he noticed this, the carter again exclaimed, "Alas, poor me!" but the sparrow answered, "Not yet poor enough," lighted on the head of the second horse and pecked its eyes out. The carter ran up and aimed a blow at it with his pickax, but the sparrow flew up, and the blow hit the horse so that it dropped dead. "Alas, poor me!" "Not poor enough yet," said the sparrow and, lighting on the head of the third horse, pecked at its eyes. In his anger the carter, without looking, aimed a blow at the sparrow, missed it, however, and killed his third horse, too. "Alas, poor me!" he cried out. "Not poor enough yet," exclaimed the sparrow, "now I'm going to ruin you at home," and flew away.

The carter had to leave the cart and went home full of rage and anger. "Alas!" he said to his wife, "what terrible luck I've had! The wine ran out, and all three horses are dead." "Alas, husband," she said, "what wretched bird has flown into our house! It's collected all the birds in the world, and they've lighted on our wheat up there and are eating it up." Then he climbed up, and thousands upon thousands of birds were sitting in the loft and had been eating up the wheat, and the sparrow was sitting in their midst. Then the carter cried, "Alas, poor me!" "Not yet poor enough," answered the sparrow, "it'll even cost you your life, carter," and flew out.

Since the carter had lost all his property, he went down into his sitting room, sat down behind the stove, and was in a poisonous mood. The sparrow, however, was sitting outside the window and cried, "Carter, it'll cost you your life." Then the carter seized the pickax and threw it at the sparrow but all he did was to break the windowpanes without hitting the bird. Then the sparrow hopped into the room, lighted on the stove, and cried, "Carter, it'll cost you your life." The latter, beside himself with blind rage, smashed the stove to pieces, and as fast as the sparrow flew from one spot to another, he smashed all his furniture: mirror, benches, table, and finally the walls in his house, but couldn't hit it. Finally, however, he caught it in his hand. Then his wife said, "Shall I kill it?" "No," he cried, "that would be too mild; it shall die a much more cruel death;

I'm going to swallow it," took it and swallowed it in one gulp. But the sparrow began to flutter inside him, fluttered up again into the man's mouth, then sticking out its head cried, "Carter, it'll cost you your life!" The carter handed his wife the pickax and said, "Wife, kill the bird in my mouth." The wife aimed a blow but missed and hit the carter right on the head, so that he dropped dead.

The sparrow, however, flew up and away.

59 Freddy and Katy Lizzy

Der Frieder und das Katherlieschen

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN whose name was Freddy and a woman whose name was Katy Lizzy. They were married and were living together as a young married couple. One day Freddy said, "Now I'm going out to the field, Katy Lizzy; when I get back, there must be something fried on the table to satisfy my hunger, also a cool drink to quench my thirst." "Go right along, Freddy dear," answered Katy Lizzy, "go right along; everything will be fixed up for you, of course." As mealtime drew near, she took a sausage from the chimney, put it in a frying pan, added butter, and set it on the fire. The sausage started frying and sizzling while Katy Lizzy stood there holding the pan handle, plunged in thought. Then she had a bright idea. "While the sausage is cooking, you might go down cellar and draw the drink," so she propped up the handle, took a jug, went down cellar, and drew the beer. The beer ran into the jug and Katy Lizzy looked on. Then she thought, "Look here, the dog upstairs hasn't been shut up; it might get the sausage out of the pan—that's what!" and was up the cellar stairs in a jiffy. But her spitz already had the sausage in its mouth and was dragging it off along the floor. Katy Lizzy, however, slow about nothing, went after it and chased it some distance into the fields. Nevertheless the dog was quicker than she, didn't drop the sausage

but skipped off across the fields. "No use crying over spilt milk," said Katy Lizzy, turned about and since she'd got tired running, walked good and slow and cooled herself off. Meanwhile the beer had been running out of the keg, for Katy Lizzy hadn't turned off the spigot, and when the jug was full and there was no more room for it, it ran into the cellar and didn't stop till the whole keg was quite empty. While still on the stairs Katy Lizzy saw the accident. "Oh, bother!" she cried, "what can you do so that Freddy won't notice it?" She thought a while and finally remembered that a sack of fine wheat flour, bought at the last fair, was still up in the loft, and planned to fetch it down and sprinkle it over the beer. "Indeed," she said, "a stitch in time saves nine," went up to the loft, brought down the sack, and threw it right on the jug full of beer, so that it upset and Freddy's drink, too, was swimming about in the cellar. "That's quite all right," said Katy Lizzy, "the two belong together," and sprinkled the flour all over the cellar. When she had done, she was highly pleased with her work and said, "How clean and neat it looks here now."

At noon Freddy came home. "Well, wife, what have you got for me?" "Oh, Freddy," she answered, "I was going to fry a sausage for you, but while I was drawing the beer to go with it, the dog got it out of the pan, and while I was running after the dog, the beer ran out, and as I was about to dry up the beer with the flour, I upset the jug, too. But don't worry, the cellar is quite dry again." "Katy Lizzy, Katy Lizzy!" said Freddy, "you shouldn't have done that—let the sausage be run away with and the beer run out of the keg and on top of it all throw our fine flour away." "Why, Freddy, I didn't know that; you ought to have told me."

The husband thought, "If your wife is like that, you must watch out better." He'd saved up a tidy sum in silver dollars, which he changed into gold and said to Katy Lizzy, "Look here, these are yellow chicks. I'm going to put them in a pot and bury them in the stable under the cow manger. See to it that you keep away from them or you'll get into trouble." "No, Freddy dear," she said, "I certainly won't touch them." When Freddy had gone, some hucksters with earthenware bowls and pots for sale came into the village and enquired at the young woman's whether she hadn't anything to trade. "Alas, good

people," said Katy Lizzy, "I haven't any money and can't buy anything, but if you can use some yellow chicks, of course I'll buy something." "Yellow chicks, why not? Let's see them." "Well, go into the stable and dig under the manger, then you'll find the yellow chicks. I mayn't go along with you." The rogues went there, dug, and found just gold, with which they went off, leaving pots and bowls behind in the house. Katy Lizzy thought she ought to make some use of the new kitchenware, but because there was already plenty of that in the kitchen, she knocked the bottom out of every pot and then put them as ornaments on the fence palings around the house. When Freddy came and saw the new ornaments, he said, "Katy Lizzy, what have you been doing?" "I bought it, Freddy dear, with the yellow chicks that were under the manger. I didn't go there myself; the hucksters had to dig them up for themselves." "Oh, wife," said Freddy, "what have you done! Those weren't chicks. It was solid gold and was our whole fortune! You shouldn't have done that." "Yes, Freddy dear," she answered, "but I didn't know that; you ought to have told me beforehand."

Katy Lizzy stood a while thinking, then said, "Listen, Freddy dear, we'll get the gold back all right. We'll run after the thieves." "Come along then," said Freddy, "and let's try it. However, take some butter and cheese so we'll have something to eat on the way." "Yes, Freddy dear, I'll bring some along." They set out, and because Freddy was the faster walker, Katy Lizzy trailed behind him. "That's in my favor," she thought, "when we turn around, I'll have a head start." They came to a hill with deep ruts on both sides of the road. "Just look," said Katy Lizzy, "how they've torn, ground down, and oppressed the poor Earth! It won't recover as long as it lives!" Out of pity of heart she got out the butter and greased the ruts right and left, so that they wouldn't suffer so much from the wheels, and while she was stooping over in her work of charity, a cheese rolled out of her pocket and down hill. "I've climbed up the hill once," said Katy Lizzy, "and I'm not going down again; let another cheese run and fetch it back." So she took another cheese and rolled it down. The cheeses, however, didn't come back, and she let a third roll down, thinking, "Perhaps they're wating for company and don't like to walk alone." When all

three failed to come back, she said, "I don't know what that means, but it's possible that the third missed the way and went astray. I'll just dispatch the fourth to call them back." But the fourth fared no better than the third. Then Katy Lizzy lost her temper and threw the fifth and sixth down, too, and they were the last. She stopped for a while, waiting for them to come back, but when they didn't come and didn't come, she said, "Oh, you're just the right messengers to send to fetch Death; you're so slow coming! Do you think I'll wait for you any longer? I'm going along and you may come after me; your legs are younger than mine." Katy Lizzy went on and found Freddy, who'd stopped and was waiting, because he very much wanted something to eat. "Now let's have what you've brought along." So she handed him the dry bread. "Where's the butter and cheese?" asked her husband. "Oh, Freddy," said Katy Lizzy, "I greased the ruts with butter, and the cheeses will be along soon; one of them ran away from me, and then I sent the others after it to call it." "You shouldn't have done that, Katy Lizzy," said Freddy, "greasing the road with butter and rolling the cheeses down hill." "Yes, Freddy dear, but you ought to have told me."

They both ate the dry bread, and Freddy said, "Katy Lizzy, did you lock up the house when you left?" "No, Freddy, you ought to have told me beforehand." "Then go home again and lock up the house before we go any farther. Also bring along something else for us to eat. I'll wait for you here." On her return, Katy Lizzy thought, "Freddy will want to eat something else; he certainly doesn't like butter and cheese, so I'll bring along some dried fruit and a jug of vinegar to drink." Then she bolted the upper half of the door but took the lower half off the hinges and shouldered it, thinking, if she'd put the door in safekeeping, that the house couldn't but be well guarded. Katy Lizzy took her time walking back, thinking, "Freddy will have all the more time to rest up in." When she'd rejoined him, she said, "There, Freddy, here you have the front door! Now you can lock up the house yourself." "Good heavens!" he said, "what a clever wife I've got! She takes the lower half of the door off the hinges so that everybody can walk in, and bolts the upper half! Now it's too late to go home again, but since you brought the door

here, you shall carry it the rest of the way yourself." "I'll carry the door, Freddy, but the dried fruit and the jug of vinegar are getting too heavy for me. I'll hang them on the door and the door can carry them."

Now they went into the forest to look for the rogues but didn't find them, and because it was at last getting dark, they climbed a tree and were going to spend the night there. No sooner were they up in it than some fellows came along, the kind who carry off what doesn't want to go along and who find things before they are lost. They settled down right under the very tree in whose branches Freddy and Katy Lizzy were sitting, made themselves a fire, and were about to divide their booty. Freddy climbed down the other side and collected stones, then climbed up again and was going to stone the rogues to death, but the stones missed the mark, and the rogues called out, "It's nearly morning and the wind is shaking down the pine cones." Katy Lizzy still had the door on her shoulder, and since it pressed on her so, she thought that the dried fruit was to blame and said, "Freddy, I've got to throw down the dried fruit." "No, Katy Lizzy, not now," he answered, "it might give us away." "Oh, Freddy, I must! it's far too heavy for me." "Well, do it then in the Devil's name!" Then the dried fruit rolled down through the branches, and the fellows below said, "That's bird droppings." After a while, since the door still pressed on her, Katy Lizzy said, "Oh, Freddy, I've got to pour the vinegar out." "No, Katy Lizzy, you mustn't do that; it might give us away." "Oh, Freddy, I must! it's far too heavy for me." "Well, do it then in the Devil's name!" Then she poured out the vinegar so that it splattered on the fellows, who said to one another, "The dew is already falling." Finally Katy Lizzy thought, "Could it be the door that's so heavy?" and said, "Freddy, I've got to throw the door down." "No, Katy Lizzy, not now, it might give us away." "Oh, Freddy, I must! it's far too heavy for me." "No, Katy Lizzy, hold on tight to it." "Oh, Freddy, I'm dropping it!" "All right," answered Freddy angrily, "then drop it in the Devil's name!" Then it fell down with a crash, and the fellows below cried out, "The Devil is coming down the tree," and took to their heels, leaving everything behind. In the morning when the two climbed down the tree, they found all their gold again and brought it home.

When they were back home, Freddy said, "Katy Lizzy, now you've got to be industrious and work hard." "Yes, Freddy, of course I shall. I'm going into the field and mow the grain." When Katy Lizzy was out in the field, she said to herself, "Shall I eat before reaping or sleep before reaping? Well, I'd rather eat." Then Katy Lizzy ate, and as she ate she grew sleepy and began to mow and half dreaming mowed up all her clothes, apron, skirt, and shirt. When Katy Lizzy woke up again after a long nap, she stood there half naked and said to herself, "Is it me or isn't it me? Alas, it, isn't me!" Meanwhile night had come on, and Katy Lizzy went to the village, knocked at her husband's window, and called out, "Freddy." "What's the matter?" "I'd like to know whether Katy Lizzy is in." "Yes," answered Freddy, "probably she's in and asleep." "All right," she said, "then I'm surely at home already," and ran off.

Outside Katy Lizzy ran into some rogues who were out to steal. She joined them, saying, "I want to help you steal." The rogues thought that she must know the lay of the land and liked the idea. Katy Lizzy went up to the houses, calling out, "You people, have you got anything? We want to steal." Then the rogues thought, "That's a fine way to do!" and wishing they were rid of Katy Lizzy, said to her, "There are turnips in the parson's field outside the village. Go there and pull us some." Katy Lizzy went out into the country and began to pull turnips, but she was so lazy that she didn't pick them up. A man passing by saw her and stopped, thinking it was the Devil rooting about like that in the turnips. He ran to the village to the parson and said, "Parson, the Devil is in your beet field pulling up the turnips." "Good gracious!" answered the parson, "I've a lame foot and can't go out and exorcise him." "I'll carry you piggy-back," said the man and carried him out that way. When they got to the field, Katy Lizzy straightened herself up. "Ah, the Devil!" cried the parson, and both hurried off, and in his great fright the parson was able to run faster with his lame foot than the man with sound legs who'd carried him piggy-back.

60 The Two Brothers

Die zwei Brüder

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. The rich brother was a goldsmith and of evil disposition; the poor brother, who earned his living making brooms, was good and honest. The poor brother had two children, twin brothers who were as like as two peas. From time to time the two boys would go to the rich uncle's house and once in a while would get something to eat from the scraps. Now the poor man, when going into the forest to gather faggots, happened to see a bird that was of solid gold and more beautiful than any he'd ever laid eyes on before. He picked up a pebble, threw it at it, and was lucky enough to hit it. However, only one gold feather dropped down, and the bird flew away. The man took the feather and brought it to his brother, who, looking at it, said, "It's solid gold," and gave him a lot of money for it. Next day the man was climbing a birch tree to cut a few branches; then the same bird flew out of it, and after a search the man found a nest with an egg in it, and the egg was of gold. He took the egg home and showed it to his brother, who again said, "It's solid gold," and gave him what it was worth. Finally the goldsmith said, "I'd certainly like to have the bird itself!" The poor man went a third time into the forest and again saw the gold bird sitting in a tree. He picked up a stone, brought the bird down, and took it to his brother, who gave him a whole lot of money for it. "Now I've enough to get along on," thought the poor man and went home content.

The goldsmith was clever and guileful and well knew what kind of bird it was. He called his wife and said, "Roast me the gold bird and see to it that no part of it is lost. I want to eat it all myself." Now this was no ordinary bird but was of such marvelous power that whoever ate its heart and liver would find a gold piece under his pillow every morning. The wife pre-

pared the bird, put it on a spit, and roasted it. While it was on the fire and the woman by chance had to leave the kitchen on account of other work, the poor broommaker's two children came in, stopped before the spit and gave it a couple of turns, and since just then two little pieces dropped out of the bird into the pan, one of them said, "Let's eat the two little pieces. I'm so hungry, and no one will notice it." Then both ate the two pieces. The woman came along, however, and seeing them eating something, said, "What have you been eating?" "A couple of pieces that dropped out of the bird," they answered. "That was the heart and liver," said the woman terribly frightened, and that her husband shouldn't miss them and get angry, she quickly killed a cockerel, took out its heart and liver, and put them in the gold bird. When the bird was done, she served it to the goldsmith, who ate it all himself and left nothing. The following morning, however, when he reached under his pillow expecting to fetch out the gold piece, there was no more there than any other time.

The two children didn't know what their good fortune was. Next morning when they got up, something fell to the ground with a ringing sound, and when they picked it up, there were two gold pieces. They took them to their father, who, astonished, said, "How can this have happened?" When the next morning they again found two gold pieces and every day the same, he went to his brother and told him the strange story. The goldsmith knew at once how this had come about and that the children had eaten the gold bird's heart and liver, and in order to avenge himself and because he was envious and hardhearted, he said to the father, "Your children are in league with the Evil One. Don't take the gold and don't tolerate them any longer in your house, for he has a hold on them and may bring you yourself to damnation." The father was afraid of the Evil One and, hard as it was for him, took the twins out into the forest and sad of heart left them there.

Now the two children ran about in the forest, tried to find the way home but couldn't find it, and went farther and farther astray. Finally they met a huntsman, who asked, "Whose children are you?" "We're the poor broommaker's boys," they answered and told him that their father didn't want to keep them at home any longer because every morning there was a

gold piece under their pillows. "Well," said the huntsman, "that isn't really anything terrible as long as you remain honest and don't turn into lazybones." Since he liked the children and had none of his own, the good man took them home with him, saying, "I'm willing to be your father and bring you up." He taught them hunting and, in case they might need them in the future, saved for them the gold piece that each found on getting up in the morning.

When they were grown up, their foster father one day took them along with him into the forest and said, "Today you're to shoot your final test so that I may release you from your apprenticeship and declare you huntsmen." They went along with him to the hunting station and waited a long time, but no game appeared. The huntsman looked up and seeing a flock of snow-geese flying in a triangle, said to one of them, "Bring down one from each corner," and the boy was successful in his final test. Soon after another formation came flying along in the shape of a figure two; then the huntsman had the other boy likewise bring down one bird from each corner, and his final test was successful, too. Then the foster father said, "I release you; you're accomplished huntsmen." Then the two brothers went into the forest together, took counsel, and came to an agreement. When that evening they sat down to supper, they said to their foster father, "We shan't touch the food or eat a morsel until you grant us one request." "What is your request?" he said. "We've now mastered our craft," they answered, "and must try our skill out in the wide world, too; so give us leave to depart and go our way." Joyfully the old man said, "You're speaking like good huntsmen. What you ask is just what I've been wishing. Go forth and you'll get on well." Then they ate and drank happily together.

When the appointed day arrived, the foster father gave them each a good gun and a dog and had each take as much as he wanted of the gold pieces that had been saved up from his share. He went with them for a bit of the way and, when he said good-bye, gave them a bright and shiny knife, saying, "If ever you separate, be sure to drive the knife into a tree at the parting of your ways. Then if one comes back, he'll be able to see how his absent brother has fared, for the side of the blade facing the way either of you goes will rust if he dies but will stay shiny

as long as he's alive." The two brothers kept on and on and got into a forest so large that they couldn't possibly get out of it in one day, so they spent the night there, eating what they'd put in the hunting pouches. They went on a second day, too, without getting out. Since they had nothing to eat, one of them said, "We've got to shoot something, otherwise we'll go hungry," loaded his gun and looked about. When an old hare came running by, he raised his gun, but the hare cried out,

"Dear huntsman, let me live
And I'll even give you two of my young."

Forthwith it hopped into the bushes and fetched two of its young. However, the little animals played so gaily and were so nice that the huntsmen hadn't the heart to kill them, so they kept them, and the little hares followed at their heels. Soon after a fox slunk by. They were about to shoot it, but the fox called out,

"Dear huntsman, let me live
And I'll even give you two of my young."

It, likewise, brought two fox cubs, which the huntsmen didn't want to kill, either, but added them to the hares for company and they followed them. Not long after a wolf came out of the thicket. The huntsmen aimed at it, but the wolf cried,

"Dear huntsman, let me live
And I'll even give you two of my young."

The huntsmen added the two wolf cubs to the other animals, and they went along with them. Then came a bear, who very much wanted to trot about alive a while longer and called out,

"Dear huntsman, let me live
And I'll even give you two of my young."

The two young bears were added to the others, and now there were already eight of them. Finally, who should come along but a lion shaking its mane, but the huntsmen weren't afraid of it and aimed their guns at it. The lion also said,

"Dear huntsman, let me live
And I'll even give you two of my young."

It, too, fetched its cubs, and so the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, which followed them and served them. Meanwhile none of this had satisfied their hunger, and they said to the foxes, "Listen, you skulkers, get us something to eat, for you're artful and crafty." "Not far from here," they answered, "is a village where in the past we've got many a chicken. We'll show you the way there." They went into the village, bought themselves some food, also had their animals fed, and then went on. The foxes knew about the neighborhood, knew where the chicken yards were, and could guide the huntsmen properly everywhere.

They moved about for a time but could find no position where they might stay together, so they said, "There's no other way; we must separate." They divided the animals between them so that each got one lion, one bear, one wolf, one fox, and one hare. Then they said good-bye, vowed brotherly love until death, and drove the knife their foster father had given them into a tree. Thereupon, one went east, the other west.

Together with his animals the youngest reached a city that was all hung with black crepe. He went into an inn and asked the innkeeper if he couldn't put his animals up. The innkeeper gave them a stable with a hole in the wall; then the hare crept through and fetched a head of cabbage for itself while the fox got a hen and, when he had eaten that, the cock to boot. The wolf, the bear, and the lion being too big couldn't get out, so the innkeeper had them taken right to where a cow was lying in the grass that they might eat their fill. When the huntsman had cared for his animals, the first thing he did was to ask the innkeeper why the city was hung with mourning crepe. "Because tomorrow our king's only daughter is going to die," said the innkeeper. "Is she mortally ill?" asked the huntsman. "No," answered the innkeeper, "she's hale and hearty, but she's got to die just the same." "Why so?" asked the huntsman. "Outside the city is a high mountain where a dragon lives which must every year have a pure virgin, otherwise it ravages the whole country. All virgins have now been delivered up, and not one is left but the king's daughter. There's no mercy, however; she must be delivered up to it, and that's to take place tomorrow." "Why don't they kill the dragon?" said the huntsman. "Alas!" answered the innkeeper, "so many knights have

tried it, but all have paid for it with their lives. The king has promised to give his daughter in marriage to the man who conquers the dragon, and he's also to inherit the kingdom after his death."

The huntsman said nothing further but next morning took his animals and with them climbed up the dragon mountain. At the top stood a little church, and on the altar were three tumblers, and by them was a piece of paper with the words written on it, "Whoever drains the tumblers will become the strongest man on earth and will wield the sword which lies buried outside the threshold." The huntsman didn't take a drink but went out and looked for the sword in the ground, couldn't budge it, however. Then he went back and drained the tumblers and was now strong enough to draw out the sword, and his hand was able to wield it with great ease. When the hour came for the maiden to be delivered up to the dragon, she was escorted out by the king, the marshal, and the courtiers. From afar she saw the huntsman up on the dragon mountain and thought that the dragon was standing there waiting for her. She didn't want to go, but finally she had to make the painful journey, for otherwise the whole city would have been lost. The king and courtiers returned home greatly grieving, but the king's marshal had to remain and witness everything from a distance.

When the king's daughter got to the top of the mountain, it wasn't the dragon that was there but the young huntsman, who consoled her and said that he was going to save her, led her into the church, and locked her up in it. Shortly after the seven-headed dragon came along with a great roar and on seeing the huntsman was astonished and said, "What are you doing up here on the mountain?" "I want to fight you," answered the huntsman. "So many a knight has lost his life here!" said the dragon, "I'll settle with you, too," and breathed fire from seven mouths. The fire was supposed to light the dry grass and the huntsman was supposed to suffocate in the fire and vapor, but the animals came running up and trampled out the fire. Then the dragon went for the huntsman, but the latter brandished his sword so that it sang in the air and cut off three of its heads. Then the dragon got really furious, rose up in the air, spewed flames over the huntsman and was about to rush upon him. The huntsman, however, once again whipped out his

sword and cut off three more of its heads. The monster grew exhausted and sank down, and even so wanted to go for the huntsman again, but with his last ounce of strength the huntsman cut off its tail, and no longer able to fight, summoned his animals, who tore it to pieces. When the fight was over, the huntsman unlocked the church and found the king's daughter lying on the ground, for she had fainted from anxiety and fright while the fight had been going on. He carried her out, and when she again came to and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon's torn carcass and told her that she was now free. She was glad and said, "Now you will become my dear husband, for my father promised me in marriage to the man who killed the dragon." She took off her coral necklace and divided it among the animals as a reward. The lion was given the gold clasp, and her handkerchief with her name on it she presented to the huntsman. The latter went and cut out the tongues from the dragon's seven heads, wrapped them in the handkerchief, and put them carefully away.

When that was done, and because he was worn out and tired from the fire and the fight, he said to the maiden, "We're both so worn out and tired that we'd better take a little nap." She assented, and they lay down on the ground, and the huntsman said to the lion, "You're to watch out that no one attacks us while we're sleeping," and both fell asleep. The lion lay down beside them to keep watch, but it, too, was tired from the fight, so it called the bear and said, "Lie down beside me. I must get a little sleep, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the bear lay down beside it, but it, too, was tired, and calling the wolf, said, "Lie down beside me. I've got to get a little sleep, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the wolf lay down beside it, but it, too, was tired and, calling the fox, said, "Lie down beside me. I've got to get a little sleep, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the fox lay down beside it, but it, too, was tired and calling the hare, said, "Lie down beside me. I've got to get a little sleep, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the hare sat down beside it, but the poor hare, too, was tired, had no one on whom it could call to keep watch, and fell asleep. Thus the king's daughter, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare were sleeping, and all slept soundly.

When, however, the marshal, who was supposed to look on

from afar, didn't see the dragon fly away with the maiden, and when everything up on the mountain became quiet, he took heart and climbed up. There lay the dragon on the ground torn to pieces and not far off the king's daughter and a huntsman with his animals all fast asleep. Because he was a bad and wicked man, he took his sword and cut off the huntsman's head, seized the maiden in his arms, and carried her down the mountain. She woke up and was frightened, but the marshal said, "You're in my power and must say that it is I who killed the dragon." "I can't do that," she replied, "for it was a huntsman and his animals who did it." Then he drew his sword and threatened to kill her if she didn't obey him and thus forced her to promise to do what he said. Then he brought her into the presence of the king, who was beside himself with joy on seeing his dear child alive. He'd thought she'd been torn to pieces by the monster. The marshal said to him, "I've killed the dragon and freed the maiden and the whole realm; accordingly I ask for her hand in marriage as was promised." "Is he telling the truth?" the king asked the maiden. "Alas, yes," she answered, "it must be true, of course. Nevertheless I stipulate that the wedding not be celebrated for a year and a day," for she hoped to hear in the meantime some word from her dear huntsman.

Up on the dragon mountain the animals were still lying asleep beside their dead master. A big bumble-bee came and settled on the hare's nose, but the hare brushed it away with its paw and went on sleeping. The bee came a second time, but the hare again brushed it off and went on sleeping. Then it came a third time and stung it on the nose so that it woke up. As soon as the hare was awake, it woke up the fox, and the fox woke up the wolf, the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. When the lion woke up and saw that the maiden was gone and that its master was dead, it began to roar terribly, crying out, "Who did that? Bear, why didn't you wake me up?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why didn't *you* wake me up?" and the wolf asked the fox, "Why didn't *you* wake me up?" and the fox asked the hare, "Why didn't *you* wake me up?" The poor hare was the only one who was left with no answer and had to take the blame. They were about to fall upon it, but it begged them, saying, "Don't kill me! I'll bring our master back to life. I know

of a mountain where a certain root grows, and whoever takes it in his mouth will be cured of all diseases and healed of all wounds. The mountain is, however, a two-hundred-hours' walk from here." "You must run there and back in twenty-four hours," said the lion, "and bring the root back with you." The hare raced off and in twenty-four hours was back with the root. The lion replaced the huntsman's head, the hare put the root in his mouth, and at once everything grew together again and the heart beat and life returned. Then the huntsman woke up, was frightened on no longer seeing the maiden, and thought, "She probably went away while I was asleep in order to get rid of me." In its great haste the lion had put its master's head on backwards, though the latter didn't notice it, since he was thinking sadly of the king's daughter. It wasn't till noon, when he wanted to eat something, that he saw that his head was on backwards, couldn't understand it, and asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. Then the lion told him that they'd all fallen asleep from fatigue and on waking up had found him dead with his head cut off, that the hare had fetched the Root of Life, and that in its haste the lion had held his head the wrong way around but was anxious to correct its mistake. Then it tore off the huntsman's head again, turned it around, and healed him again with the root.

The huntsman, however, was sad, wandered about in the world and had his animals dance before the public. Exactly a year later he chanced to return to the same city where he had freed the king's daughter from the dragon, and this time the city was all hung with scarlet. He said to the innkeeper, "What does this mean? A year ago the city was hung with crepe. What is the point of the scarlet today?" "A year ago," replied the innkeeper, "our king's daughter was to be delivered up to the dragon, but the marshal fought it and killed it, and tomorrow their wedding is to be celebrated. That's why the city at that time was hung with crepe as a sign of mourning and today with scarlet as a sign of rejoicing."

Next day when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said at noon to the innkeeper, "Innkeeper, do you really believe that today I shall eat bread from the king's table with you here?" "Well," said the innkeeper, "I'd be willing to bet a hundred gold pieces that that isn't so." The huntsman took

the bet and staked a purse with the same number of gold pieces against the innkeeper, then called the hare and said, "Go, dear Hopper, and fetch me some of the bread which the king is eating." The hare, being the least of the animals, couldn't put the task off on anybody else but had to go itself. "Myl!" it thought, "if I hop through the streets all alone like that, the butchers' dogs will be after me." It happened as it thought. The dogs came after it and were on the point of picking a quarrel with it, but it hopped away as you've never seen the like and took refuge in a sentry box without the soldier noticing it. The dogs came and wanted to get it out, but the soldier was having no nonsense and struck them with the butt of his gun so that they ran away crying and howling. When the hare saw that the coast was clear, it hurried into the palace and right to the king's daughter, sat down under her chair, and scratched her foot. "Get away, will you!" she said, thinking it was her dog. The hare scratched her foot a second time, and again she said, "Get away, will you!" thinking it was her dog. But the hare wasn't being put off and scratched a third time. Then she looked down and recognized the hare by its collar, and taking it in her lap, carried it to her room and said, "Dear hare, what do you want?" It replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and sends me to beg for some bread such as the king eats." Then she rejoiced, had the baker come, and ordered him to bring her a loaf of bread such as the king was accustomed to eat. "The baker must also carry it for me," said the hare, "so that the butchers' dogs don't harm me." The baker carried it for the hare as far as the door of the taproom; then the hare got up on its hind legs, took the loaf in its forepaws, and brought it to its master. "See, innkeeper," said the huntsman, "the hundred gold pieces are mine."

The innkeeper was amazed and the huntsman went on to say, "Yes, innkeeper, I've got the bread all right; now I want to eat some of the king's roast, too." The innkeeper said, "I'd like to see that!" but wouldn't bet any more. The huntsman called the fox and said, "Dear fox, go fetch me a roast such as the king eats." The red fox knew the tricks better than the hare; it hugged nooks and corners without a dog noticing it, sat down under the chair of the king's daughter, and scratched her foot. She looked down, recognized it by its collar, took it with her

to her room, and said, "Dear fox, what do you want?" It answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and sends me to beg for a roast such as the king eats." Then she sent for the chef, who had to prepare a roast such as the king was accustomed to eat and had to carry it for the fox as far as the inn door. There the fox took the bowl from him, with its tail first whisked off the flies which had settled on the roast, and then brought it to its master. "Look, innkeeper," said the huntsman, "now there's bread and meat, but I also want vegetables such as the king eats."

Then he called the wolf and said, "Dear wolf, go fetch me vegetables such as the king eats." Being afraid of no one, the wolf went straight into the palace and when it entered the room of the king's daughter, tugged at her dress from behind, so that she had to look around. She recognized it by its collar, and taking it to her bed chamber, said, "Dear wolf, what do you want?" It answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here. I'm to beg for some vegetables such as the king eats." She sent for the chef, and he had to prepare vegetables such as the king was accustomed to eat and carry them for the wolf as far as the inn door. Then the wolf took the bowl from him and brought it to its master. "See, innkeeper," said the huntsman, "now I've got bread, meat, and vegetables, but I also want to eat some sweets such as the king eats."

He called the bear and said, "Dear bear, of course you're fond of sweets; go fetch me some sweets such as the king eats." The bear trotted to the palace, and everybody got out of its way. When it got to the sentries, they pointed their guns at it and didn't want to let it into the royal palace, but it stood on its hind legs and with its paws gave a few slaps right and left, so that the whole guard broke up. Then it went straight to the king's daughter, got behind her and growled a little. She looked around and, recognizing the bear, had it come along with her to her room and said, "Dear bear, what do you want?" It answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here; I'm to beg for sweets such as the king eats." Then she sent for the confectioner, who had to prepare sweets such as the king was accustomed to eat and carry them for the bear as far as the inn door. The bear first licked up such sugar plums as had rolled off, then stood up, took the bowl, and brought it to

its master. "Look, innkeeper," said the huntsman, "now I've got bread, meat, vegetables, and sweets, but I also want to drink wine such as the king drinks."

He summoned his lion and said, "Dear lion, you like to drink yourself into your cups. Go fetch me wine such as the king drinks." The lion stalked across the street, and the people ran away from it. When it got to the sentries, they wanted to bar the way, but it roared just once and all ran off. Now the lion went to the royal apartment and knocked on the door with its tail. The king's daughter came out and was almost frightened at the lion but recognized it by the gold clasp from her necklace and had it come along with her to her room, saying, "Dear lion, what do you want?" It answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here; I am to beg for wine such as the king drinks." She summoned the cupbearer, who was to give the lion wine such as the king drank. "I'll go along," said the lion, "and see that I get the right wine." It went down with the cupbearer and when they got to the cellar, the cupbearer was about to draw for it some ordinary wine such as the king's servants drank, but the lion said, "Stop, let me first try the wine," drew itself half a measure and downed it in one gulp. "No," it said, "that's not the right wine." The cupbearer looked at it askance but proceeded to draw wine from another cask, which was for the king's marshal. "Stop," said the lion, "let me first try the wine," drew itself half a measure and drank it. "That's better, but still not the right wine." Then the cupbearer got angry and said, "What can such a stupid creature pretend to know about wine?" but the lion gave him a box on the ear so that he fell down hard on the ground. When he'd picked himself up again, without a single word he led the lion into a little private cellar where the king's wine was stored and of which no one ordinarily got a taste. The lion first drew itself half a measure and, trying the wine, said, "This is very likely the right kind," and had the cupbearer fill six bottles. Then they went upstairs, but when the lion got out of the cellar and into the open, it staggered about and was a little drunk, and the cupbearer had to carry the wine for it as far as the inn door. Then the lion took the basket in its mouth and brought it to its master. "Look, innkeeper," said the huntsman, "here I've got bread, meat, vegetables, sweets, and wine such as the king

has. Now I'm going to dine with my animals," sat down, ate and drank, and gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion their share of it, and was in high spirits, for he saw that the king's daughter still loved him.

When he'd finished his meal, he said, "Innkeeper, I've eaten and drunk as the king eats and drinks; now I'm going to the king's court and marry his daughter." "How can that happen," asked the innkeeper, "since she already has a bridegroom, and the wedding is being celebrated today?" Then the huntsman pulled out the handkerchief which the king's daughter had given him on the dragon mountain and in which the monster's seven tongues were wrapped and said, "What I'm holding in my hand will help me in this matter." The innkeeper looked at the handkerchief and said, "Even if I believe everything else, I won't believe that, and I'm willing to wager my house and home on it." The huntsman took a purse with a thousand gold pieces, laid it on the table, and said, "I'll stake this against your bet."

At the royal board the king said to his daughter, "What did all the wild animals want which came to see you and went in and out of my palace?" "I mustn't tell," she answered, "but send for the animals' master and you'll be doing the right thing." The king dispatched a servant to the inn and invited the stranger. The servant arrived just as the huntsman had made his bet with the innkeeper and was saying, "Look, innkeeper, now the king is sending a servant and inviting me there, but I shan't go just yet," and to the servant he said, "I beg the lord king to send me royal clothes, a coach and six, and servants to wait on me." When the king heard the answer, he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?" She said, "Have him fetched the way he asks to be and you'll be doing the right thing." Then the king sent royal clothes, a coach and six, and servants to wait on him. When the huntsman saw them coming, he said, "See, innkeeper, now I'm being fetched in the manner I asked," put on the royal clothes, took the handkerchief with the dragons' tongues, and drove to the king. On seeing him coming, the king said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" "Go to meet him," she answered, "and you'll be doing the right thing." The king went to meet him and led him upstairs, and his animals followed him.

He assigned him a place between himself and his daughter; being the bridegroom, the marshal was sitting on the opposite side but no longer recognized him. At that moment the dragon's seven heads were displayed, and the king said, "The marshal cut off the dragon's seven heads and therefore I'm giving him my daughter in marriage today." Then the huntsman arose, opened the seven mouths, and said, "Where are the dragon's seven tongues?" The marshal got frightened, turned pale, and didn't know what answer to make, and finally in his anxiety said, "Dragons don't have tongues." "Liars oughtn't to have any," said the huntsman, "but the dragon's tongues are the mark of the victor," and undid the handkerchief, in which lay all seven of them. Then he put each tongue back in the mouth it belonged in and they fitted exactly. Thereupon he took the handkerchief, which was embroidered with the name of the king's daughter, and showing it to the maiden, asked her to whom she'd given it. "To the man who killed the dragon," she answered. He called his animals, took the necklace off each and from the lion the gold clasp and, showing it to the maiden, asked to whom it belonged. "The necklace and the gold clasp were mine," she replied; "I divided it among the animals which helped conquer the dragon." Then the huntsman said, "When, worn out from the fight, I was resting and sleeping, the marshal came and cut off my head, then carried off the king's daughter, and pretended it was he who'd killed the dragon. That he's been lying I prove by the tongues, the handkerchief, and the necklace." He then told how the animals had healed him by means of a marvelous root, that he'd wandered about with them for a whole year, and had finally come back here again, where from the innkeeper's story he learned of the marshal's deception. Then the king asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?" and she answered, "Yes, it's true. Now I may reveal the marshal's infamy since it has come to light through no doing of mine, for he forced a promise of silence from me. That's why I insisted that the wedding was not to be celebrated for a year and a day." Then the king summoned twelve councilors to pass judgment on the marshal, and they sentenced him to be torn apart by four oxen. In this way the marshal was executed. The king gave his daughter to the huntsman and appointed him his lieutenant for the

whole realm. The wedding was most joyfully celebrated, and the young king sent for his father and his foster father and heaped treasures upon them. Nor did he forget the innkeeper but had him come and said, "See, innkeeper, I've married the king's daughter, and your house and home are mine." "Yes," said the innkeeper, "that would be only fair," but the young king said, "Mercy shall be shown: you shall keep your house and home, and I'll make you a present of the thousand gold pieces in the bargain."

Now the young king and young queen were in good spirits and lived happily together. He often went out hunting, because he enjoyed it, and the faithful animals had to go along with him. In the vicinity was a forest which people said was haunted and that once in it, it wasn't easy to get out again. The young king, however, felt a strong desire to hunt in it and gave the old king no peace until he let him. He rode out with a big retinue and on getting to the forest saw a snow-white hind there and said to his men, "Stop here till I come back; I want to chase that fine quarry." He rode into the forest after it with only his animals with him. The retainers stopped and waited till evening, but he didn't come back. Then they rode home and told the young queen the story, "The young king pursued a white hind into the haunted forest and hasn't come back." She was greatly worried about him. He had, however, kept riding after the beautiful quarry without being able to overtake it. Every time he thought it within gunshot, he'd all at once see it racing off again at a great distance. Finally it disappeared altogether. Now noticing that he'd got deep into the forest, he took his horn and blew it but received no answer, for his men couldn't hear it. Since night was closing in and realizing that he couldn't get home that day, he dismounted, made a fire by a tree, and planned to spend the night there. As he was sitting by the fire and his animals, too, had lain down beside him, he seemed to hear a human voice, looked about but could see nothing. Soon after he again heard a moaning sound as if up somewhere. He looked up and saw an old woman sitting in the tree; she kept moaning, "Brr! brr! brr! I'm so cold." "Climb down," he said, "and warm yourself if you're cold," but she said, "No, your animals will bite me." "They won't hurt you, granny," he said, "just come

down." She was, however, a witch and said, "I'm going to throw down a switch from the tree. If you'll hit them on the back with it, they won't harm me." She threw down a switch, and he hit them with it; at once they lay still and were turned to stone. When the witch was safe from the animals, she jumped down and touched him, too, with the switch and changed him to stone. Then she laughed and dragged him and the animals into a ditch where there were already a number of such stones.

When the young king didn't come back and didn't come back, the queen's worry and anxiety increased. Now it chanced that just at this time the other brother, who, when they separated, had gone east, returned to the kingdom. He'd been looking for employment and found none, had then wandered about here and there and had been having his animals dance in public. It occurred him that he'd like to take a look at the knife they'd driven into the tree trunk in order to find out how his brother was getting along. When he got there, half his brother's side was rusty, half still shiny. He got frightened and thought, "My brother must have met with some great misfortune, but maybe I can still save him, for half the knife is still shiny." He went west with his animals, and when he reached the city gate, the sentries met him and asked whether they were to announce him to his wife, saying that for some days the young queen had been in great anxiety about his absence and was afraid he'd perished in the haunted forest. The sentries were, of course, convinced that he was the young king in person, since he resembled him so and was, furthermore, followed by the wild animals. He realized that they were talking about his brother and thought, "I'd better pass myself off for him; in that way I can the more easily save him." Accordingly, he had the sentries accompany him to the palace, where he was received with great joy. The young queen had no idea but that he was her husband and asked him why he'd stayed away so long. "I lost my way in the forest," he answered, "and couldn't find my way out any sooner." In the evening he was taken to the royal bed, but he laid a double-edged sword between himself and the young queen. She didn't know what that meant yet didn't dare ask.

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He stayed there a few days and meanwhile made every enquiry about the haunted forest. Finally he said, "I've got to hunt

there again." The king and the young queen tried to dissuade him, but he insisted and set out with a large retinue. When he reached the forest, it happened with him just as with his brother: he saw a white hind and said to his men, "Stay here and wait until I come back. I want to chase that fine quarry," rode into the forest, and his animals ran after him. He was unable, however, to overtake the hind and got so deep in the forest that he had to spend the night there. When he'd made a fire, he heard a moaning sound above him, "Brr! brr! brr! how cold I am!" He looked up, and there sitting in the tree was the same witch. "If you're cold," he said, "then come down, granny, and warm yourself." "No," she answered, "your animals will bite me," but he said, "No, they won't hurt you." Then she cried out, "I'm going to throw down a switch. If you'll hit them with it, they won't harm me." When the huntsman heard this, he didn't trust the old woman and said, "I won't hit my animals. Come straight down or I'll fetch you." Then she cried, "What do you really think you'll do? You can't hurt me." "If you don't come," he answered, "I'll shoot you down." "Shoot away," she said, "I'm not afraid of your bullets." He raised his gun and took a shot at her, but the witch was proof against all lead bullets, uttered a piercing laugh, and cried, "You won't hit me yet!" The huntsman knew what to do, tore three silver buttons off his coat, and loaded his gun with them. Against these her arts were in vain, and when he pulled the trigger, she at once pitched down with a shriek. Then he set his foot upon her and said, "Old witch, if you don't immediately confess where my brother is, I'll seize you with both hands and throw you into the fire." She was very frightened and, begging for mercy, said, "He's lying with his animals in a ditch and has been turned into stone." Then he forced her to go there with him and threatened her, saying, "You old monkey, now you bring my brother and every creature that's lying here back to life, or else you land in the fire." She took a switch and touched the stones. Thereupon his brother and the animals came to life again, also many others—merchants, craftsmen, and herdsman; they got up, thanked him for their deliverance, and went home. When the twin brothers saw one another again, they kissed each other and rejoiced greatly. Then they seized the witch, bound

her, and put her in the fire, and when she was burned up, the forest opened of itself and was bright and light, and the royal palace could be seen three hours away.

The two brothers went home together and on the road related to one another their adventures. When the younger said that he was the king's lieutenant for the whole country, the other said, "I noticed that, for when I got to the city and was taken for you, I was shown every royal honor. The young queen took me for her husband, and I had to eat by her side and sleep in your bed." When the other heard that, he got so jealous and angry that he drew his sword and cut off his brother's head. When the latter lay dead and he saw his red blood flowing, he greatly regretted what he'd done. "My brother freed me," he exclaimed, "and in return I've killed him," and broke out into loud lamentations. Then his hare came and offered to fetch some of the Root of Life, raced off, and brought it just in time, and the dead man was revived and didn't notice his wound.

Then they went on, and the younger said, "You look like me, you're wearing royal clothes like myself, and the animals follow you as they do me. Let's go in through opposite gates and thus reach the old king at the same time from two sides." So they parted, and the sentries came to the old king at the same time from both gates, reporting that the young king with his animals had returned from the hunt. "It isn't possible," said the king; "the gates are an hour's distance apart." Meanwhile the two brothers came into the courtyard from two sides and both mounted the stairs. Then the king said to his daughter, "Tell me which is your husband; each looks like the other, and I can't tell them apart." Then she was in great distress and couldn't tell. Finally she remembered the necklace she'd given the animals, looked, and found her gold clasp on one of the lions. Then she cried joyfully, "The man whom this lion is following is my true husband!" Then the young king laughed and said, "Yes, that's the right one," and they sat down together at table, ate and drank and were merry. In the evening when the young king went to bed, his wife said, "Why did you always put a double-edged sword in our bed these last nights? I thought you were intending to kill me." Then he realized how loyal his brother had been.

61 The Crofter

Das Bürle

THERE WAS A VILLAGE in which lived none but rich farmers; only one was poor, and they called him the crofter. He didn't even have a cow, still less the money to buy one, though he and his wife would so much like to have had one. Once upon a time he said to her, "Listen, I have a good idea. There's our friend the cabinetmaker; he must make us a calf out of wood and paint it brown so as to look like any other calf. In time it'll surely get good and big and become a cow." The woman liked the idea, and with his plane friend cabinetmaker fashioned a proper calf, painted it brown, and made it so that it lowered its head as if eating.

Next morning when the cows were driven to pasture, the crofter called in the herdsman and said, "Look here, I've got a calf, but it's still small and still has to be carried." "All right," said the herdsman, took it in his arms, carried it out to the pasture, and set it down in the grass. The calf stayed right there as if it were grazing, and the herdsman said, "It'll soon be walking by itself; just see how it's already eating." In the evening when he was going to drive the herd home again, he said to the calf, "If you can stand on your legs and eat your fill, you can perfectly well walk on your four legs, too. I've no desire to carry you back home in my arms." The crofter was standing outside his front door and waiting for his calf, so when the herdsman drove the animals through the village and the calf was missing, he enquired about it. "It's still standing out there grazing," answered the herdsman; "it wouldn't stop and wouldn't come along." "My goodness!" said the crofter, "I've got to have my animal back." Then together they returned to the pasture, but somebody had stolen the calf and it was gone. "It's no doubt gone astray," said the herdsman, but the crofter said, "That's not good enough," and took the

herdsman to the magistrate, who for his negligence sentenced the former to give the crofter a cow for the calf that had got away.

Now the crofter and his wife had their long-wished-for cow. They were as happy as could be but had neither fodder nor anything else to give it, and so it soon had to be slaughtered. They cured the meat in salt, and the crofter went to town, intending to sell the hide there and buy a new calf with the proceeds. On the way he came to a mill where a raven was sitting with broken wings; out of pity he picked it up, wrapping it in the cowhide. Since the weather was getting very bad, with a strong wind and a driving rain, he couldn't go on, turned into the mill, and asked for lodging. The miller's wife was alone at home and said to the crofter, "Well, lie down on the straw," and gave him some bread and cheese. The crofter ate it and lay down with his cowhide beside him, and the woman thought, "He's tired and is asleep." Meanwhile the priest arrived. The miller's wife received him cordially, saying, "My husband's gone out, so let's give ourselves a treat." The crofter was listening, and when he heard talk about a treat, was vexed that he'd had to be satisfied with bread and cheese. Then the woman set the table and served up four things: a roast, salad, cake, and wine.

As they were sitting down and were about to eat, there was a knock at the door. "Good heavens!" said the woman, "that's my husband!" Quickly she hid the roast in the tile stove, put the wine under her pillow, the salad on the bed, the cake under the bed, and the priest in the cupboard in the entryway. Then she opened the door for her husband and said, "Thank God you're home again; this is regular Doomsday weather." The miller saw the crofter lying on the straw and asked, "What's that fellow doing there?" "Alas," said the woman, "the poor wretch came here in the storm and rain and asked for shelter, so I gave him some bread and cheese and a place on the straw." The husband said, "I've no objection to that, but get me something to eat quick." "I've nothing but bread and cheese," said the wife. "I'll be satisfied with anything," answered the husband, "even with bread and cheese," looked at the crofter and cried, "Come have something more to eat with me." The crofter didn't have to be asked twice, got up, and joined him

in the meal. Afterward the miller noticed on the floor the hide in which the raven was wrapped and asked, "What have you there?" "I've got a fortune-teller in it," answered the crofter. "Can it tell my fortune, too?" said the miller. "Why not!" answered the crofter, "but it says only four things and keeps the fifth to itself." The miller was curious and said, "Let it go ahead and fortune-tell." Then the crofter squeezed the raven's head so that it croaked and went "caw, caw." "What did it say?" asked the miller. The crofter answered, "The first thing it said was that there's wine under the pillow." "The deuce!" cried the miller, went and found the wine. "Go on," said the miller. The crofter again made the raven croak and said, "The second thing it said was that there's a roast in the tile stove." "The deuce!" cried the miller, went and found the roast. The crofter made the raven go on fortune-telling and said, "The third thing it said was that there's salad on the bed." "The deuce!" cried the miller, went and found the salad. Finally the crofter, squeezing the raven once again so that it made a noise, said, "The fourth thing it said was that there's a cake under the bed." "The deuce!" cried the miller, went and found the cake.

Now the two sat down together at table, but the miller's wife was seized with a deadly fear, went to bed, and took all the keys with her. The miller would like to have known the fifth thing, too, but the crofter said, "Let's first eat the four other things in peace, for the fifth is something bad." So they ate and afterward dickered over what the miller should pay for the fifth prophecy, finally agreeing on three hundred dollars. Then the crofter once more squeezed the raven's head so that it uttered a loud croak. "What did it say?" asked the miller. "It said," answered the crofter, "that the Devil is in the cupboard out in the entryway." "The Devil has got to get out," said the miller and unlocked the front door. The wife was obliged to surrender the key, and the crofter unlocked the cupboard. Then the priest ran out as fast as he could, and the miller said, "I saw the Black Fellow with my own eyes; the raven was quite right." Next morning the crofter cleared out at dawn with his three hundred dollars.

At home, the crofter's situation gradually improved; he built a nice house, and the farmers said, "The crofter has surely

been in the land where gold snow falls and where one carries money home by the bushel." Then the crofter was summoned into the presence of the magistrate and was to tell where his wealth came from. "I sold my cowhide in town for three hundred dollars," he answered. When the farmers heard that, they, too, wanted to profit by this, hurried home, killed all their cows and skinned them with a view to selling the hides in town at this big profit. The magistrate said, "My maid must go ahead of me, however." When the latter got to the merchant in town, he gave her only three dollars per hide, and when the others arrived, he didn't give them even that much, saying, "What can I do with all these hides?"

Now the farmers were vexed at having been tricked by the crofter, wanted to take vengeance on him, and lodged a complaint of fraud with the magistrate. By a unanimous verdict the innocent crofter was sentenced to death and was to be put in a cask full of holes and rolled into the water. He was taken out, and a priest was fetched to read a mass for his soul. All the others had to go away, and when the crofter looked at the clergyman, he recognized the priest who had been with the miller's wife and said to him, "I freed you from the cupboard, you free me from the cask." By chance a shepherd was driving a flock of sheep past, and the crofter knew that the latter had long wanted to become magistrate, so he shouted as loud as he could, "No, I won't do it! Even if the whole world wanted me to, I won't do it!" On hearing that, the shepherd came along and asked, "What's up? What is it you won't do?" "They want to make me magistrate if I'll just get into the cask," said the crofter, "but I'm not doing it." "If that's all there is to becoming magistrate," said the shepherd, "I'd get into the cask at once." "If you're willing to get into it," said the crofter, "you'll also be magistrate." The shepherd agreed, got in, and the crofter slammed on the head of the cask; then he took over the shepherd's flock and drove it off. The priest, however, went to his congregation and said that the requiem had been read. Then they came and rolled the cask toward the water. When it started rolling, the shepherd called out, "I'm quite willing to become magistrate." They had no idea but that it was the crofter who was crying out thus and said, "We think so, too, but first you're going to

have a look about down there," and rolled the cask into the water.

Then the farmers went home, and as they entered the village, there was the crofter coming along, too, driving in a flock of sheep quite contentedly. "Crofter," said the astonished farmers, "where are you coming from? from out of the water?" "Why, of course," answered the crofter. "I sank deep, deep down, till at last I reached bottom; then I knocked out the head of the cask and crawled out. There were lovely meadows there with many lambs grazing on them, and I brought this flock from there." "Are there still more there?" asked the farmers. "Why, yes," said the crofter, "more than you can use." Then the farmers agreed that they, too, were going to fetch themselves sheep, one flock apiece. "I come first!" said the magistrate. Now they went together to the water just when there were little woolly clouds in the blue sky that people call "little lambs" and which were reflected in the water. Then the farmers cried, "We can already see the sheep down on the bottom." The magistrate pushed forward, saying, "Now I'll go down first and take a look about. If everything is all right, I'll call you." Then he jumped in and the water went "plop," and the others fancied that he was calling out "Come" to them, and the whole crowd plunged after him in a hurry.

Thus the village died out, and as sole heir the crofter became a wealthy man.

62 The Queen Bee

Die Bienenkönigin

ONCE UPON A TIME two sons of a king set out on adventures, got into a wild and dissolute way of life, and never came home again. The youngest son, who was called the Dunce, set out to look for his brothers, but when he finally found them, they made fun of him for expecting, simple as he was, to make his

way in the world while the two eldest couldn't succeed and yet were much cleverer. All three set out together and came to an ant hill. The two eldest wanted to kick it open, watch the little ants crawl about in their fright, and see them carrying away their eggs, but the Dunce said, "Leave the creatures in peace; I won't have you disturb them." They went on and reached a lake where a great, great many ducks were swimming. The two elder brothers wanted to catch a few and roast them, but the Dunce wouldn't have it and said, "Leave the creatures in peace; I won't have you kill them." Finally they came to a bees' nest with so much honey in it that it was running down the tree trunk. The two eldest brothers wanted to build a fire at the foot of the tree and smoke the bees out, so that they might remove the honey, but again the Dunce dissuaded them, saying, "Leave the creatures in peace; I won't have you burn them."

Finally the three brothers got to a palace where there were nothing but stone horses in the stables and not a human being to be seen. They went through all the rooms and at the very end reached a door with three padlocks. In the middle of the door, however, there was a peephole through which one could see into the room. There they saw a grey dwarf sitting at a table. They called out to him once, twice, but he didn't hear them. Finally they called a third time. Then he got up, unlocked the padlocks, and came out. He didn't utter a word but led them to a richly set table, and when they'd eaten and drunk, he took each to his own bedroom.

Next morning the grey dwarf came to the eldest, beckoned and led him to a stone tablet on which were inscribed three tasks by which the palace might be disenchanted. The first was as follows: 'Under the moss in the forest lie the pearls of the king's daughter, a thousand in number; these have to be searched out, and if by sundown even a single one is still missing, the seeker will be turned to stone.' The eldest went out and searched all day, but when the day was at an end, he had found only a hundred. It happened as was inscribed on the tablet: he was turned to stone. Next day the second brother undertook the adventure but didn't fare much better than the eldest. He found only two hundred pearls and was turned to stone.

Finally it was the Duncce's turn; he searched in the moss, but it was very hard to find the pearls and it went very slowly. Then he sat down on a stone and wept. As he was sitting thus, the king of ants, whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants, and it was no time at all before the tiny creatures had found all the pearls and piled them up in a heap. The second task was to fetch out of the lake the key to the bedroom of the king's daughter. When the Duncce reached the lake, the ducks he'd once saved came swimming up, dived down, and fetched the key from the bottom. The third task, however, was the hardest. From among the king's three sleeping daughters one had to pick the youngest and most beloved, but they looked exactly alike and were distinguished only in that before falling asleep they had eaten different kinds of sweets: the eldest a lump of sugar, the second a little sirup, the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then the queen bee whom the Duncce had saved from burning came flying up and sampled the mouths of all three. Finally she settled on the mouth which had eaten honey, and thus the king's son recognized the right daughter. Then the spell was broken, all three were freed from their sleep, and everybody who had been turned to stone regained his human shape. The Duncce married the youngest and most beloved and after her father's death became king. His two brothers, however, got the two other sisters.

63 The Three Feathers

Die drei Federn

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a king who had three sons. Of these, two were canny and clever, but the third didn't talk much, was simple-minded, and was just called the Duncce. When the king grew old and weak and began to think about his end, he didn't know which of his sons should inherit the kingdom after him. "Go out," he said to them, "and who-

ever brings me the finest carpet shall be king after my death." To avoid any quarreling among them he led them outside his palace, blew three feathers into the air, and said, "Where they blow, there you go." The first feather flew east, the second west, the third, however, flew straight ahead and not far, but soon dropped to the ground. One brother now went to the right, and the second to the left, and they laughed at the Dunce who had to stay where the third feather had dropped.

The Dunce sat down and was sad. He suddenly noticed a trapdoor beside the feather; he lifted it up, found a stair, and went down. Then he came to another door, knocked, and heard a voice inside calling,

"Maiden green and small,
Hop-toad,
Hop-toad's puppy,
Hop to and fro!
Let's see quickly who's outside."

The door opened of itself, and he saw a big fat toad sitting there with a lot of little toads around about it. The big toad asked what he desired. "I'd like to have the most beautiful and finest carpet," he answered. Then it called a young toad and said,

"Maiden young and small,
Hop-toad,
Hop-toad's puppy,
Hop to and fro!
Bring me the big box."

The young toad fetched the box. The fat toad opened it and from it gave the Dunce a carpet more beautiful and fine than anybody up on earth could have woven. He thanked the toad and went up again.

The two others, however, regarded their youngest brother as so stupid that they thought he'd find nothing and get nothing. "Why should we go to any great trouble with our search?" they said, stripped the coarse rags off the first shepherd's wife they met, and brought them home to the king. At the same time the Dunce came back with his fine carpet. When the king saw that, he was astonished and said, "By right the kingdom belongs to the youngest." However, the two others left their

father no peace, saying that the Dunce, having no understanding of anything, couldn't possibly become king, and begged him to establish a new condition. Then the father said, "Whoever brings me the finest ring shall inherit the kingdom," took the three brothers outdoors, and blew into the air the three feathers which they were to follow. The two eldest again went east and west, but the Dunce's feather flew straight ahead and dropped beside the opening in the earth. Again he went down to the fat toad and told it he needed the finest ring. It had its big box brought at once and from it gave him a ring sparkling with precious stones and more beautiful than any goldsmith on earth could have fashioned. The two elder brothers laughed at the Dunce for going to look for a gold ring, took no pains at all, just knocked the nails out of an old carriage tire, and brought it to the king. But when the Dunce displayed his gold ring, the father again said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two elder brothers didn't cease plaguing the king until he established still a third condition and declared that whoever brought home the fairest woman should have the kingdom. Once again he blew the three feathers into the air, and they flew as on the previous occasions.

Without further ado the Dunce went down to the fat toad and said, "I'm supposed to bring home the fairest woman." "My!" answered the toad, "the fairest woman! She isn't right on hand, but nevertheless you shall have her." It gave him a scooped-out yellow turnip to which six mice were harnessed. Then the Dunce said quite sadly, "What shall I do with that?" "Just put one of my little toads in it," answered the toad. At random he seized one out of the group and put it in the yellow coach. No sooner was it inside than it became a most beautiful damsel, the turnip became a coach, and the six mice turned into horses. Then he kissed her, raced off with the horses, and brought her to the king. Later his brothers came; they'd taken no pains at all to look for a beautiful woman but had brought along the first peasant women they'd met. When the king saw her, he said, "The kingdom belongs to the youngest after my death." Once more the two eldest deafened the king's ears with their outcries, saying, "We can't agree to the Dunce becoming king," and demanded that preference be given to the one whose woman could jump through a hoop that was hanging

in the middle of the hall. They thought, "The peasant women can do that easily; they're strong enough, but the delicate damsel will jump to her death." Once again the old king yielded. Then the two peasant women actually jumped through the hoop but were so clumsy that they fell and broke their big arms and legs. Then the fair damsel whom the Dunce had brought along, jumped, and jumped through as easily as a roe deer, and all opposition had to cease.

Accordingly he received the crown and ruled wisely for a long time.

64 The Gold Goose

Die goldene Gans

THERE WAS A MAN who had three sons; the youngest was called the Dunce and was despised and made fun of and slighted on every occasion. It happened that the eldest brother was going into the forest to chop wood, but before he set out, his mother gave him a nice fine pancake and a bottle of wine as well, lest he suffer from hunger or thirst. When he got to the forest, he met an old grey dwarf who bade him good day, saying, "Give me a piece of cake from your pouch and let me have a drink of your wine; I'm so hungry and thirsty." But the clever son answered, "If I give you my cake and my wine, I shan't have anything for myself. Get along with you!" left the dwarf standing there and went on. When he started chopping a tree, it wasn't long before he missed, and the ax went into his arm so that he had to go home and be bandaged. That, however, happened through the grey dwarf.

Next, the second son went into the forest, and his mother gave him, as she had the eldest, a pancake and a bottle of wine. He, too, met the old grey dwarf, who begged him for a piece of cake and a draught of wine. But the second son also quite sensibly said, "Whatever I give you I'll lack myself. Get along

with you!" left the dwarf standing there, and went on. The punishment wasn't long coming: after giving the tree a few blows, he cut his leg and had to be carried home.

Then the Dunce said, "Father, just let me go out and chop wood." "Your brothers have hurt themselves doing it," answered the father; "keep away from it; you don't understand the work at all." The Dunce, however, begged so long that he finally said, "Well, go along, you'll learn by getting hurt." His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the ashes, also a bottle of sour beer. When he got to the forest, he, too, met the old grey dwarf who greeted him, saying "Give me a piece of your cake and a drink out of your bottle; I'm so hungry and thirsty." "I've only cake baked in the ashes and sour beer," answered the Dunce; "if you can put up with that, let's sit down and eat." They sat down, and when the Dunce took out his cake baked in the ashes, it was a choice pancake, and the sour beer a good wine. They ate and drank, and then the dwarf said, "Since you're so kindhearted and gladly share what you have, I'll make you a present of good luck. See the old tree there: cut it down and you'll find something among the roots." Then the dwarf said good-bye.

The Dunce went and cut down the tree. When it fell, there among the roots was a goose with solid gold feathers. He lifted the goose out, took it with him, and went to an inn where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper had three daughters; they saw the goose, were curious to know what kind of a remarkable bird it was, and would have loved to have one of its gold feathers. The eldest thought, "I'll surely get a chance to pull out a feather," and on one occasion when the Dunce stepped out, she seized the goose by the wing. But her fingers and hand stuck fast to it. Soon after that the second came with no other idea than to get a gold feather for herself, but scarcely had she touched her sister than she stuck. Finally, the third daughter, too, came with the same intention. Then the others shouted, "Stay away! For heaven's sake stay away!" but she didn't understand why she should stay away, and thinking, "If they're there, I can be there, too," rushed up, and on touching her sister stuck to her. Thus they had to pass the night with the goose.

The next morning the Dunce took his goose under his arm, went away, and didn't bother about the three girls who were stuck to it. They had to keep along with him, left and right, as he chanced to go. Out in the country they met the parson, who, on seeing the procession, said, "Shame on you, you ill-bred girls! Why are you following the young fellow across the fields? Is that the thing to do?" So saying, he seized the youngest by the hand, meaning to pull her back, but when he touched her, he, too, stuck and himself had to run along behind. A short time afterward the sexton appeared and saw the parson who was following on the heels of the three girls. He was amazed and called out, "My goodness, parson! Where are you going in such a hurry? Don't forget that we have a christening today," ran up to him, seized him by the sleeve and in his turn was stuck. As the five were thus trotting along one behind the other, two farmers came from the field with their hoes. The parson called out to them, begging them to free him and the sexton, but as soon as they touched the sexton, they were stuck, and now there were seven of them running after the Dunce and his goose.

He next came to a city where there ruled a king who had a daughter so serious that no one could make her laugh. For this reason he issued an edict that whoever could make her laugh should marry her. When the Dunce heard that, he went into the presence of the king's daughter with his goose and its train, and when she saw the seven people trotting along one behind the other, she burst into loud laughter and simply couldn't stop. Then the Dunce asked for her in marriage, but the king didn't like the son-in-law and made all sorts of excuses, saying he'd first have to produce a man able to drink up a cellar full of wine. The Dunce remembered the grey dwarf as one who might well be able to help him, went out into the forest, and where he'd cut down the tree saw a man sitting and making a very wry face. The Dunce asked what he was taking so to heart. "I'm so thirsty," he answered, "and can't quench my thirst. I can't stand cold water. True enough, I've emptied a cask of wine, but what is a drop on a hot stone?" "Then I can help you," said the Dunce; "just come along with me and you'll have your fill." Thereupon he took him into

the king's cellar, and the man fell upon the big casks, and drank and drank till his hips ached, and before one day was done had drunk the whole cellar dry.

Again the Dunce demanded his bride, but the king was vexed that a low-born fellow, whom everybody called a dunce, should carry off his daughter, and laid down new conditions: he'd first have to produce a man able to eat up a mountain of bread. The Dunce didn't stop long to think but went at once out into the forest. There on the same spot was sitting a man who was pulling in a belt around his waist; he looked cross and said, "I've eaten an ovenful of hard unleavened bread, but what good is that when one's as hungry as I? My stomach stays empty, and I have to pull in my belt so as not to die of hunger." At that the Dunce rejoiced and said, "Get up and come with me; you shall eat your fill." He took him to the king's court. The king had had all the flour from the whole kingdom collected and had had a monstrous mountain baked of it. Nevertheless, the man from the forest placed himself in front of it and began to eat, and in one day the whole mountain had vanished.

For the third time the Dunce demanded his bride, but the king again resorted to evasion and demanded a ship able to sail on land and on water. "As soon as you come sailing up in it," he said, "you shall have my daughter in marriage." The Dunce went straight into the forest, where the old grey dwarf to whom he'd given his cake was sitting. "I've drunk and I've eaten for you," he said, "I'll also give you the ship; I'm doing all this because you took pity on me." Then he gave him the ship which could sail on land and on sea, and when the king saw it, he could no longer refuse him his daughter. The wedding was celebrated, and after the king's death, the Dunce inherited the kingdom and for a long time lived happily with his wife.

65 All-Kinds-of-Fur

Allerleirauh

ONCE THERE WAS A KING who had a wife with golden hair, and she was so beautiful that the like of her was not to be found on earth. By chance she fell ill, and when she felt that she was nigh unto death, she called the king and said, "If after my death you wish to remarry, take no one who's not just as beautiful as I and who hasn't golden hair like mine. That you must promise me." When the king had given his word, she closed her eyes and died.

For a long time the king was inconsolable and had no thought of taking a second wife. Finally his councilors said, "There's no other way out, the king must remarry so that we may have a queen." Messengers were sent about far and wide to look for a bride who in beauty might be quite the late queen's equal, but such a one was not to be found in the whole world, and even if she had been found, there was no one with such golden hair. So the messengers returned with nothing accomplished.

Now the king had a daughter who was just as beautiful as her deceased mother and also had the same golden hair. Once when she was grown up, the king looked at her and noticed that in every respect she was like his late wife and suddenly fell violently in love with her. Then he said to his councilors, "I wish to marry my daughter, for she is the image of my deceased wife; if I don't marry her, I shan't be able to find a bride who resembles my wife." On hearing this the councilors were aghast and said, "God has forbidden a father to marry his daughter. No good can come from sin, and the realm will be brought to perdition." The daughter was even more frightened when she learned of her father's resolve, hoped, however, still to dissuade him from his plan. "Before complying with your wish," she said to him, "I must first have three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as

glittering as the stars. I further demand a cloak made up of a thousand kinds of pelts and furs, and every animal in your realm must contribute a piece of its skin to it." She thought, however, "It's quite impossible to procure that and thus I shall divert my father from his evil thoughts." But the king persisted in his plan, and the most skillful maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as glittering as the stars. His huntsmen had to catch all animals in his realm and remove a piece of their pelts; from that was made a cloak of a thousand kinds of fur. Finally, when everything was ready, the king had the cloak fetched, spread it out before her, and said, "The wedding will be tomorrow."

When the king's daughter saw that there was no longer any hope of changing her father's mind, she decided to run away. In the night when everybody was asleep, she got up and from among her jewels took three things, a gold ring, a tiny gold spinning wheel, and a tiny gold reel. The three dresses of the sun, the moon, and the stars she put into a nutshell, donned the cloak of all kinds of fur, and blackened her hands and face with soot. Then she commended herself to God and went off, walking the whole night until she came to a big forest. Since she was tired, she sat down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

The sun rose, but she slept on and kept on sleeping when it was already broad daylight. By chance the king to whom the forest belonged was hunting in it, and when his dogs came to the tree, they snuffed, ran around and round it, and barked. "Go see what kind of game has hidden itself there," said the king to the huntsmen. The latter obeyed the order and on their return said, "A queer animal is lying in the hollow tree, the like of which we have never seen before: on its skin are a thousand kinds of fur, and it's lying asleep there." "See if you can take it alive," said the king, "then tie it in the cart and bring it along." When the huntsmen took hold of the girl, she woke up very frightened and cried out to them, "I'm a poor child, forsaken by father and mother. Have pity on me and take me with you." Then they said, "All-Kinds-of-Fur, you're fit for the kitchen. Just come with us; you can sweep up the ashes there." So they put her in the cart and drove home to the royal palace. They assigned her a cubbyhole under the stairs where no light

of day penetrated and said, "You can live and sleep there, furry creature." Then she was sent to the kitchen where she carried wood and water, poked the fire, plucked the poultry, sorted the vegetables, swept up the ashes, and did all the dirty work.

For a long time All-Kinds-of-Fur lived there quite wretchedly. Alas, fair king's daughter, what you still have to go through! It once happened, however, that a party was being celebrated in the palace; then she said to the chef, "May I go upstairs for a little while and look on? I'll stand outside the door." "All right, go along," answered the chef, "but you must be back here in half an hour and collect the ashes." She took her oil lamp, went to her cubbyhole, took off the fur cloak, and washed the soot from her hands and face, so that her full beauty came to light again. Then she opened the nut and took out the dress that shone like the sun and, when that was done, went upstairs to the party. Everybody made way for her, for no one knew her and they didn't doubt but that she was a king's daughter. Then the king came to meet her, offered her his hand, and danced with her, thinking to himself, "I've never laid eyes on a girl so beautiful as she." When the dance was over, she curtsied and, as the king was looking around, disappeared, and no one knew where. The sentries stationed outside the palace were summoned and questioned, but no one had seen her.

She had, however, run into her cubbyhole, quickly taken off her dress, blackened her hands and face, put on the fur cloak, and once again was All-Kinds-of-Fur. When she went into the kitchen and was about to start work and sweep up the ashes, the chef said, "Don't bother till tomorrow; instead, cook the king's pudding. I, too, want to look on a little upstairs. But don't you let a single hair fall in; if you do, you'll get nothing more to eat in the future." The chef went off, and All-Kinds-of-Fur cooked the pudding for the king, a bread pudding, as best she could. When it was ready, she fetched her gold ring from the cubbyhole and put it in the bowl in which the pudding was served. When the ball was over, the king had the pudding brought and ate it, and it tasted so good to him that he thought he'd never eaten a better. When he reached the bottom, he saw a gold ring lying there and couldn't imagine how it got there. He had the chef summoned. On hearing the order the chef was frightened and said to All-Kinds-of-Fur, "You surely let a hair

drop into the pudding; if so, you'll get a beating." When he entered the king's presence, the latter asked who'd cooked the pudding. "I did," answered the chef. "That's not true," said the king, "for it was a different kind and much better cooked than usual." "I must confess," answered the chef, "that I didn't cook it; the furry creature did." "Go and have her come up," said the king.

When All-Kinds-of-Fur came, the king asked, "Who are you?" "I'm a poor child who no longer has either a father or a mother." "Why are you in my palace?" "I'm good for nothing except to have the boots thrown at my head," she answered. He asked further, "Where did you get the ring that was in the pudding?" "I don't know anything about the ring," she answered. So the king could find out nothing and had to send her away again.

Some time later there was another party. As before, All-Kinds-of-Fur begged the chef for leave to look on. "Yes," he answered, "but be sure to come back in half an hour and cook the king the bread pudding he's so fond of." She ran to her cubbyhole, hurriedly washed herself, took out of the nut the dress which was as silvery as the moon, and put it on. Then, looking like a king's daughter, she went upstairs, and the king came to meet her and was glad to see her again, and since the dance was just beginning, they danced together. When the dance was over, she again disappeared so quickly that the king couldn't see where she'd gone. She jumped into her cubbyhole, turned herself into the furry creature again, and went into the kitchen to cook the bread pudding. When the chef was upstairs, she fetched the gold spinning-wheel and put it in the bowl so that the pudding was served on top of it. It was taken to the king, who ate it and liked it as much as the time before and summoned the chef. The latter again had to admit that it was All-Kinds-of-Fur who'd cooked the pudding. Again All-Kinds-of-Fur was brought before the king, but she answered that she was good only to have the boots thrown at her head and that she knew nothing at all about the tiny gold spinning-wheel.

When for the third time the king arranged a party, it went the same as before. To be sure the chef said, "You're a witch, furry creature, and always put something into the pudding to make it so good that the king likes it better than what I cook,"

but since she begged so hard, he allowed her to go there for the allotted time. Now she put on a dress which was as glittering as the stars and thus clad went into the hall. Again the king danced with the beautiful maiden and thought she'd never before been so beautiful. While he was dancing and without her noticing it, he put a gold ring on her finger and gave orders that the dance should last quite long. When it was at an end, he wanted to hold her hands tight, but she tore herself away and slipped so quickly among the crowd that she disappeared before his eyes. She ran as fast as she could to her cubbyhole under the stairs, but because she'd stayed out too long, indeed more than half an hour, she hadn't time to take off the beautiful dress but merely threw her fur cloak over it. Neither did she in her haste quite cover herself with soot, but one of her fingers remained white. All-Kinds-of-Fur now hurried into the kitchen, cooked the bread pudding for the king and, when the chef was gone, put the gold reel in it. When the king found the reel at the bottom of the bowl, he summoned All-Kinds-of-Fur. Then noticing her white finger and seeing the ring he had put on her during the dance, he seized her by the hand and held her tight, and when she wanted to tear herself away and run off, her fur cloak opened a little and her starry dress gleamed forth. The king seized the cloak and tore it off. Then her golden hair appeared, and she stood there in full splendor and could no longer conceal herself. When she'd wiped the soot and ashes from her face, she was more beautiful than anybody had ever before seen on earth. "You are my dear bride," said the king, "and we shall never part." Then the wedding was celebrated and they lived happily until their death.

66 The Hare's Bride

Häsichenbraut

THERE WAS A WOMAN and her daughter; they had a fine garden with cabbage in it. A hare used to come there and in winter eat all the cabbage. Then the woman said to her daughter, "Go into the garden and chase away the hare." The girl said to the hare, "Shoo! shoo! you hare, you're eating up all the cabbage." "Come, girl," said the hare, "sit down on my tail and come with me to my hutch." The girl wouldn't do it. The next day the hare came back and was eating the cabbage, and the woman said to her daughter, "Go into the garden and chase away the hare." "Shoo! shoo! you hare," said the girl to the hare, "you're eating up all the cabbage." "Come, girl," said the hare, "sit down on my tail and come with me to my hutch." The girl wouldn't do it. On the third day the hare came again and ate the cabbage, and the woman said to her daughter, "Go into the garden and chase away the hare." "Shoo! shoo! you hare," said the girl, "you're eating up all the cabbage." "Come, girl," said the hare, "sit down on my tail and come with me to my hutch." The girl sat down on the hare's tail, and the hare took her far away to its hutch and said, "Now cook green cabbage and millet. I'm going to invite the wedding guests." The wedding guests assembled. (Who were the wedding guests? That I can tell you as somebody else told me: they were all hares, and a crow was there as parson to marry the couple, and a fox as sexton, and the altar was under a rainbow.)

The girl, however, was sad because she was quite alone. The hare came up and said, "Open the door, open the door! The wedding guests are in high spirits." The bride said nothing and wept. The hare went away, then came back and said, "Open the door, open the door! The wedding guests are hungry." Again the bride said nothing and wept. The hare went away, then came and said, "Open the door, open the door! The wedding

guests are waiting." The bride said nothing, and the hare went away; she, however, made a dummy of straw, dressed it in her clothes, gave it a big spoon, stood it before the pot of millet, and went home to her mother. Once again the hare came and said, "Open the door, open the door!" and opened it itself and hit the dummy on the head so that its cap fell off.

Then the hare saw that it wasn't its bride and went sadly away.

67 The Twelve Huntsmen

Die zwölf Jäger

THERE WAS ONCE A KING'S SON who was betrothed to a maiden and loved her very dearly. Once as he was sitting beside her and feeling very happy, news came that his father was on his deathbed and asked to see him once before his end. To his beloved he said, "I must now go away and must leave you, so I'm giving you a ring as a keepsake. When I'm king, I'll come back and fetch you." He rode off, and when he got to his father, the latter was mortally ill and nigh unto death. "Dearest son," he said to him, "I wanted to see you once more before my end. Promise me to marry according to my wish," and mentioned to him a certain king's daughter who was to be his wife. The son was so distressed that he didn't stop a moment to think but said, "Yes, father dear, your will shall be done." Then the king closed his eyes and died.

When the son had been proclaimed king and the period of mourning was past, he had to keep the promise he'd made his father and sued for the hand of the king's daughter. And she was promised to him. His first betrothed learned of that and so grieved over his disloyalty that she almost passed away. Her father said to her, "Dearest child, why are you so sad? You shall have whatever you wish for." She thought for a moment, then said, "Father dear, I wish for eleven maidens exactly like myself

in face, form, and stature." "If possible," said the king, "your wish will be fulfilled, and had a long search made throughout his kingdom, until eleven maidens were found exactly like his daughter in face, form, and stature.

When they got there, the king's daughter had twelve hunting costumes made, each like the other, and the eleven maidens had to put them on, and she herself put on the twelfth. Then she said good-bye to her father and rode off with them and rode to the court of her former betrothed whom she so very dearly loved. She enquired whether he needed huntsmen and if he wouldn't take them all into his service. The king looked at her and didn't recognize her, but because they were so good-looking, he said yes, he'd be glad to employ them. Thus they became the king's twelve huntsmen.

Now the king had a lion, a remarkable animal that knew everything that was hidden and secret. One evening it chanced to say to the king, "You think you have twelve huntsmen there?" "Yes," said the king, "twelve huntsmen." "You're wrong," continued the lion, "they're twelve girls." "That simply isn't true," answered the king. "How are you going to prove it to me?" "Oh, just have some peas scattered in your antechamber," answered the lion, "and you'll see at once. Men have a firm tread. When they walk on peas, not a pea will move, but girls walk with a tripping, trotting, shuffling gait, and the peas roll about." The king very much liked the suggestion and had the peas strewn.

One of the king's servants was, however, fond of the huntsmen, and when he heard that they were to be tested, he went and repeated everything to them, saying, "The lion wants to make the king believe that you're girls." The king's daughter thanked him and afterward said to her maidens, "Make a great effort and step firmly on the peas." Next morning when the king had the twelve huntsmen called into his presence and they entered the antechamber where the peas were lying, they stepped so firmly and had such a steady, strong gait that not a single pea rolled or moved. Then they went away again and the king said to the lion, "You lied to me; they walk just like men." "They knew that they were going to be tested and made a great effort," answered the lion; "just have twelve spinning wheels brought into the antechamber; they'll come along and take pleasure in them. No man would do that." The king liked the

suggestion and had the spinning wheels placed in the antechamber.

The servant, however, who was well-intentioned toward the huntsmen, went and disclosed the scheme to them. Once they were alone, the king's daughter said to her eleven girls, "Make a great effort and don't look around at the spinning wheels." Next morning when the king had his twelve huntsmen summoned, they went through the antechamber and didn't so much as look at the spinning wheels. Then the king said to the lion, "You lied to me; they're men, for they didn't look at the spinning wheels." "They knew they were going to be tested and made a great effort," answered the lion. But the king would no longer believe the lion.

The twelve huntsmen always accompanied the king on the chase, and the longer he had them the better he liked them. Once when they were hunting, it happened that the news came that the king's betrothed was on her way. When the true bride heard that, it grieved her so that her heart almost stopped and she fell to the ground in a faint. The king thought that something had happened to his dear huntsman, came running up to help him, and drew off his glove. Then he saw the ring he'd given his first betrothed, and looking in her face, recognized her. His heart was so moved that he kissed her, and when she opened her eyes, he said, "You are mine and I am yours, and nobody in the world can change that." To the other bride, however, he sent a messenger and requested her to return to her kingdom, for he already had a wife. When one has found his old key, one doesn't need the new one. Then the wedding was celebrated, and the lion returned to favor, for it really had told the truth.

68 The Swindler and His Master

De Gaudeif un sien Meester

JOHN WANTED to have his son learn a trade, so he went to church and asked Our Lord what would be suitable for him. The sexton was standing behind the altar and said, "Swindling, swindling." Then John went back to his son and told him he must learn swindling, for so Our Lord had told him. With his son he went and looked for a man who understood swindling. They went on for quite a time and got to a very big forest, where there was a little cottage and a very old woman inside. "Do you by chance know anybody who understands swindling?" said John. "You may easily learn that here," said the woman; "my son's passed master at it." He spoke with the son and asked if he was really good at swindling. The master swindler said, "I'm willing to teach your son; come back in a year, and if you still recognize him, I won't take any apprentice fee. If, however, you do not recognize him, you can pay me two hundred dollars."

The father returned home, and the son learned to be good at witchcraft and swindling. When the year was up, the father went off by himself and wondered how to go about recognizing his son. As he was thus walking and wondering, he met a little dwarf who said, "Man, what are you wondering about? You're so sad." "Why, yes," said John, "a year ago I bound my son as an apprentice to a master swindler. He told me to come back in a year, and if I didn't recognize my son, I was to give him two hundred dollars. If I did recognize him, I shouldn't have to pay anything. Now I am very frightened lest I don't recognize him, for I don't know where to get the money." Then the dwarf said that he should take along a crust of bread and go and stand under the fireplace. "Up on the crossbeam is a basket and a bird will look out of it, and that's your son."

John went and threw a crust of black bread in front of the

basket; then the bird came out and looked at it. "Hello, son, are you here?" said the father. The son was glad to see his father, but the master said, "The Devil gave you that notion; how else could you recognize your son?" "Father, let's go," said the boy.

The father started home with his son. On the way a coach came driving along, and the son said to his father, "I'm going to turn myself into a big deerhound, and you can earn a lot of money through me." The gentleman called out of the coach, "Man, will you sell the dog?" "Yes," said the father. "How much money do you want for it?" "Thirty dollars." "Well, that's a lot, but because it's such a frightfully good dog, I'll take it." The gentleman took it into his coach, but when the coach had gone on a bit, the dog jumped out of the coach through the glass window. Then he was no longer a deerhound and rejoined his father.

Together they went home. The next day there was a fair in the neighboring town, and the boy said to his father, "Now I'm going to turn myself into a fine horse. Then sell me, but when you sell me, be sure to take off my bridle, otherwise I can't become a human being again." The father went with the horse to the fair, and the master swindler came and bought the horse for a hundred dollars. The father forgot, however, to take off the bridle. The man went home with the horse and put it in a stall. As the maid was walking across the floor of the barn, the horse said, "Take off my bridle, take off my bridle!" The maid stopped and listened, "My! you can talk?" went up to it and took off its bridle. Then the horse became a sparrow and flew out the door. The wizard likewise turned into a sparrow and flew after it. Then they met and bit one another, but the master was worsted, went into the water and was a fish. The boy, too, became a fish, and again they bit one another, and the master was worsted. Then the master turned himself into a cock, and the boy became a fox and bit the master's head off. Then he died and has been dead to the present day.

69 Yorinda and Yoringel

Jorinde und Joringel

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD CASTLE in the middle of a big dense forest, and in it an old woman lived all alone. She was an arch-enchantress. During the day she'd turn herself into a cat or an owl, but in the evening she'd resume proper human form. She knew how to lure game and birds and then she'd kill them, cook them, and roast them. If anyone came within a hundred paces of the castle, they'd have to stop dead and couldn't move from the spot until she unspelled them. But if a pure virgin entered this magic circle, she'd transform her into a bird, then shut her up in a basket, and carry the basket to a room in the castle. In her castle she had at least seven thousand such baskets with rare birds of this kind.

Once there was a girl named Yorinda, who was fairer than all other girls. She and a very handsome youth named Yoringel had plighted their troth. They were in the period of their courtship and took the greatest pleasure in each other's company. On one occasion they took a walk in the forest in order to be able to talk privately with one another. "Be careful not to go so near the castle," said Yoringel. It was a lovely afternoon: through the tree trunks the sun was shining bright into the dark green of the forest, and a turtle dove was singing mournfully in the old beeches.

Now and again Yorinda would weep, sit down in the sunlight and sigh, and Yoringel would sigh, too. They were as downcast as if doomed to die. They looked about, were confused, and didn't know how to get home. The sun was still half above the mountain, half behind it. Yoringel looked through the bushes and saw the old castle wall close by him; he was alarmed and became frightened to death. Yorinda sang,

"My bird with the red ringlet

Is singing 'Woc's me! woc's me! woc's me!'

It's singing of its death to the dove,
Singing 'Woe's me, alas, alas.'"

Yoringel looked for Yorinda, but Yorinda had been turned into a nightingale which was singing "Alas, alas!" An owl with glowing eyes flew thrice around them, thrice crying "Hoo-oo, hoo-oo, hoo-oo!" Yoringel couldn't move; he stood there like a stone, unable to weep, speak, or move hand or foot. Now the sun was down. The owl flew into a shrub and immediately thereafter a bent old woman emerged from it, yellow and thin, with great red eyes and a hooked nose the tip of which reached to her chin. She mumbled something, caught the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand. Yoringel could neither say anything nor could he move from the spot. The nightingale was gone. Finally the woman came back and with a muffled voice said, "Greetings, Zachiell! When the moon shines into the basket, unbind, Zachiell, at the right moment!" Then Yoringel was free. He fell to his knees before the woman and begged her please to give him back his Yorinda, but she said he'd never have her back and went away. He cried out, he wept, he lamented, but all to no purpose. "Alas, what's to become of me?"

Yoringel went away and finally reached a strange village where for a long time he tended sheep. Often he'd walk around the castle, though not too close. Finally he one night dreamed that he'd found a blood-red flower with a beautiful big pearl in the center of it. He picked the flower and with it went to the castle: everything he touched with the flower became unspelled. He also dreamed that with the flower he recovered his Yorinda. When he woke up in the morning, he began to search through hill and dale to find such a flower. He searched till the ninth day; then early in the morning he found the blood-red flower. In the center of it was a big dew drop, as big as the finest pearl. He carried this flower day and night till he reached the castle. When he got within a hundred paces of it, he was not, as before, held fast but walked on up to the gate. Yoringel was very happy, touched the gate with the flower, and it sprang open. He went in across the courtyard listening for the many birds; finally he heard them. He went and found the hall: there was the witch feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. On seeing Yoringel she got very, very angry, scolded, spewed venom and gall at him, but couldn't

come within two paces of him. He paid no attention to her but went and looked at the baskets with the birds. There were, however, many hundreds of nightingales. How was he to find his Yorinda again? While thus looking, he noticed that the old woman was stealthily removing a basket with a bird in it and going with it toward the door. He rushed up quickly, touched the basket with the flower and the old woman, too. Now she could no longer practise witchcraft, and Yorinda was standing there, had put her arms about his neck and was as beautiful as before. He turned all the other birds, too, back into maidens and then went home with his Yorinda, and they lived happily together for a long time.

70 Fortune's Favored Three

Die drei Glückskinder

A MAN once had his three sons come into his presence and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat. "I'm already old," he said, "and my death is near, so I wanted to provide for you before my end. I've no money and what I'm giving you seems of small value, but it's merely a matter of your using it sensibly. Just look for a country where such objects are still unknown, and your fortune's made."

After their father's death, the eldest set out with his cock, but wherever he went, cocks were already known. In the towns he'd already see from afar a cock on the steeples and turning with the wind; in the villages he'd hear more than one crowing, and no one was going to marvel at the creature. Accordingly it didn't look as if he'd make his fortune with it. At last, however, he came by chance to an island where the people knew nothing of cocks, didn't even know how to measure time. True enough, they knew when it was morning or evening, but at night, if they didn't sleep straight through, no one knew how to reckon the time. "See," he said, "what a proud

creature this is! On its head it has a crown as red as a ruby and wears spurs like a knight. It will call you thrice in the night at definite times, and the sun rises shortly after the last call. When it crows in broad daylight, then get ready, for there's certainly going to be a change in the weather." The people were much pleased with this; for a whole night they didn't sleep and listened with great satisfaction to the cock's calling the time with a loud, clear voice at two, four, and six. They asked him if the creature was for sale and how much he wanted for it. "About as much gold as a donkey can carry," he replied. "A mere trifle for such a valuable creature!" they shouted in a chorus and gladly gave him what he asked for.

When he got home with his riches, his brothers were astonished. The second said, "Now I'm going to set out and see whether I can get rid of my scythe as profitably," but it didn't look as if he would, for everywhere he met farmers with as good scythes on their shoulders as his. Finally he, too, was successful, and likewise on an island where the people knew nothing about scythes. There, when the grain was ripe, they'd bring cannon out to the fields and shoot the grain down. Now this was an uncertain method: many a cannon would fire out over it, another would hit the ears instead of the straw and shoot them off; there was much waste in the process and besides the noise was scandalous. Then the man went to work and mowed it down so quietly and so quickly that the people gaped in astonishment. They were willing to give him whatever he asked for it, and he got a horse with all the gold it could carry.

Now the third brother, too, wanted to sell his cat to the right person. He fared like the others. So long as he stayed on the mainland he accomplished nothing: there were cats everywhere and so many that the newborn young were mostly drowned. Finally he had himself ferried to an island, and by good luck not a cat had ever been seen there, and the mice had, of course, so gained the upper hand that they danced on the tables and benches, whether the master of the house was at home or not. The people complained bitterly about this plague, and the king himself was unable to save himself from it in his palace: in every corner the mice were squeaking and gnawed whatever they could get their teeth on. The cat began her hunt and soon had a few rooms cleared. Then the people

begged the king to buy the marvelous animal for the realm. The king gladly gave the price asked, namely, a pack mule laden with gold, and the third brother returned home with the greatest treasures of all.

In the royal palace the cat had great sport with the mice and killed so many that one couldn't keep count of them. Finally it got hot and thirsty from the work, stopped, raised its head, and cried "miaow, miaow." On hearing these strange cries the king and all his people were frightened and in their terror ran down out of the palace in a body. Outside, the king held a council as to what would be best to do: it was finally decided to send a herald to the cat, ordering it to leave the palace or else expect the use of force. The councilors said, "We prefer the plague of mice, an evil to which we are accustomed, rather than sacrifice our lives to such a monster." A squire had to go up into the palace and ask the cat if it would leave the palace peacefully. The cat, however, who in the meantime had only got thirstier, merely answered "miaow, miaow." The squire understood it to say, "Not at all, not at all" and transmitted this reply to the king. "Well," said the councilors, "it must yield to force." Cannon were brought up and the palace shot at and set fire to. When the flames reached the room where the cat was, it jumped out the window unharmed. The besiegers, however, didn't cease fire till the entire palace was razed to the ground.

71 Six Make Their Way in the World

Sechse kommen durch die ganze Welt

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN adept in many arts. He'd fought in the war and had conducted himself bravely and well, but when the war was over, he received his discharge and three farthings for traveling expenses. "Just wait!" he said, "I won't put up

with that. If I find the right people, the king will yet have to turn over the treasures of the entire country to me."

He went angrily into the forest and saw standing there a man who had pulled up six trees like so many straws of grain. "Will you be my servant and travel with me?" he said to him. "Yes," answered the other, "but first I want to bring the little bundle of brushwood home to my mother," and, taking one of the trees, twisted it around the other five, put the bundle on his shoulder and carried it off. Then he came back and went along with his master, who said, "We two ought surely to make our way anywhere in the world." When they'd gone some distance, they found a huntsman who was kneeling down; he had raised his gun and was taking aim. The master said to him, "Huntsman, what do you want to shoot at?" "Two miles from here," he answered, "a fly is sitting on the branch of an oak tree; I want to shoot out its left eye." "Oh, come with me," said the man; "if we three stay together, we ought to make our way anywhere in the world." The huntsman was willing and went with him. They came to seven windmills whose sails were turning at a great rate, and yet there was no wind from any quarter and not a leaf was stirring. The man said, "I don't know what's driving the windmills; there's not a breath of air stirring," and went on with his servants. When they'd gone on two miles, they saw a man sitting in a tree holding one of his nostrils and blowing out of the other. "Goodness! what are you doing up there?" asked the man. The other answered, "Two miles from here are seven windmills; see, I'm blowing at them and making them go." "Oh, come with me," said the man; "if we four stay together, we ought to make our way anywhere in the world." Then the blower climbed down the tree and went along. After some time they saw a man who was standing on one leg; he had unbuckled the other and laid it beside him. The master said, "You've certainly made yourself comfortable for a rest." "I'm a runner," he answered, "and so as not to run altogether too fast, I've unbuckled one of my legs. When I run on both legs, I'm swifter than a bird in flight." "Oh, come with me. If we five stay together, we ought to make our way anywhere in the world." So he went with them, and it wasn't long before they met a man who was wearing a cap

which he had perched entirely on one ear. "Have some manners, have some manners!" said the master, "don't put your cap on one ear. You look like a Tom-Fool." "I mustn't," said the other, "for when I put my cap on straight, there's a terrible frost, and the birds in the air freeze and drop dead to earth." "Oh, come with me," said the master; "if we six stay together, we ought to make our way anywhere in the world."

Now the six came to a city where the king had proclaimed that whoever was willing to race against his daughter and won was to be her husband, but should he lose, he would have to pay for it with his head. The man reported for the competition and said, "I want my servant to run for me." "Then," answered the king, "you must also pledge his life so that both his head and yours will be at stake." When that had been agreed upon and settled, the man buckled on the runner's other leg and said to him, "Now hurry up and do your part so that we may win." Now it had been agreed that whichever was the first to fetch water from a distant well would be the winner. The runner was given a jug and the king's daughter one as well, and they started running at the same time. But in a jiffy, when the king's daughter had gone but a short distance, the spectators could no longer see the runner, and it was as if a gust of wind had blown past. In a short time he reached the well, filled his jug with water, and turned about again. Halfway home, however, he was overcome with weariness, set down the jug, lay down, and fell asleep. In order not to be too comfortable and so as to wake up again soon, he used as a pillow a horse's skull which was lying on the ground. Meanwhile the king's daughter, who was a good runner, too, at least as good as an ordinary human being, had reached the well and was hurrying back with her jug full of water. When she saw the runner lying there asleep, she was glad and said, "The enemy has been delivered into my hands," emptied his jug, and ran on. All would have been lost if by good luck the keen-eyed huntsman hadn't been standing up on the castle and taking everything in. Then he said, "Just the same, the king's daughter isn't going to win out against us," loaded his gun and shot so skillfully that he shot the horse's skull from under the runner's head without hurting him. Then the runner awoke, jumped up, and saw that his jug was empty and that the king's

daughter was way ahead. But he didn't lose heart, ran back to the well with the jug, filled it again with water, and was home ten minutes before the king's daughter. "You see," he said, "this is the first time I've picked up my feet; what I was doing before wasn't really running at all."

The king, however, was vexed, and his daughter even more so, that a discharged common soldier like that should carry her off; they took council together as to how to get rid of him and his companions. Then the king said to her, "I've found a way; don't be alarmed; they won't get back home," and said to them, "Now have a good time eating and drinking," and led them to a room with an iron floor and whose doors were also of iron and the windows guarded with iron bars. In the room was a table set with delicious food. The king said to them, "Just go in and enjoy yourselves," and when they were inside had the door locked and bolted. Then he had the chef come and ordered him to make a fire under the room till the iron got red hot. The chef did so, and the fire started, and as they were sitting at table, the six in the room got very warm and thought it was on account of the food. When, however, it kept getting hotter and they wanted to get out and found the door and the windows locked, they saw that the king had evil designs and meant to suffocate them. "But he won't succeed," said the man with the cap, "I'll bring on a frost that will put the fire to shame and make it creep away." Then he set his cap on straight, and at once such a frost descended that all the heat disappeared and the food in the dishes began to freeze. When a few hours had passed, the king supposed they had perished in the heat. He had the door opened and was going to see about them himself, but when the door opened, all six of them were there hale and hearty and said they were glad to be able to get out and warm themselves, for in the great cold in the room the food was freezing fast to the plates. The king went angrily down to the chef, scolded him, and asked why he hadn't done as he'd been ordered. "There's fire enough there," answered the chef, "just see for yourself." The king saw that an enormous fire was burning under the iron room and realized that he couldn't do anything to the six that way.

The king pondered anew how he might rid himself of the bad guests, had the master come, and said, "If you're willing

to accept money and surrender your right to my daughter, you shall have as much as you want." "Why, yes, Sir King," he answered, "give me as much as my servant can carry and I won't demand your daughter." The king agreed, and the man went on to say, "I'll come, then, in a fortnight and fetch it." Then he summoned all the tailors in the whole realm; they had to sit for two weeks and sew a sack. When it was finished, the strong man, the one able to pull up trees, had to take the sack on his shoulders and go with it to the king. "What powerful fellow is that who's carrying on his shoulders a bale of canvas as big as a house?" said the king. He was frightened and thought, "What a lot of gold he'll carry off!" He had brought a barrel of gold that took sixteen of the strongest men to carry, but the strong man seized it with one hand and put it in the sack, saying, "Why don't you bring more right away; that hardly covers the bottom." The king gradually had his whole treasure brought, and the strong man stuffed it into the sack, but it didn't half fill it. "Bring along more," he cried, "those few crumbs aren't filling it up!" Then seven thousand more carts of gold from all over the realm had to be driven there, and the strong man stuffed them into his sack along with the oxen that were hitched to them. "I shan't waste much time over inspection," he said, "but will take what comes, just so it will fill the sack." When everything was in the sack, there was still room for a lot more, and he said, "I just want to make an end of the matter; of course one sometimes ties up a sack even if it isn't quite full." Then he hoisted it on his back and went off with his companions.

When the king saw that one man was carrying away the wealth of the entire country, he grew angry and had his cavalry mount and pursue the six, with orders to take the sack away from the strong man. Two regiments soon overtook them and called out to them, "You're prisoners! Lay down the sack of gold or you'll be cut down." "What are you saying?" said the blower, "we're prisoners, are we? You're more likely to go dancing about in the air!" held one nostril and with the other blew at the two regiments. Then they went in every direction, up into the blue and away over hill and dale, one this way, the other that. A sergeant begged for mercy, saying he had nine wounds and was a good fellow who didn't deserve the

affront. Then the blower let up a little, so that he came down again unharmed, and said to him, "Now go home to the king and tell him just to send some more cavalry. I'd blow them all into the air." When the king received this message, he said, "Let the fellows go; there's something uncanny about them."

So the six brought their wealth home, divided it among themselves, and lived happily until their death.

72 The Wolf and the Man

Der Wolf und der Mensch

A fox was once telling a wolf about man's strength: no animal could resist him, and they'd have to use guile to maintain themselves against him. The wolf answered, "If only I could once manage to see a man! I'd surely go straight for him!" "I can easily help you do that," said the fox; "just come to my house early tomorrow morning and I'll show you one."

The wolf came early, and the fox brought him out to the path the huntsman took every day. First there came an old discharged soldier. "Is that a man?" asked the wolf. "No," answered the fox, "it used to be one." Then came a little boy who was going to school. "Is that a man?" "No, it will be one some day." Finally the huntsman came with a double-barreled gun on his shoulder and wearing a case knife at his side. "Look!" said the fox to the wolf, "there comes a man! You must go for him, but I'll get off to my hole." The wolf went straight for the man. On seeing it the huntsman said, "What a pity I didn't load a bullet," took aim and fired shot into the wolf's face. The wolf made an awful face but didn't let itself get frightened and kept going. Then the huntsman gave it a second load. The wolf suppressed its pain and attacked the huntsman. Then the latter drew his shiny case knife and gave it a couple of cuts right and left, so that, streaming with blood, it ran howling back to the fox. "Well, brother wolf,"

said the fox, "how did you come out with the man?" "Alas," answered the wolf, "I didn't realize man's strength: first he took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it; then something flew into my face that tickled me perfectly frightfully. Then he blew once again into the stick, and something flew about my nose like lightning and hail. When I got quite near, he pulled a shiny rib out of his body and struck out at me so hard that I was almost left lying dead."

"You see," said the fox, "what a braggart you are: you can't carry out your boasts."

73 The Wolf and the Fox

Der Wolf und der Fuchs

A WOLF had a fox living with it, and whatever the wolf wanted, the fox had to do because it was the weaker. The fox would have been glad to be rid of its master. They were both walking through the forest and the wolf said, "Red fox, get me something to eat or I'll eat you up yourself." "I know of a farmyard where there are a couple of young lambs. If you want to, we'll go and get one." The wolf liked the idea; they went there. The fox stole the lamb, brought it to the wolf, and cleared out. The wolf ate it but wasn't yet satisfied, wanted to have the other, too, and went to fetch it. But because it was so clumsy, the lamb's mother saw it and began to cry and bleat most frightfully, so that the farmers came up on the run. They found the wolf and gave it such an unmerciful beating that it got back to the fox limping and howling. "That was a nice trick you played on me!" it said; "I was going to fetch the other lamb, but the farmers caught me and beat me to a pulp." "Why are you such a glutton?" answered the fox.

The next day they again went into the fields, and the greedy wolf again said, "Red fox, get me something to eat or I'll eat you up yourself." "I know of a farm where the wife will be

baking pancakes this afternoon," answered the fox; "let's get some of them." They went there, and the fox slunk around the house, looked and snuffed until it found where the bowl was, pulled down six pancakes, and brought them to the wolf. "There's something for you to eat," it said to the wolf and went its way. The wolf swallowed the pancakes in a jiffy and said, "They call for more," went and jerked down the whole plate so that it broke to pieces. Then there was such a great noise that the wife came out and, seeing the wolf, called the farm hands who hurried up and gave it such a sound thrashing that it got back to the fox in the forest with two lame legs and howling loudly. "What a nasty trick you played on me!" it cried; "the farmers got hold of me and tanned my hide." "Why are you such a glutton?" answered the fox.

The third day, when they were out in the open together and the wolf was having a hard time as much as to limp along, it once again said to the fox, "Red fox, get me something to eat or I'll eat you up yourself." "I know of a man who's been slaughtering," answered the fox, "and the salted meat is in a tub in the cellar. Let's get that." "But I want to go with you right off," said the wolf, "so that you can help me if I can't get away." "All right," said the fox, and showed it the tricks and devices by which they finally got into the cellar. There was any amount of meat there, and the wolf started immediately to eat, thinking, "It will be some time before I stop." The fox enjoyed it, too, kept looking all about, often ran to the hole through which they'd come, and tried it to see that its belly was not too full of food to slip through. "My dear fox," said the wolf, "tell me why you're running back and forth like that and jumping in and out of the cellar?" "Why, I've got to see whether anybody's coming," answered the crafty fellow. "Be sure not to eat too much." "I won't go till the tub is empty," said the wolf. Just then the farmer, who'd heard the noise of the fox jumping in and out, came into the cellar. The fox, on seeing him, was out the hole in one jump. The wolf wanted to follow it but had eaten itself so full that it could no longer get through but stuck there. Then the farmer came with a cudgel and beat it to death.

The fox, however, ran into the forest and was glad to be rid of the old glutton.

74 The Wolf and the Godfather

Der Fuchs und die Frau Gevatterin

A WOLF gave birth to a cub and had the fox invited to be godfather. "The fox is a near relative of ours," she said, "is intelligent and very clever. He can teach my little son and help him on in the world." The fox really made a very decent appearance and said, "Dear Mrs. Wolf, thank you for the honor you're showing me; I, too, shall act in a way to make you happy about it." At the christening party the fox ate with gusto and was quite merry, afterward saying, "Dear Mrs. Wolf, it's our duty to look out for the child. You must have good food so that it'll grow up to be strong. I know of a sheep-cote where we can easily get a choice morsel." The wolf liked the proposal and accompanied the fox out to the farm. From a distance he showed her the sheep-cote and said, "You'll be able to creep in there without being seen; meanwhile I'm going to take a look about on the other side and see if I can get a young chicken." However, the fox didn't go there but lay down by the edge of the forest, stretched out its legs, and took a rest.

The wolf crept into the sheep-cote; a dog was lying there, and it barked so loud that the farmers came on the run, caught Mrs. Wolf and poured stinging lye over her coat. Nevertheless, she finally got away and dragged herself out to the forest. There lay the fox: it assumed a most plaintive tone and said, "Alas, dear Mrs. Wolf, what a terrible time I've been having! The farmers fell upon me and beat me to pieces. If you don't want me to lie here and die, you must carry me off." The wolf could do no more than drag herself slowly forward; nevertheless she was so concerned over the fox that she took him on her back and carried the godfather, who was hale and hearty, slowly to her home. Then he called out to her, "Good-bye, dear Mrs. Wolf, and enjoy the roast!" laughed at her like anything, and ran off.

75 The Fox and the Cat

Der Fuchs und die Katze

A CAT happened to meet Mr. Fox in a forest and thinking, "He's clever, experienced, and very influential," spoke to him in friendly fashion. "Good day, dear Mr. Fox, how do you do? How goes it? How are you getting on in these hard times?" The fox looked the cat over from head to foot quite arrogantly and for some time didn't know whether to deign an answer. Finally he said, "Oh, you wretched lick-whiskers, you spotted fool, you starveling and mouse-hunter, what are you thinking of? You venture to ask how I am? What have you learned? How many tricks do you know?" "I know just one single trick," answered the cat modestly. "What trick is that?" asked the fox. "When the dogs are after me, I can jump up in a tree and save myself." "Is that all?" said the fox. "I am master of a hundred tricks and have, besides, a bag full of ruses. I'm sorry for you. Come along with me and I'll teach you how to get away from the dogs." Just then a huntsman came along with four dogs. The cat jumped nimbly up in a tree and sat down in the top, where branches and leaves hid it completely. "Open your bag of tricks, Mr. Fox! open your bag!" the cat called out to it, but the dogs had already seized it and were holding it tight. "My! Mr. Fox," cried the cat, "you with your hundred tricks are stuck. If you'd been able to climb up like me, you wouldn't have lost your life."

76 The Pink

Die Nelke

THERE WAS A QUEEN whose body Our Lord had closed so that she bore no children. Every morning she'd go into the garden and pray to God in Heaven to give her a son or a daughter. Then an angel from Heaven came and said, "Be content, you shall have a son with wish-fulfilling thoughts; whatever in the world he wishes for he will receive." She went to the king and told him of the happy message, and when her term was up, she bore a son and the king's joy was great.

Every morning she used to go with the child into the game-preserve and wash herself there in a clear spring. It once happened when the child was a little older that she fell asleep while it was lying in her lap. Then the old chef came, who knew that the child had wish-fulfilling thoughts and kidnapped it; he took a chicken, tore it to pieces, and let the blood drip on her apron and dress. Then he carried the child off to a hidden place where a wet nurse had to suckle it, and ran to the king, charging the queen with having let her child be stolen by wild beasts. On seeing the blood on the queen's apron the king believed this and flew into such a rage that he had built a tower with a deep dungeon into which neither sun nor moon ever shone and had his wife put in it and walled up. There she was to stay for seven years without food or drink and was to perish, but God sent two angels from Heaven in the form of white doves; twice daily they had to fly to her and bring her food till the seven years were up.

The chef thought to himself, "If the child has wish-fulfilling thoughts and if I stay here, it might easily prove my undoing," so he left the palace and joined the boy, who by this time was big enough to talk. "Wish yourself a fine mansion with a garden and all that goes with it," he said to him. No sooner was the wish out of the boy's mouth than everything he'd

wished for was there. After a while the chef said to him, "It's not good for you to be alone like this; wish yourself a beautiful maiden to keep you company." Then the king's son wished her there, and at once she was standing before him and was more beautiful than any artist could have painted. The two used to play together and loved one another with all their hearts. The old chef used to go hunting like a gentleman. Then the thought occurred to him that the king's son might one day wish to be with his father and thus get him into grave difficulties, so he went out, took the girl aside, and said, "Tonight when the boy is asleep, go to his bed, stab him in the heart with the knife and bring me his heart and tongue. If you don't do it, you'll lose your life!" Thereupon he went away and when he returned next day, she hadn't done it and said, "Why should I shed innocent blood which has harmed no one?" Again the chef said, "If you don't do it, it will cost you your life!" When he had gone, she had a little fawn fetched, had it killed, took out its heart and tongue and put them on a plate, and when she saw the old man coming, she said to the boy, "Lie down in the bed and pull the covers over you."

Then the old scoundrel came in and said, "Where are the boy's heart and tongue?" The girl handed him the plate, but the king's son threw off the covers and said, "You old sinner, why did you want to kill me? Now I'm going to pronounce judgment on you: you shall become a black poodle with a gold chain around your neck and you shall eat red-hot coals, so that the flames burst out of your throat." As he uttered these words, the old man was changed into a poodle with a gold chain around its neck, and the chefs had to bring up live coals, which it swallowed, so that the flames burst out of its throat. The king's son remained there a short time longer, thinking of his mother and wondering if she were still alive. Finally he said to the girl, "I want to go home to my native land; if you'll come with me, I'll support you." "Alas," she answered, "it's so far, and what am I to do in a strange land where no one knows me?" So, since she didn't really want to go and since they didn't want to leave one another, he wished her into a beautiful pink and put it in his pocket.

Then he went his way, and the poodle had to run along with him, and he returned to his native land. Then he went

to the tower where his mother was, and since the tower was very high, he wished himself a ladder that would reach the top. He climbed up and looked in, calling out, "Dearest, dearest mother, Lady Queen! Are you still alive or are you dead?" "I've just eaten and am not yet hungry," she answered, thinking that the angels were there. "I'm your dear son," he said, "whom the wild beasts are supposed to have stolen from your lap, but I'm still alive and shall soon save you." He climbed down and went to his father, announced himself as a foreign huntsman and asked if he might enter his service. The king answered "yes," provided he was well trained and could get him game. There had, however, never been any game in the region at all! The huntsman promised to get him just as much game as he could use on the royal board, had the hunt assembled, and ordered them all to go with him into the forest. They went along, and out in the forest he had them form a big circle, open at one side, then placed himself in the center and began to wish. Immediately some two hundred odd game animals came running into the circle, and the huntsmen had to shoot them. Then it was all loaded onto sixty farm wagons and driven home to the king; and for once the latter was able to adorn his table with game after having had none for many years.

The king was very happy about this and commanded his entire court to dine with him on the following day and had a great banquet. When they were all assembled, he said to the huntsman, "Since you're so clever, you shall sit next to me." "Sir King," he answered, "begging Your Majesty's pardon, I'm a simple hunter lad," but the king insisted, saying, "You shall sit next to me," until he did so. As he was sitting there, he thought of his dear mother and wished that one of the king's high officials would just start asking how the queen was faring in the tower, whether she was still alive or had perished. Hardly had he wished this than the marshal began to speak, saying, "Royal Majesty, here we are having a good time, but how is the queen faring in the tower? Is she alive, or has she perished?" The king answered, "She let my dear son be torn to pieces by wild beasts. I wish to hear nothing about it." Then the huntsman got up and said, "Most gracious father, she's still alive, and I am her son; he was not stolen by wild beasts but by that scoundrel, the old chef. He took me

from her lap while she was asleep and sprinkled her apron with the blood of a chicken." Then he took the dog with the gold anklet and said, "This is the scoundrel," and had glowing coals brought which the dog had to swallow in the sight of all, so that flames burst out of its throat. Then he asked the king whether he wanted to see him in his true shape and wished him back into the chef, and there he at once stood with his white apron and the knife hanging at his side. On seeing him, the king got angry and ordered him thrown into the deepest dungeon. Then the huntsman went on to say, "Father, do you also want to see the girl who brought me up so tenderly and who afterward was supposed to kill me but didn't though her own life was at stake?" "Indeed I should very much like to see her," answered the king. "Most gracious father," said the son, "I'll show her to you in the form of a beautiful flower," reached into his pocket, took the pink and placed it on the royal board. It was finer than any the king had ever seen. Then the son said, "Now I'll show her in her true form, too," and wished her back into a maiden. She stood there and was more beautiful than any artist could have painted.

Then the king sent two ladies-in-waiting and two servants down in the tower to fetch the queen and bring her to the royal board, but when she was brought there, she ate nothing, saying, "Gracious and merciful God Who sustained me in the tower will soon deliver me." She lived three days more and then died happily. When she was buried, the two white doves which had brought her her food in the tower and were angels from Heaven, followed her and lighted on her grave. The old king had the chef quartered, but his sorrow ate at his heart, and he soon died.

His son married the beautiful maiden whom he had brought home in his pocket in the form of a flower, and whether they're still alive, God alone knows.

77 Clever Peggy

Das kluge Gretel

THERE WAS A COOK whose name was Peggy; she wore shoes with red heels, and when she went out in them, she'd mince along, be quite happy, and say, "You really are a pretty girl!" On getting home she'd take a swallow of wine out of pure happiness, and because wine gives one an appetite, she'd taste the best of her own cooking, and tasting until she had her fill, she'd say, "A cook must know how the food tastes."

It once happened that the master said to her, "Peggy, a guest is coming this evening; prepare me two chickens in your best style." "Very good, sir," answered Peggy. She killed the chickens, scalded them, plucked them, put them on the spit, and toward evening placed them over the fire to broil. The chickens began to get brown and done, but the guest hadn't yet come. Then Peggy called out to the master, "If the guest doesn't come, I'll have to take the chickens off the fire, but it will be a frightful shame if they're not eaten soon while they're still at their juiciest." "I'll go myself then," said the master, "and fetch the guest."

When the master had turned his back, Peggy put the spit with the chickens to one side and thought, "Standing so long near the fire makes one sweat and makes one thirsty. Who knows when they'll be coming! Meanwhile I'll skip down cellar and have a swallow." She ran downstairs, raised a jug to her lips, and saying "God bless you, Peggy," took a good drink. "The wine calls for one drink after another and the fewer interruptions the better," she went on to say and took another deep draught. Then she went and put the chickens back on the fire, buttered them, and turned the spit merrily. Because the broilers smelled so good, Peggy thought, "Maybe I've forgotten something; I'd better taste them." She touched them with her finger and licked it, then said, "My! how good the chickens are! It's a perfect shame not to eat them at once," ran to the window to see whether the master and

the guest were coming yet, and saw no one. She went back to the chickens, thinking, "One of the wings is getting burnt; I'd better eat it up," so she cut it off and ate it. It tasted good, and when she was finished with that, she thought, "The other's got to come off, too; otherwise the master will notice that something's missing." When the two wings were consumed, she again went and looked for the master and didn't see him. The thought occurred to her, "Who knows! Perhaps they aren't coming at all but have turned in somewhere." Then she said, "Well, Peggy, cheer up! A start's been made on one of them anyhow; just have another drink and eat it all up. When it's all gone, then you'll be at peace. Why should this good gift of God go to waste?" So once more she went down cellar, had a respectable drink, and ate up one chicken quite happily. When one chicken was eaten up and the master still didn't come, Peggy looked at the other and said, "Where the one is, the other must be, too; the two go together; what's right for one is right for the other. I think another drink wouldn't do me any harm." So she took another hearty drink and had the second chicken run to join the first.

As she was thus at the height of her meal, the master arrived and said, "Hurry up, Peggy, the guest will be right along." "Yes, sir, I'll attend to it at once," answered Peggy. Meanwhile the master looked to see if the table was properly set, took the big knife with which he was going to carve the chickens, and sharpened it out in the passage-way. Just then the guest arrived and knocked politely and courteously at the front door. Peggy went to see who it was, and seeing the guest, put her finger to her lips, saying, "S-s-sh! get out as quick as you can. If my master catches you, you'll be in a bad way. True enough, he invited you for supper but only with the idea of cutting off both your ears. Just hear him sharpening the knife!" The guest heard the sound of sharpening and ran back down the steps as fast as he could. Peggy wasted no time but ran screaming to her master, crying, "You certainly invited a fine guest!" "My goodness, Peggy, why so? What do you mean by that?" "Yes, indeed," she said, "he took the two chickens out of the dish just as I was going to serve them and has run off with them." "That's a nice thing to do!" said the master and regretted the loss of the fine chickens. "He might at least have left one, so there'd be something left for me to eat." He shouted to him to stop, but the guest pretended not to hear.

Then he ran after him with the knife still in his hand, crying, "Just one, just one!" meaning that the guest should at least leave him one chicken and not take both. The guest, however, only supposed that he was to give up one of his ears and ran like mad in order to get both his ears home.

78 The Old Grandfather and the Grandson

Der alte Grossvater und der Enkel

THERE WAS ONCE A VERY OLD MAN whose eyes had grown dim, his ears deaf, and whose knees shook. When he sat at table hardly able to hold his spoon, he'd spill soup on the tablecloth, and a little would even run out of his mouth. This disgusted his son and his daughter-in-law, and so finally the old grandfather had to sit in a corner behind the stove. They gave him his food in an earthenware bowl and not even enough at that. He used to look sadly toward the table, and tears would come to his eyes. One day his trembling hands couldn't even hold the bowl, and it fell to the floor and broke to pieces. The young woman scolded, but he said nothing and merely sighed. For a few farthings she then bought him a wooden bowl, and he had to eat out of that. As they were sitting thus, his little four-year-old grandson was fitting some little boards together on the floor. "What are you doing there?" asked his father. "I'm making a trough for father and mother to eat out of when I'm grown up," answered the child.

The husband and wife looked at one another for a while, finally began to weep, and at once brought the old grandfather to the table. From then they always let him eat with them, and they didn't say anything even when he did spill a little.

79 The Nixie

Die Wassernixe

A LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER were playing by a well, and as they were playing, both plopped in. Down in the well was a nixie who said, "Now I've got you! Now you're to work good and hard for me," and led them away with her. She gave the girl hard, tangled flax to spin, and she had to carry water in a cask with no bottom. The boy was supposed to chop down a tree with a dull ax, and all they got to eat were dumplings as hard as rocks. Finally the children got so impatient that they waited till one Sunday when the nixie was at church and ran away.

When church was out, the nixie saw that the birds had flown and set after them with long strides. However, the children spied her from afar, and the girl threw a brush behind her; this produced a huge mountain of brushes, with thousands and thousands of briars, which the nixie had to climb over with a great deal of trouble, though she finally got across. When the children saw that, the boy threw a comb behind him; this produced a huge mountain of combs, with thousands and thousands of teeth. The nixie, however, knew how to hold onto them and finally got over them. Then the girl threw a mirror behind her, which produced a mountain of mirrors and was so very, very slippery that she couldn't get over it. Then she thought, "I'll hurry home and fetch my ax and cut the mountain of mirrors in two," but by the time she'd got back and had chopped up the glass, the children had long since fled far away, and the nixie had to trudge back to her well.

80 The Death of the Hen

Von dem Tode des Hühnchens

A COCK AND A HEN ONCE went to the nut mountain and agreed that whichever found a nut meat should share it with the other. Now the hen found a great big nut but said nothing about it, intending to eat the meat alone, but the meat was so big that she couldn't swallow it and it stuck in her throat so that she was afraid she'd choke to death. Then the hen cried, "Cock, please run as fast as you can and get me some water or else I'll choke to death." The cock ran as fast as he could to the well and said, "Well, you're to give me water; the hen is lying on the nut mountain, has swallowed a big nut meat, and is on the point of choking to death." The well answered, "First go to the bride and have her give you red silk." The cock went to the bride and said, "Bride, you're to give me red silk; the silk I'll give to the well, the well will give me water, the water I'll bring to the hen; she's lying on the nut mountain, has swallowed a big nut meat, and is on the point of choking on it." The bride answered, "First run and fetch me my wreath that got caught on a willow." The cock ran to the willow, pulled the wreath off the branch, took it to the bride, who gave him red silk for it; this he took to the well, which gave him water for it. Then the cock took the water to the hen, but when he got there, the hen meanwhile had choked to death, lay there dead, and didn't stir.

Then the cock was so sad that he cried aloud, and all the animals came and mourned over the hen, and six mice made a little wagon to drive the hen to her grave in. When the wagon was finished, they harnessed themselves to it, and the cock drove. On the way a fox came along and said, "Where are you going, cock?" "I'm on the way to bury my hen." "May I ride with you?"

"Yes, but sit down in the back of the wagon;
In front you're too heavy for my little horses."

The fox sat down in the back, then a wolf, a bear, a stag, a lion, and all the animals of the forest. Thus they proceeded on their journey until they came to a brook. "How are we going to get across?" said the cock. There was a straw lying by the brook which said, "I'll lay myself across, then you can drive over me." However, when the six mice got on the bridge, the straw slipped and fell into the water, and all six mice fell in and drowned. Then there was the same difficulty as before, and an ember came and said, "I'm big enough; I'll lay myself across, and you're to drive over me." The ember in turn laid itself over the water but unfortunately touched it just slightly, then hissed, went out, and was dead. On seeing that, a stone took pity on them, wanted to help the cock, and lay down across the brook. Then the cock pulled the wagon himself, but when he'd got it almost across, was already on land with the dead hen, and was going to pull along the others who were sitting in back, there were too many of them. The wagon rolled back, and everybody fell into the water and drowned.

Then the cock was all alone with the dead hen and dug her a grave and laid her in it and raised a mound over it. He sat down on it and grieved until he, too, died, and then everybody was dead.

81 Merry Andrew

Bruder Lustig

THERE WAS ONCE A GREAT WAR, and when the war came to an end, many soldiers received their discharge. Merry Andrew, too, received his and nothing else but a small loaf of ration bread and four farthings in cash. With that he went his way.

Now St. Peter had sat down by the wayside in the guise of a poor beggar, and when Merry Andrew came along, begged alms of him. The latter replied, "Dear beggar, what can I give you? I've been a soldier and received my discharge and have nothing

else but this small loaf of ration bread and four farthings in cash. When that's gone, I'll have to beg just like you. Still, I'll give you something." Then he divided the loaf into four parts, gave one to the apostle and a farthing, too. St. Peter thanked him, went on, in a different shape again sat down as a beggar where the soldier would be coming along, and when the soldier got there, begged alms of him as before. Merry Andrew gave the same answer as before and again gave him a quarter of the bread and a farthing. St. Peter thanked him and went on and for the third time, though in a different form, sat down by the wayside as a beggar and accosted Merry Andrew, Merry Andrew also gave him the third quarter of the loaf and the third farthing. St. Peter thanked him, and Merry Andrew went on with only one quarter of the loaf and one farthing. Then he entered an inn, ate the bread, and with the farthing had himself served a beer with his bread. When he'd finished, he went on and again met St. Peter in the guise of a discharged soldier. The latter addressed him with "Good day, comrade. Can you give me a piece of bread and a farthing for a drink?" "Where am I to get it?" answered Merry Andrew. "I received my discharge and nothing else but a loaf of ration bread and four farthings in cash. I met three beggars on the road and gave each a quarter of my loaf and one farthing; the last quarter of the loaf I ate in the inn and with the farthing bought a drink. Now I'm cleaned out, and if you haven't anything left either, we can go begging together." "No," answered St. Peter, "that won't be quite necessary. I understand a little something about doctoring and with that I'll surely earn what I need." "Well," said Merry Andrew, "I know nothing about that, so I must go begging by myself." "Well, just come along," said St. Peter; "if I earn something, you shall have half of it." "I'm quite agreeable to that," said Merry Andrew, and accordingly they went on together.

They came to a farmhouse where they heard terrific crying and lamentation. They entered, and within a man was lying mortally ill and on the point of death, and his wife was weeping and wailing loudly. "Stop your weeping and wailing," said St. Peter; "I'll make your husband well again," took an ointment from his pouch and cured the sick man immediately so that he was able to get up and was quite well. Then the husband and wife said

most joyfully, "How can we reward you? What can we give you?" St. Peter, however, would accept nothing, and the more the farmer and his wife entreated him, the more firmly he refused. Merry Andrew, however, nudged St. Peter, saying, "Do take something; we really need it." Finally the farmer's wife brought a lamb and told St. Peter he'd have to accept that, but he didn't want to. Then Merry Andrew nudged him in the ribs and said, "For goodness sake, accept it, you foolish devil; we really need it." Finally St. Peter said, "All right, I'll accept the lamb, but I won't carry it; if you want it, you'll have to carry it." "That doesn't matter," said Merry Andrew. "I'll carry it, of course," and took it on his shoulder.

Now they went on and got into a forest; by then the lamb had begun to weigh upon Merry Andrew. He, however, was hungry, and said to St. Peter, "Look, there's a nice place; we might cook the lamb there and eat it." "Right you are," answered St. Peter, "but I don't know anything about cooking. If you want to cook, there's a kettle for you; meanwhile I'll walk about a bit till it's done. But you mustn't start eating till I get back; I'll surely be there on time." "Go along then," said Merry Andrew; "I understand about cooking, and I'll do it all right." St. Peter went off and Merry Andrew made a fire, threw the meat into the kettle, and boiled it. The lamb was already done but still the apostle wasn't back. Merry Andrew took it out of the kettle, carved it, and found the heart. "That's supposed to be the best part," he said, tasted it, and finally ate it all up. At last St. Peter returned and said, "You may eat the whole lamb yourself; I just want the heart. Give me that." Then Merry Andrew took knife and fork, pretended to hunt around diligently in the stew but couldn't find the heart. Finally he said right out, "There isn't any heart." "Why, where can it be?" said the apostle. "I don't know," answered Merry Andrew, "but look what fools we both are! looking for the lamb's heart and it hasn't occurred to either of us that a lamb hasn't got a heart." "My goodness," said St. Peter, "that is something new! Of course every animal has a heart; why shouldn't a lamb have one?" "Of course not, brother, a lamb hasn't got a heart. Just think it over and you'll remember that it really hasn't got one." "Well, all right then," said St. Peter, "if there isn't any heart, then I don't want any other part of the

lamb; you can eat it all yourself." "What I can't eat up, I'll take along in my knapsack," said Merry Andrew, ate half the lamb and put the rest in his knapsack.

They went on. Then St. Peter made a stream flow across the road and they had to go through it. "You go ahead," said St. Peter. "No," answered Merry Andrew, "you go ahead," thinking "if the water's too deep, I'll hang back." Then St. Peter waded through, and the water came only to his knees. Now Merry Andrew was going to wade across, too, but the stream swelled and rose to his neck. Then he called out, "Help, brother!" St. Peter said, "Will you also confess that you ate the lamb's heart?" "No," he answered, "I didn't eat it." Then the stream got still bigger and rose to his mouth. "Help, brother!" cried the soldier. St. Peter once again said, "Will you also confess that you ate the lamb's heart?" "No," he answered, "I didn't eat it." St. Peter didn't want to let him drown, caused the stream to subside, and helped him over.

They went on and came to a kingdom where they heard that the king's daughter was mortally ill. "What ho, brother!" said the soldier to St. Peter, "there's a chance for us! If we cure her, we're fixed for life." St. Peter didn't walk fast enough for him. "Now pick up your feet, dear friend," he said to him, "so that we may get there before it's too late." St. Peter, however, kept walking slower and slower despite all of Merry Andrew's urgings and proddings, till at last they heard that the king's daughter had died. "Now we've lost our chance," said Merry Andrew. "That comes from your dawdling along." "Do be quiet," answered St. Peter. "I can do more than make the sick well; I can bring the dead to life, too." "Well," said Merry Andrew, "if that's so, I'm satisfied, but if you do that, you've got to earn us at least half the kingdom." Thereupon they went to the royal palace where everybody was in deep mourning. St. Peter, however, said to the king that he'd bring his daughter back to life and was led to her. Then he said, "Bring me a kettle of water," and when it was brought, ordered everybody out, and Merry Andrew alone was allowed to stay with him. He cut off all the dead girl's limbs, threw them into the water, made a fire under the kettle, and let them boil. When all the flesh had dropped off the bones, he took out the fine white bones, placed them on a table, arranging and disposing them in their natural position. When that was done, he

went up to the skeleton and said three times, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, dead woman, arisel" and the third time the king's daughter stood up alive, well, and beautiful. The king rejoiced greatly at this and said to St. Peter, "Name your reward; I'll give it to you even if it's half my kingdom." But St. Peter answered, "I don't want anything in return." "Oh, you Tom-Fool!" thought Merry Andrew to himself, nudged his comrade in the ribs, and said, "Don't be so stupid! Even if you don't want anything, I need something." St. Peter didn't want anything, but since the king noticed that the other very much wanted something, he had the treasurer fill his knapsack with gold.

They went on their way, and when they got into a forest, St. Peter said to Merry Andrew, "Now let's divide the gold." "All right," he answered, "we'll do that." Then St. Peter divided the gold and apportioned it in three parts. Thought Merry Andrew, "What a mad idea he's got again! making three lots when there are only two of us!" "Now I've divided it quite exactly," said St. Peter, "one share for me, one share for you, and one share for the man who ate the lamb's heart." "Oh, I ate that, you may believe me," answered Merry Andrew, quickly pocketing the gold. "How can that be true?" said St. Peter. "A lamb hasn't got a heart." "My goodness, brother! Where did you get that idea? Of course a lamb has a heart like every animal. Why should it be the only one not to have one?" "Very well, very well," said St. Peter, "keep the gold yourself, but I won't stay with you any longer and shall go my way alone." "As you like, dear friend," answered the soldier, "good-bye."

Then St. Peter took another road, but Merry Andrew thought, "It's just as well he's trotting off, for he's a queer customer." Now, to be sure, he had enough money but didn't know how to handle it, squandered it, gave it away, and after a certain time again had nothing. Then he came to a country where he heard that the king's daughter had died. "Stop!" he thought, "that may prove to be a good thing. I'll bring her back to life and be paid a good reward." So he went to the king and offered to revive the dead girl. The king had heard that a discharged soldier was traveling about and bringing the dead back to life and thought that Merry Andrew was the man; still, since he had no confidence in him, he first asked his councilors. They said he might as well try it, since his daughter was dead in any event. Merry Andrew had a kettle

of water brought, ordered everybody out, cut off all the limbs, threw them into the water, and made a fire underneath just as he had seen St. Peter do. The water began to boil, and the flesh dropped off the bones. Then he took out the bones and placed them on a table, but he didn't know how to arrange them and laid the bones every which way. Then he stood before them and said, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, dead woman, arise!" and said it three times. Nevertheless the bones didn't stir. Then he said it thrice more but again in vain. "Get up, my treasure," he cried, "get up, or it won't go well for you." As he said that, St. Peter suddenly came in through the window in his former shape of a discharged soldier and said, "You bad fellow, what are you doing there? How can the dead girl arise when you've thrown her bones about any old way?" "Dear friend, I did it as well as I could," he answered. "This time I'll help you out of the difficulty, but I tell you, if you try anything like that again, things will go badly for you. Nor may you make the slightest request of the king for having done this or accept anything for it." Then St. Peter arranged the bones properly, said three times, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, dead woman, arise," and the king's daughter stood up and was well and beautiful as before. Then St. Peter again went out through the window. Merry Andrew was glad that it had turned out so well but was vexed at not being able to accept anything for it. "I'd just like to know," he thought, "why he has such mad notions; for what he gives with one hand he takes away with the other. It makes no sense." The king asked Merry Andrew what he wanted, but he mightn't take anything; however, by dint of hints and subterfuge he got the king to order his knapsack filled with gold and with it went on his way. As he went out, St. Peter was standing at the gate and said, "Look what kind of a fellow you are! Didn't I forbid you to accept anything? And now you've got a knapsack full of gold!" "How can I help it," answered Merry Andrew, "when they put it in?" "Now I'm telling you, you're not to try anything like that a second time, or it will fare ill with you." "Why, brother, don't worry; I now have gold. Why should I bother washing bones?" "Yes," said St. Peter, "the gold will last a long time! However, to stop you from going astray again, I'll give your knapsack the power that everything you wish into it shall be in it. Good-bye. You won't see me again." "Good-bye," said

Merry Andrew and thought, "I'm glad you're going away, you queer chap; I certainly shan't follow you." However, he thought nothing more of the magic power that had been given his knapsack.

Merry Andrew traveled about with his money and squandered it and dissipated it as the first time. When he had nothing but four farthings left, he passed an inn and said, "The money's got to go," and ordered three farthings' worth of wine and a farthing's worth of bread. As he was sitting there drinking, the odor of roast goose mounted to his nostrils; Merry Andrew peered and looked about and saw that the landlord had two geese in the warming oven. Then he remembered that his comrade had told him that anything he might wish into his knapsack would be in it. "What ho! you've got to try it with the geese." So he went out and outside the door said, "Now I wish the two roast geese out of the warming oven into my knapsack." Having said that he unbuckled his knapsack, looked in, and saw both geese inside. "My! that's fine," he said, "now I'm a made man," went to a meadow and took out the roast geese. At the height of his meal two traveling journeymen came along and with hungry eyes saw the goose which had not yet been touched. "One's enough for me," thought Merry Andrew and calling the two journeymen, said, "Take the goose and eat it to my good health." They thanked him, went with it to the inn, ordered half a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread, took out the goose that had been given them, and started eating. The innkeeper's wife was looking on and said to her husband, "The two men are eating a goose; just look and see whether it's not one of ours out of the warming oven." The innkeeper went over and found the oven empty. "What, you thieving rogues! You expect to eat your goose so cheap? Pay at once or I'll give you a thrashing with a green hazel rod." "We're no thieves," said the two, "a discharged soldier out on the meadow made us a present of the goose." "You won't pull my leg; the soldier was here but went out the door like an honest fellow. I kept my eye on him; you're the thieves and have got to pay." Since they couldn't pay, he took a stick and beat them out the door.

Merry Andrew went his way and came to where there was a splendid manor house and not far from it a poor inn. He went to the inn and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord refused

him, saying, "There's no room; the house is full up with quality." "I'm surprised," said Merry Andrew, "that they come to you instead of going to the splendid house." "Indeed," answered the innkeeper, "it's quite something to spend a night there: people who've tried it haven't come out again alive." "If others have tried it," said Merry Andrew, "I'll try it, too." "Give that idea up," said the innkeeper; "it'll cost you your life." "It really won't cost me my life," said Merry Andrew. "Just give me the keys and plenty to eat and drink." The landlord gave him the keys and food and drink, and with that Merry Andrew went into the house, had a good meal and, when at last he got sleepy, lay down on the floor, for there wasn't any bed there. He soon fell asleep but in the night was awakened by a great noise. On rousing himself he saw nine ugly devils in the room; they'd formed a circle and were dancing around him. "Just dance as long as you like," said Merry Andrew, "but don't come too near me." Nevertheless the devils kept crowding in on him and almost stepped on his face with their dirty feet. "Quiet down, you devils," he said, but they behaved worse and worse. Then Merry Andrew got angry and cried out, "Stop it! I'll quiet you down soon enough," took hold of the leg of a chair and hit out at them. However, the nine devils against one soldier was, after all, too much, and when he'd strike the one nearest, the others would seize him by the hair from behind and pull him about cruelly. "You pack of devils!" he cried, "now that's too much for me. Just wait! into my knapsack, all nine of you!" In a trice they were inside, and he buckled it up and tossed it into a corner. It was suddenly quiet, and Merry Andrew lay down again and slept until broad daylight. Then the innkeeper and the nobleman who owned the house came to see how he'd fared. When they saw him hale and hearty, they were amazed and asked, "Didn't the ghosts do anything to you?" "I should think so!" answered Merry Andrew. "I have all nine of them in my knapsack. You may move right back into your house; from now on no one will haunt it." The nobleman thanked him, gave him rich presents, and begged him to stay on in his service, saying he'd take care of him for the rest of his days. "No," he answered, "I'm used to a roving life and want to journey farther afield." So Merry Andrew departed, went into a smithy, put the knapsack with the nine devils in it on the anvil, and asked the smith and his apprentices to pound on it. They

pounded with their big hammers as hard as they could, so that the devils set up a piteous howl. Afterward when he opened his knapsack, eight were dead, but one, who had been sitting in a crease, was still alive, slipped out, and went back to Hell.

Then Merry Andrew roamed about the world for a long time more, and anybody who knew might tell a good deal about it. Finally, however, he grew old and began to think of his end. Then he went to a hermit who was known as a devout man and said to him, "I'm tired of roving and now want to try to get into the Heavenly Kingdom." "There are two roads," answered the hermit, "one wide and pleasant, leading to Hell; the other narrow and rough, leading to Heaven." "I'd be a fool," thought Merry Andrew, "to go the narrow and rough way," so he started out, going the wide and pleasant way, and finally got to a big black gate: this was the gate of Hell. Merry Andrew knocked, and the porter looked to see who was there, but when he saw Merry Andrew, he was frightened, for he actually was the ninth devil who had been with the others in the knapsack and who got off with a black eye. Therefore he quickly shot the bolt again and ran to the chief of the devils, saying, "There's a fellow outside with a knapsack who wants to get in, but for goodness sake don't let him in or he'll wish the whole of Hell into his knapsack. Once he had me pounded unmercifully in it." So they shouted out to Merry Andrew to go away again and that he wouldn't get in. "If they don't want me there," he thought, "I'll see if I can find a lodging in Heaven, for I've got to stay somewhere," turned about and went on till he got outside the gate of Heaven at which he also knocked. St. Peter was sitting right there as porter. Merry Andrew recognized him at once and thought, "Here's an old friend; things will go better here," but St. Peter said, "Am I right in thinking that you want to get into Heaven?" "Please let me in, brother; I've got to turn in somewhere. If they'd take me in in Hell, I shouldn't have come here." "No," said St. Peter, "you don't get in here." "Well, if you won't let me in, just take back your knapsack, for I don't want to have anything of yours," said Merry Andrew. "Then give it here," said St. Peter. He passed the knapsack through the grating into Heaven, and St. Peter took it and hung it up beside his easy chair. Then Merry Andrew said, "Now I wish myself into my knapsack." In a trice he was inside and was now in Heaven, and St. Peter had to let him stay there.

82 Gambling Jack

De Spielhansl

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN who did nothing but gamble; and therefore people called him Gambling Jack, and because he never stopped gambling, he gambled away his house and all. On the very last day, when his creditors were already about to seize the house, Our Lord and St. Peter came and said that he was to put them up for the night. "You can spend the night all right," said Gambling Jack, "but I can't give you a bed or anything to eat." Then Our Lord said he'd only have to put them up and that they'd buy some food for themselves. Gambling Jack agreed to this. Then St. Peter gave him threepence and told him to go to the baker and get a loaf of bread. Gambling Jack went, but when he got to the house where the other gamblers lived who had won everything from him, they called out to him, crying, "Come on in, Jack." "Oh, yes," he said, "you want to get the threepence from me, too!" However, they kept on urging him. He went in and gambled even the threepence away. St. Peter and Our Lord waited and waited, and when after a long time he didn't come back, they went to meet him. When Gambling Jack finally came, he pretended that the money had dropped into a pool of water and that he'd been poking about in it. All that time Our Lord already knew, however, that he'd lost it gambling. Then St. Peter again gave him threepence. This time, however, he didn't let himself be led astray and brought them the bread. Then Our Lord asked him if he perhaps had any wine, and he answered, "Alas, master, the casks are all empty." Then Our Lord said he was to go down cellar: "The very best wine is now down there." For a long time he wouldn't believe it, but at last he said, "I'll go down, but I know there isn't any"; yet when he broached the cask, the very best wine ran out. He now brought them the wine, and they stayed there over night. Early the next day Our Lord told Gambling Jack to ask for three favors, thinking he'd ask for

Heaven, but Gambling Jack asked for cards with which he'd win everything and dice with which he'd win everything, also a tree bearing all sorts of fruit, and if one climbed it, that he couldn't get down till he ordered him to. Our Lord gave him everything he'd asked for and again went on His way with St. Peter.

Now Gambling Jack started gambling in earnest and might soon have won half the world. Then St. Peter said to Our Lord, "Master, this won't do: he'll end by winning the whole world; we must send Death after him." So they sent Death after him. When Death arrived, Gambling Jack was sitting at the gaming table. "Jack," said Death, "step outside for a moment," but Gambling Jack said, "Just wait a minute till the game is over, and meanwhile climb up the tree out there and pick a little something for us to nibble on the way." Then Death climbed up, but when he wanted to get down again, he couldn't, and Gambling Jack let him stay up there for seven years. During that time no one died.

Then St. Peter said to Our Lord, "Master, this won't do. No one is dying any more, and we'll have to go ourselves." So they went straight off and said to Death, "Come down," and Death immediately seized Jack and throttled him. They went off together and got to the Otherworld. Then Gambling Jack went to the gate of Heaven and knocked. "Who's out there?" "Gambling Jack." "Oh, we don't want you, go right away." Then he went to the gate of Purgatory and again knocked. "Who's out there?" "Gambling Jack." "Oh, we've got misery and distress aplenty here. We don't want to gamble; go right away again." Then he went to the gate of Hell, and there they did let him in. There was no one at home except Lucifer and the hunchback devils (for the straight ones happened to have business on Earth), and then he at once sat down and began gambling again. Now Lucifer had nothing but hunchback devils, and Gambling Jack won these away from him, because with his cards he was bound to win everything. He went off with the hunchback devils, and together they went to Hohenfurt [Upper Bavaria], pulled out the hop poles, went up to Heaven with them, and began to assail Heaven. And now Heaven was already collapsing. Then St. Peter said, "Master, this won't do. We must let him in or else he'll overthrow our Heaven," so they let him in. But Gambling Jack at once started gambling again and immediately such a noise and clatter

arose that one couldn't hear oneself speak. Again St. Peter said, "Master, this won't do. We must throw him out or else he'll turn all Heaven upside down." So they fell upon him and threw him out, and then his soul split up and bits of it went into other gamblers who are still alive.

83 Lucky John

Hans im Glück

FOR SEVEN YEARS John had served his master; then he said to him, "My time is up, sir; now I'd like to go back home to my mother. Give me my wages." The master replied, "You've served me loyally and honestly: like service, like wage," and gave him a lump of gold as big as John's head. John took his kerchief from his pocket, wrapped up the nugget, shouldered it, and started for home. As he was thus walking along, one foot after the other, he caught sight of a horseman who, fresh and gay, was trotting past on a lively horse. "Alas," said John aloud, "what a fine thing riding is! It's like sitting in a chair: you never strike against a stone, you spare your shoes, and you get along like nothing at all!" The horseman, who heard this, stopped and cried out, "My goodness, John, then why are you walking?" "I have to," he answered, "I've got to carry a big nugget home. True enough, it's gold, but just the same I can't hold my head up and it weighs heavily upon my shoulder, too." "Do you know something," said the horseman, "let's exchange: I'll give you my horse, and you give me your nugget." "With all my heart," said John, "but I warn you, it will be a burden to you." The horseman dismounted, took the gold, helped John up, put the reins firmly in his hands, and said, "If you want to go rather fast, you must click your tongue and call out, 'giddap! giddap!'"

John was frightfully happy to be sitting on his horse and riding along so free. After a while it occurred to him that they ought to be going even faster and began to click his tongue and call out

"giddap! giddap!" The horse set out at a smart trot, and before John knew it, he was thrown and was lying in a ditch that separated the fields from the highway. The horse would have run away, too, had it not been stopped by a farmer who happened to come along driving a cow before him. John picked himself up and set off on foot again, but he was cross and said to the farmer, "Riding is a bad joke, particularly when one runs into a mare like this that bucks and throws one in a way to break one's neck. I shall absolutely never get on it again. I'm all for your cow: one can walk along comfortably behind her, and besides, one is sure of one's milk, butter, and cheese every day. What wouldn't I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the farmer, "if you like it so much, I'll trade the cow for the horse." John agreed most joyfully: the farmer swung onto the horse and rode off in a hurry.

John drove his cow before him in leisurely fashion, thinking of the lucky bargain. "As long as I just have a piece of bread—and that I'm not likely to lack—I can eat it as often as I please with butter and cheese; when I'm thirsty, I'll milk my cow and drink milk. What more can the heart desire?" Arriving at an inn, he stopped, joyfully ate up everything he had with him, his dinner and supper, and with his last few farthings had a half a glass of beer. Then he drove his cow on before him always in the direction of his mother's village. As midday drew near, the heat grew more oppressive, and John found himself on a heath that would take at least another hour to cross. He got so very hot and thirsty that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. "We can do something about that," thought John, "now I'll milk my cow and refresh myself with the milk." He tied her to a dead tree and, having no pail, put his leather cap underneath, but no matter how hard he tried, not a drop of milk came, and because he was clumsy and awkward, the impatient animal finally gave him such a kick on the head with one of her hind legs that he tumbled down and for some time couldn't think where he was. Fortunately at just that moment a butcher came along with a young pig in a barrow. "What's the game?" he cried and helped good old John up. John told him what had happened. The butcher handed him his bottle, saying, "Have a drink and refresh yourself. The cow probably won't give milk because it's an old creature fit at best to serve as a draft animal or to be slaughtered." "My goodness!" said John, stroking back his hair, "who'd have

thought that! It's certainly a fine thing to be able to slaughter such an animal at home. What a lot of meat one gets! However, I'm not very fond of cow meat; it isn't juicy enough for me. But to have a young pig like that! That tastes altogether different—and there are the sausages, too!" "Listen, John," said the butcher, "as a favor I'll trade with you and leave you the pig for the cow." "May God reward your kindness," said John, turned the cow over to him, had him release the little pig from the barrow, and hand him the rope to which it was tied.

John went his way, reflecting on how everything happened to order for him: whenever anything unpleasant occurred, it was always immediately set right. Then he met a boy who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They said good-day to one another, and John began to tell of his good luck and how every time he'd made so profitable an exchange. The boy told him he was taking the goose to a christening party. "Just heft it and see how heavy it is," he went on, taking it by the wings; "they've been fattening it for eight weeks. Anyone who takes a bite of it once it's roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth." "Yes, indeed," said John, weighing it with one hand, "it certainly weighs something, but my pig is no mean thing." Meanwhile the boy was looking about in every direction with a worried look and shaking his head. "Listen," he went on, "there may be something wrong about your pig. In the village I just passed through a pig had been stolen from the magistrate's sty. I'm very much afraid that you've got it there. They've sent people out, and it would be a bad business if they caught you with the pig: the least that could happen would be for them to put you in the black hole." Our good John got frightened. "Alas," he said, "help me out of this difficulty! You know the way about here better than I; take my pig and leave me your goose." "Of course I must take a certain risk," answered the boy, "but just the same I don't want to be to blame for your getting into trouble." So he took hold of the rope and quickly drove the pig off into a side road while good John, free of his worries, went on home with the goose under his arm. "As I really think it over," he said to himself, "I have the best of the bargain: first the good roast goose, then the large amount of fat that will drip out which will supply me with goose fat for my bread for three months, and finally the fine white feathers

that I'll have my pillow stuffed with—and I'll sleep on that without being rocked! How glad my mother will be!"

After he'd passed through the last village, a scissors-grinder was standing there with his cart; his wheel was humming, and he was singing as a burden,

"I grind the scissors and turn the wheel
And trim my sails to suit the wind."

John stopped and watched him; finally he addressed him, saying, "You're well off, because you're so merry in your grinding." "Yes," answered the scissors-grinder, "there's a lot of money in the business. A real scissors-grinder is a man who finds money whenever he puts his hand in his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?" "I didn't buy it; I traded it for a pig." "And the pig?" "I got that for a cow." "And the cow?" "I got that for a horse." "And the horse?" "For the horse I gave a nugget of gold as big as my head." "And the gold?" "Why, that was my wages for seven years' service." "You certainly knew a way out every time," said the scissors-grinder; "if you can now manage it so that you hear the money jingle in your pocket on getting up in the morning, your fortune is made." "How am I to do that?" said John. "You must become a scissors-grinder like myself: to do that all you really need is a grindstone, the rest takes care of itself. There! I've got one, a little damaged to be sure, but you don't have to give me anything for it except your goose. Do you want to do it?" "How can you really ask!" answered John, "I'll certainly be the luckiest man on earth! If I have money every time I feel in my pocket, what else do I have to worry about?" "Well," said the grinder, picking up an ordinary heavy field stone that happened to be lying beside him, "here you have another good stone in the bargain; one can hit good and hard on it and you can straighten out your old nails. Take it and take good care of it."

John shouldered the stone and went on contentedly, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I must have been born with a caul," he cried; "everything I wish comes to pass like a child born on Sunday." Meanwhile, since he'd been on his feet since daybreak, he began to get tired; also hunger tormented him, since he had eaten all his provisions at one time in his joy over the cow-trade. Finally he was able to keep going only with the greatest effort

and had to stop every other minute; furthermore, the stones were weighing on him unmercifully. Then he couldn't help thinking how fine it would be if he didn't have to carry them just at that time. Walking at a snail's pace he came to a well in the fields, where he meant to rest and refresh himself with a cool drink. Not to damage the stones when he sat down, he carefully put them beside him on the edge of the well. Then he sat down and was about to bend over to drink, made a false move, brushed slightly against them, and both stones went plop into the well. When with his own eyes he saw them disappear into the water, John jumped up for joy, then knelt and with tears in his eyes thanked God for having done him this favor, too, and rid him of the heavy stones, his last obstacle, in such a nice way that he had nothing to reproach himself with. "There's no man under the sun as lucky as I!" he cried out.

With light heart and free of every burden he now skipped along until he got home to his mother's.

84 John Gets Married

Hans heiratet

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG FARMER whose name was John; his cousin wanted to get him a rich wife. He put John behind the stove and heated it up well. He then fetched a pot of milk and a lot of white bread, placed a shiny new farthing in his hand, and said, "John, hold on tight to the farthing, crumble the white bread in the milk, stay where you are and don't move from the spot till I come back." "All right," said John, "I'll do just as you say." The matchmaker put on a pair of old patched trousers and going to a rich farmer's daughter in the next village, said, "Don't you want to marry my cousin John? You'll get a fine and clever husband whom you'll like." The girl's miserly father asked, "What are his prospects? Has he plenty of bread to break?" "Dear friend," answered the matchmaker, "my cousin is warm,

has a pretty penny in hand, and has plenty of bread to break. Nor has he fewer patches (as they also say of parcels of land) than myself," slapping, as he said this, his patched trousers. "If you'll take the trouble to come along with me, I'll show you at once that everything is as I say." The miser didn't want to let this opportunity slip and said, "If he's like that, I have no further objections to the marriage."

The wedding was celebrated on the appointed day, and when the young woman wanted to go out into the country and see her husband's property, John first took off his Sunday suit and put on his patched coat, saying, "I might spoil my good clothes." Then they went out into the country together, and wherever they went and a vineyard was to be seen and wherever there were fields and meadows, John would point with his finger, at the same time slap a big or little patch in his coat and say, "This patch is mine and that, too. Just look at them, dear," meaning that his wife was not to stare out over the countryside but to look at his coat which was his own.

"Were you at the wedding, too?" "Of course I was there, and in full dress. My hair was powdered with snow, but then the sun came out and melted it. My dress was of spider web, but then I walked through thorn bushes and they tore it off me. My slippers were of glass; I hit against a stone, then they went clink and broke in two."

85 The Gold Children

Die Goldkinder

THERE WAS A POOR MAN and a poor woman who had nothing but a little hut and lived by fishing and from hand to mouth. One day by chance when the husband was sitting by the water and casting his net, he pulled out a fish that was of solid gold. As he was gazing at the fish and marveling at it, the fish began to talk and said, "Listen, fisherman, if you throw me back into the water,

"I'll transform your little hut into a magnificent mansion." "What good is a mansion to me," answered the fisherman, "if I haven't anything to eat?" "That, too," continued the gold fish, "will be taken care of: there'll be a cupboard in the mansion; whenever you open it, there'll be dishes in it with the very finest food and as much as you wish." "In that case," said the man, "I can of course afford to do you the favor." "All right," said the fish, "but there's a string attached, namely, not to reveal to any human being in the world whomsoever the source of your good fortune. If you say a single word, it'll all be over and done with."

The man threw the marvelous fish back into the water and went home. Where his cottage used to stand there was now a great mansion. Wide-eyed with amazement he went in and saw his wife dressed in fine clothes sitting in a magnificent parlor. She was utterly delighted and said, "Husband, how did this happen so suddenly? I like it very much." "Yes," said the husband, "I like it, too, but I'm also frightfully hungry, so first of all give me something to eat." "I haven't got anything," said the woman, "nor do I know how to find anything in the new house." "That doesn't matter," said the man, "I see a big cupboard over there. Just open it." When she opened the cupboard, there were cakes, meat, fruit, and wine, smiling at one, as it were. "What else can the heart desire?" the wife cried out joyfully, and they sat down and ate and drank together. When they'd eaten their fill, the wife asked, "But, husband, where does all this wealth come from?" "Alas," he answered, "don't ask me about it, I mustn't tell you. If I reveal it to anyone, our good fortune will vanish again." "All right," she said, "if I'm not supposed to know, I don't want to know." She didn't mean what she said, however; the matter gave her no peace day or night, and she plagued and pestered her husband till in his impatience he out and said that it all came from a wonderful gold fish he'd caught and given its freedom again in exchange for this. As he uttered these words, the beautiful mansion and the cupboard immediately disappeared, and again they were sitting in the old fisherman's hut.

The man had to start all over, ply his trade and fish. Good fortune, however, would have it that once more he pulled out the gold fish. "Listen," said the fish, "if you'll again throw me into the water, I'll again give you the mansion with the cupboard full of good food. Only restrain yourself and, whatever you do, don't

reveal from whom you got it, otherwise you'll lose it again." "I'll certainly be careful," answered the fisherman and threw the fish back into the water. At home everything had returned to its former splendor, and his wife was most happy over the good fortune. Nevertheless, her curiosity left her no peace, and in a few days she again began to ask how it had come about and how he'd done it. For some time the husband kept silent on the matter, but finally she made him so angry that he burst out and revealed the secret. That very moment the mansion disappeared, and again they were sitting in the old hut. "Now you've done it," said the man; "now we can again suffer starvation." "Alas," said the wife, "I'd rather not have riches when I don't know from whom they come. When I don't know, I just don't have any peace of mind."

Again the man went fishing, and after a while the same thing happened; he pulled out the gold fish for the third time. "Listen," said the fish, "I plainly see that I'm bound to keep falling back into your hands, so take me home and cut me up into six pieces: of these give two to your wife to eat, two to your horse, and bury two in the ground, and you'll profit from it." The man took the fish home and did as it had told him. It so happened that from the two pieces in the ground grew two gold lilies, that the horse had two gold colts, while the fisherman's wife gave birth to two solid gold children.

The children grew up, became tall and fair, and the lilies and horses grew up with them. Then they said, "Father, we want to mount our gold horses and go out into the world," but he answered sadly, "How shall I bear it when you've gone and I don't know how you are?" "The two gold lilies will stay here," they said, "from them you can see how we are: if they don't wither, we're well; if they do wither, we're ill; if they droop over, we're dead." They rode off and came to an inn where there were a lot of people, and when they saw the two gold children, they began to laugh at them and make fun of them. When one of them heard this, he was mortified, didn't want to go out in the world, turned about, and went back to his father. The other, however, rode on and reached a big forest. When he was about to ride into it, the people said, "You mustn't ride through; it's full of robbers who'll treat you badly, and, indeed, when they see you're made of gold and your horse, too, they'll kill you." However, he didn't let him-

self be frightened and said, "I shall and must ride through." Then he took bearskins and covered himself and his horse with them, so that nothing more could be seen of the gold, and rode confidently into the forest. When he had ridden on a bit, he heard a noise in the bushes and voices talking with one another. From one side a voice cried, "There's one," and from the other, "Let him go; he's a lazybones [lit., bearskin], poor and shabby as a church mouse. What can we do with him?" Thus the gold child rode safely through the forest, and no harm befell him.

One day he reached a village. There he saw a girl so beautiful that he didn't think there could be one more beautiful in the world, and because he felt such great love for her, he went up to her and said, "I love you with all my heart; will you be my wife?" The girl, too, liked him so much that she agreed, saying, "Yes, I'll be your wife and be faithful to you as long as I live." They celebrated their wedding, and right at the height of the festivities the bride's father came home, and seeing his daughter being married, was astonished and said, "Where is the bridegroom?" They pointed out to him the gold child, who still had his bearskins on. Then the father said angrily, "Never shall a lazybones have my daughter," and was about to kill him. The bride begged him as hard as she could and said, "He's truly my husband, and I love him with all my heart," till finally he allowed himself to be pacified. Nevertheless, he couldn't get the thought out of his mind and the next morning rose early to see his son-in-law and find out whether he was a common ragged beggar, but when he looked in there, he saw a splendid gold man in the bed and the bearskins which he'd thrown off lying on the floor. Then he went back, thinking, "What a good thing it is that I restrained my wrath; I should have done a great wrong."

The gold child, however, dreamed that he was going out to hunt a superb stag, and on waking up in the morning, said to his bride, "I want to go hunting." She was frightened and begged him to stay home, saying, "Some great misfortune may easily befall you," but he answered, "I shall and must go." He got up and went out into the forest, and before long a proud stag stopped in front of him just as in his dream. He raised his gun and was about to shoot it, but the stag raced away. Then he chased after it, over ditches and through bushes, and didn't get tired all day; but in the evening the stag vanished before his eyes,

and when the gold child looked about, he was standing in front of a little house and in it was sitting a witch. He knocked at the door, and an old woman came out and asked, "What are you looking for in the big forest so late?" "Did you by any chance see a stag," he said. "Yes," she replied, "I know the stag well," and a little dog which had come out of the house with her barked furiously at the man as she was speaking. "Hush, you wretched cur," he said, "or I'll shoot you dead." Then the witch cried angrily, "What! kill my little dog?" and at once transformed him so that he lay there like a stone, and his bride waited for him in vain, thinking, "What frightened me so and weighed so heavily on my heart has surely come to pass."

Back home, however, the other brother was standing near the gold lilies when suddenly one of them drooped over. "Dear God," he said, "a great misfortune has befallen my brother; I must go and see if perhaps I can save him." But the father said, "Stay here. If I lose you, too, what shall I do?" He replied, "I shall and must go," mounted his gold horse, rode off, and came to the big forest where his brother was lying changed into a stone. The old witch came out of her house, called to him, and meant to trap him, too; but he didn't come near and said, "If you don't bring my brother back to life, I'll shoot you down." Much against her will she touched the stone with her finger, and he at once returned to life as a man.

The two gold children rejoiced to see each other again, hugged and kissed one another, and rode off together out of the forest, the one to his bride, the other home to his father. Then the father said, "I knew very well that you'd unspelled your brother, for the gold lily suddenly straightened up again and went on blooming." Now they lived happily and prospered till their end.

86 The Fox and the Geese

Der Fuchs und die Gänse

A FOX once came to a meadow where there was a flock of fine fat geese. Laughing he said to them, "I've come at just the right time; you're sitting nicely together so I can eat one up after the other." In their fright the geese cackled, jumped up, and began to lament and piteously beg for their lives. But the fox would listen to nothing, saying, "No mercy! you've got to die." Finally one of them plucked up courage and said, "If we poor geese must sacrifice our fresh young lives, at least grant us one single favor and let us say one last prayer, so that we may not die in sin. After that we're willing to line up so that you may pick out the fattest every time." "All right," said the fox, "that's fair and is a pious request; I'm willing to wait while you pray." So the first began a very long prayer, always saying "cack-cack," and because it gave no sign of stopping, the second didn't wait for its turn but also began "cack-cack." The third and fourth followed its example, and soon all were cackling in unison.

When they've done praying, the story will go on, but for the moment they're still going on praying.

87 The Poor Man and the Rich Man

Der Arme und der Reiche

IN OLDEN TIMES when the good Lord Himself was still walking on earth among men, it happened that one evening He was tired and night overtook Him before He could get to an inn. Now on

the road before Him stood two houses facing each other, one large and beautiful, the other small and of mean appearance. The big one belonged to a rich man, the small one to a poor man. Our Lord thought, "I'll be no burden on the rich man; I'll spend the night with him." When the rich man heard the knock at his door, he opened the window and asked the stranger what he wanted. Our Lord answered, "I beg a night's lodging." The rich man measured the wanderer from head to foot and because the good Lord was wearing simple clothes and didn't look like a man with much money in his pocket, he shook his head, saying, "I can't take you in; my rooms are filled with herbs and seeds, and were I to lodge everyone who knocks at my door, I'd be a beggar myself. Look for lodgings elsewhere." So saying, he slammed the window to and left the good Lord standing there.

The good Lord turned His back on him and went across to the small house. No sooner had He knocked than the poor man unlatched his door and asked the wanderer to come in. "Spend the night here with me," he said; "it's already dark and you won't get on any farther today in any event." That pleased the good Lord, and He went in. The poor man's wife shook hands with Him, bade Him welcome, and invited Him to make Himself at home and accept what they had: they hadn't much, but what there was they'd more than gladly give Him. She put potatoes on the fire, and while they were boiling, she milked her goat, so that they'd have a little milk with the potatoes. When the table was set, the good Lord sat down and ate with them, and the poor fare tasted good to Him, for there were happy faces about Him. When they'd eaten and it was time to go to bed, the wife took her husband aside and said, "Husband dear, listen. Let's make a shake-down of straw for ourselves tonight so that the poor wanderer can lie in our bed and rest up. He's been walking all day, and that tires one." "Most gladly," he answered, "I'll offer him our bed," went to the good Lord and asked Him if it was agreeable to Him to sleep in their bed and rest His limbs properly. The good Lord didn't want to deprive the two old people of their couch, but they kept urging Him till He finally did so and lay down in their bed. For themselves, however, they made a shake-down on the floor.

The next morning they got up before dawn, prepared as good a breakfast for their guest as they could. Then when the sun

shone through the little window and the good Lord had arisen, He again ate with them and was then about to go His way. While standing at the door, He turned around and said, "Because you are so merciful and devout, make three wishes, and I'll fulfill them for you." Then the poor man said, "What else should I wish for but eternal salvation and for the two of us good health as long as we live and a little daily bread. As for the third thing—I don't know what to wish." "Don't you wish a new house for the old one?" said the good Lord. "Yes, indeed," said the man, "if I can get that, too, I'd certainly like it." Then the Lord fulfilled their wishes, transformed the old house into a new one, once more gave them His blessing, and went on.

It was already broad daylight when the rich man got up. He leaned out the window and saw facing him a new clean house with a red tiled roof where an old hut had been before. Then he opened his eyes in surprise, called his wife, and said, "Tell me, what's happened? Last night the miserable old hut was still standing there and today there's a fine new house there. Run over and find out how it came about." The wife went and questioned the poor man. "Last night," he told her, "a wanderer came, looking for a night's lodging, and this morning on taking leave he granted us three wishes: eternal salvation, health in this life and our daily bread, and finally, in place of our old hut a fine new house." The rich man's wife hurried back and told her husband how it had all come about. "I could beat myself black and blue!" said the husband. "Had I only known! That stranger came here first and wanted to spend the night with us, but I turned him away." "Hurry up," said the wife, "get on your horse; in that way you can still overtake the man and then you must get three wishes for yourself, too."

The rich man followed this good advice, raced off on his horse, and managed to overtake the good Lord. He spoke in a polite and kindly fashion, praying Him not to take amiss his not letting Him in at once, he'd been looking for the door key, but in the meantime He'd gone. If He happened to come back that way, He'd have to stay with him. "All right," said the dear Lord, if I come back sometime, I'll do so." Then the rich man asked whether he, too, like his neighbor might not make three wishes. Yes, said the good Lord, he might do so, but it wouldn't turn out well for him and he'd better not wish. The rich man

said he'd certainly be able to pick out something that would turn out to his own advantage, if he just were sure it would be fulfilled. "Ride home," said the good Lord, "and the three wishes you make will be fulfilled."

Now the rich man had what he'd asked for, rode home, and began to ponder over what he ought to wish for himself. As he was thinking this and let the reins drop, the horse began to jump so that his thoughts were constantly disturbed and he couldn't collect them. He patted it on the neck and said, "Quiet, Lizzy!" but the horse started capering anew. Finally he got angry and cried out quite impatiently, "I wish you'd break your neck!" As he uttered these words, plop, he fell to the ground, and the horse lay dead and didn't stir again. Thus his first wish was fulfilled. Because he was by nature a miser, he didn't want to leave the saddle gear there, cut it off, put it on his back and now had to proceed on foot. "You've still got two wishes," he thought and consoled himself with that.

As he was walking slowly along through the sand and the noonday sun was blazing hot, he got very warm and cross. The saddle pressed on his back, and besides, he hadn't yet decided what to wish. "Even if I wish for all the kingdoms and treasures in the world," he said to himself, "I'll think of all sorts of other things afterward, this and that—I'm sure of that. However, I'll arrange it so that there won't be anything left for me to wish for." Then he heaved a sigh and said, "Indeed, if only I were the Bavarian farmer who also was given three wishes. He knew what to do: he wished for himself first, a lot of beer, secondly, as much beer as he could drink, and thirdly, a keg of beer to boot." Once in a while he thought he had it, but on reflection it would seem too little to him. Then the thought occurred to him how comfortable his wife was at that moment, sitting at home in a cool room and enjoying a good meal. That annoyed him considerably and without realizing it, he said to himself, "I wish she were sitting at home on the saddle and not be able to get down, instead of my carrying it on my back." As the last word left his mouth, the saddle had vanished from his back, and he realized that his second wish, too, had been fulfilled. Then he got really hot, began to run, and wanted to sit down in his room all by himself and think up something big for the last wish. When he got there, however, and opened the living-room door, his wife was

sitting in the middle of the room on a saddle, unable to get off it and weeping and wailing. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll wish you all the riches in the world, but just stay where you are." But she called him a sheep's head and said, "What good are all the riches in the world to me when I'm sitting on the saddle. You wished me onto it and you've got to help me get down again, too." Willy nilly, he had to make the third wish that she be freed from the saddle and able to get down. The wish was fulfilled at once, and he got nothing from the whole thing but vexation, trouble, a scolding, and a lost horse.

On the other hand, the poor couple lived contentedly, quietly, and devoutly until their end.

88 The Singing, Hopping Lark

Das singende, springende Löweneckerchen

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN who was about to go on a long journey; on saying good-bye he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest wanted pearls, the second diamonds, but the third said, "Father dear, I want a singing, hopping lark." "All right," said her father, "if I can get one, you shall have it," kissed all three, and set out. When it was time for him to come home, he'd bought pearls and diamonds for the two eldest, but for the singing, hopping lark for the youngest he'd looked everywhere in vain, and he felt sorry about it, for she was his favorite child. His way took him through a forest, in the middle of which was a fine mansion, and near it a tree. And way up at the top of the tree he saw a lark singing and hopping about. "Well, just in the nick of time!" he said, quite pleased, and called to his servant to climb up and catch the little creature. But when the latter approached the tree, a lion jumped out from under it, shook itself, and roared so that the leaves on the trees trembled. "Whoever wants to steal my singing, hopping lark," it cried, "I'll eat up." Then the man said, "I didn't know the bird was yours; I'm will-

ing to make amends for my wrong and ransom myself with hard cash if only you'll grant me my life." "Nothing can save you," said the lion, "unless you promise to give me what you first meet on arriving home. However, if you do that, I'll grant you your life and in the bargain give you the bird for your daughter." But the man refused, saying, "It might be my youngest daughter who loves me more than the others do and always runs to meet me when I come home." The servant, however, was frightened and said, "Has it absolutely got to be your daughter who'll meet you? It might perfectly well be a cat or a dog." Then the man let himself be persuaded, took the singing, hopping lark, and promised to give the lion what he first met on reaching home.

When he got home and went into his house, the first thing he met was none other than his youngest, favorite daughter, who came running to meet him, hugged and kissed him, and when she saw that he'd brought her a singing, hopping lark, was beside herself with joy. But her father was unable to rejoice and began to weep, saying, "My dearest child, I've paid dearly for the little bird; in return for it I had to promise you to a fierce lion, and once it's got you, it will tear you to pieces and eat you up." He told her everything that had happened and begged her not to go there, come what might. She comforted him, however, saying, "Dearest father, your promise must be kept; I'll go there and surely pacify the lion so that I'll come back to you safe and sound." Next morning she had him show her the way, said good-bye, and walked confidently into the forest. Now the lion was the enchanted son of a king: by day he was a lion and all his retainers were lions, but by night they had their natural human forms. On arriving there she was well received and led into the palace. When night came, he was a handsome man, and the wedding was celebrated with splendor. They lived happily together, awake at night and asleep in the daytime.

On one occasion he came and said, "Tomorrow there'll be a feast in your father's house because your eldest sister is getting married, and if you want to go, my lions will escort you there." She said yes, she'd very much like to see her father again and drove there, accompanied by the lions. There was great joy on her arrival, for all had supposed that she'd been torn to pieces by the lion and long since dead. She told them what a handsome husband she had and how well off she was, stayed with them

during the wedding festivities, and then went back into the forest.

When the second daughter got married and she was invited to the wedding, she said to the lion, "This time I won't go there alone; you must come with me." The lion said it would be too dangerous for him, for if the ray of a burning candle fell on him there, he'd be changed into a dove and have to fly with the doves for seven years. "Oh," she said, "just come along with me; I'll take care of you all right and protect you from all light." So they set out together and took their little child along, too. Once there they had a stone hall built with walls so strong and thick that no ray of light could penetrate it: he was to sit there when the wedding candles were lighted. But the door was made of green wood, which split and sprang a tiny crack that no one noticed. The wedding was celebrated with splendor, but when the bridal procession came back from church and with its many torches and candles passed by the hall, a ray as fine as a hair fell upon the king's son, and as this ray touched him, he was transformed. When she came to look for him, she didn't see him, but sitting there was a white dove, which said to her, "I shall have to fly about in the world for seven years, but every seven paces I'll let fall a drop of red blood and a white feather to show you the way, and if you follow the trail, you can unspell me."

Then the dove flew out the door, and she followed it, and every seven paces a drop of red blood and a white feather would drop down and show her the way. Thus she went on and on into the wide, wide world, neither looking about nor resting, and the seven years were almost up. Then she was happy and thought they'd soon be free. But far from it! Once as she was thus walking on in this way the feathers stopped dropping and the drops of red blood, too, and when she looked about, the dove had vanished. Because she thought, "Human beings can't help you now," she climbed up to the Sun and said to it, "You shine into every nook and cranny; have you by any chance seen a white dove flying by?" "No," said the Sun, "I haven't seen one, but here, I'll give you a little box; open it when you are in dire need." She thanked the Sun and went on till evening and the Moon was shining. Then she asked it, "You shine all night and on every field and meadow; have you by any chance seen a white dove flying by?" "No," said the Moon, "I haven't seen one, but here, I'll give you an egg;

break it when you are in dire need." She thanked the Moon and went on till the Night Wind started to blow on her. Then she said to it, "You're blowing over every tree and through all the leaves. Have you by any chance seen a white dove flying by?" "No," said the Night Wind, "I haven't seen one, but I'll ask the other three winds, who may perhaps have seen it." The East Wind and the West Wind came and had seen nothing, but the South Wind said, "I saw the white dove: it flew to the Red Sea, where it turned into a lion again, for the seven years are up. The lion is now fighting a dragon there, but the dragon is an enchanted king's daughter." Then the Night Wind said to her, "I'll give you a piece of advice: go to the Red Sea. There on the right shore stand some big saplings; count them, cut down the eleventh, and hit the dragon with it. Then the lion will be able to overcome it, and both will regain their human forms. After that, look about and you'll see a griffin sitting by the Red Sea; swing onto its back with your beloved and the bird will carry you both home across the sea. Here's a nut, too. When you're over the middle of the sea, drop it; it will sprout immediately, and a big nut tree will grow up out of the water for the griffin to rest on, for if it weren't able to rest, it wouldn't be strong enough to carry you both across. If you forget to throw the nut down, the bird will let you both drop into the sea."

Then she went there and found everything as the Night Wind had said. She counted the saplings by the sea, cut down the eleventh, struck the dragon with it, and ~~the lion overcame it, and~~ at once both regained their human forms. But when the king's daughter, who before had been a dragon, was unspelled, she took the youth in her arms, mounted the griffin, and carried him off with her. The poor girl who'd journeyed so far stood there, again forsaken, and sat down and wept. Finally, however, she took heart and said, "I'll go on as far as the wind blows and the cock crows, until I find him." She went on a long, long way, till she finally came to the palace where the two were living together. Then she heard there'd soon be a festival when they celebrated their wedding. "God will help me once more," she said, opening the box the Sun had given her. In it was a gown as brilliant as the Sun itself. She took it out, put it on, and went up to the palace, and all the people and the bride herself looked at her in amazement. The bride liked the gown so much that she thought it

might do for her wedding dress and asked her whether it was for sale. "Not for money or treasures," she answered, "but for flesh and blood." The bride asked her what she meant. Then she said, "Let me sleep for one night in the bridegroom's room." The bride didn't want to and yet she very much wanted to have the gown, so she finally agreed. The chamberlain had, however, to give the king's son a sleeping potion. When night came and the young man was asleep, she was led into his room; she sat down by his bed and said, "I followed you for seven years, went to the Sun and the Moon and the four winds to enquire about you; I helped you against the dragon. Now are you going to forget me entirely?" But the king's son slept on so soundly that it just seemed to him that the wind was rustling outside in the firs. When morning came, she was again led out and had to give up her gold dress.

Since that was of no avail, she was sad and went out on a meadow, where she sat down and wept, and, as she was thus sitting there, she again remembered the egg the Moon had given her. She broke it open, and out came a hen with twelve chicks, all gold; they ran about, peeped and then crept back under their mother's wings—one can't imagine anything lovelier in the world. Then she got up and drove them before her over the meadow, until the bride looked out her window, and then she liked the little chicks so much that she at once came down and asked if they were for sale. "Not for money and treasures, but for flesh and blood! Let me sleep one more night in the bridegroom's room." The bride said yes, meaning to trick her as on the previous evening, but when the king's son went to bed, he asked the chamberlain what the murmuring and rustling in the night had been. Then the chamberlain told him everything, that he'd been forced to give him a sleeping potion because a poor girl had secretly slept in his room, and that he was supposed to give him another that night. "Pour the drink out beside the bed," said the prince. When night came, she was again led into the room, and when she began to tell how sadly she'd fared, he at once recognized his dear wife by her voice, jumped up and cried, "Now at last I am fully unspelled! I've been living as in a dream, for the foreign princess bewitched me so that I had to forget you, but God has in good time freed me of the infatuation." Then both left the palace secretly during the night, for they were afraid of

the princess' father, who was a wizard. They mounted the griffin, which carried them across the Red Sea, and when they were in the middle, she dropped the nut. At once a tall nut tree sprouted up, on which the bird rested. Then it carried them home. There they found their child, that had grown tall and handsome, and henceforth they lived happily until their end.

89 The Goose-Girl

Die Gänsemagd

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD QUEEN whose husband had long since been dead and who had a beautiful daughter. As the latter grew up, she was betrothed to a king's son far away. When the time came for them to be married and the girl had to set out for the foreign country, the old queen packed up for her ever so many valuables and ornaments, gold and silver, tumblers and jewels, everything that belonged in a royal dowry, for she loved her child with all her heart. She also gave her a maid-in-waiting who was to ride with her and deliver her into the hands of the bridegroom. Each of them was given a horse for the journey; the princess' horse was named Falada and could talk. When the hour of departure was at hand, the old queen went to her bedroom, took a little knife and cut her fingers with it so that they bled. Then she put a piece of white cloth underneath and let three drops of blood fall upon it and, giving them to her daughter, said, "Dear child, keep them safely; you'll need them on the journey."

Thus they took sad farewell of one another. The king's daughter put the white cloth in her bosom, mounted her horse, and rode off to meet her bridegroom. When they'd been riding for an hour, she felt very thirsty and said to her maid-in-waiting, "Dismount and fill the tumbler you brought along for me with water from the brook; I'd very much like a drink." "If you're thirsty," said the maid-in-waiting, "get off yourself, lie down by

the water, and drink. I don't care to be your servant." Then, because she was very thirsty, the king's daughter dismounted, stooped over the brook and drank, and wasn't allowed to drink out of the gold tumbler. As she exclaimed "Dear Lord!" the three drops of blood answered, "If your mother knew this, her heart within her would break." But the royal bride was meek, said nothing, and got on her horse again. Thus they rode on for some miles, but the day was warm, the sun scorching hot, and she soon got thirsty again. When they came to a stream, again she called out to her maid-in-waiting, "Dismount and give me a drink in my gold tumbler," for she'd long since forgotten all the unkind words. But the maid spoke even more haughtily, "If you want a drink, drink by yourself; I don't care to be your servant." Then being very thirsty, the king's daughter again dismounted, lay down by the running water, wept and said, "Dear Lord!" and the drops of blood again answered, "If your mother knew this, her heart within her would break." As she was drinking in this way and leaning way over, the piece of cloth with the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated away with the current, and in her great anguish she didn't notice it. The maid-in-waiting had, however, been watching and rejoiced to gain control over the bride, for in losing the drops of blood she had become weak and helpless. Now when she was once again about to mount her horse, whose name was Falada, the maid said, "My place is on Falada and yours on my nag," and she had to put up with it. Then the maid brusquely ordered her to take off her royal garments and put on her poor clothes, and finally she had to swear most solemnly under the open sky that she'd say nothing about it to anybody at the royal court. Had she not sworn this oath, she'd have been killed on the spot. Falada saw all this and took good notice of it.

The maid now mounted Falada and the true bride got on the nag, and thus they continued until they finally reached the royal seat. There was great rejoicing there over their arrival, and the king's son hastened to meet them, lifted the maid-in-waiting down from her horse, and thought she was his spouse. She was escorted upstairs, while the true king's daughter had to stay downstairs. The old king was looking out the window and saw her stop in the courtyard and noticed how fair she was, and slender and really beautiful; he went at once to the royal apartment and

asked the bride about the girl she had with her and who was standing below in the courtyard, and who she was. "I brought her along with me for company; give the girl some work to do so that she won't stand about idle." But the old king had no work for her and could only say, "I've a very little boy who tends the geese; she may help him." The boy's name was Conrad, and the true bride had to help him tend the geese.

Soon, however, the false bride said to the young king, "Dearest spouse, do me a favor, I beg you." "That I'll do gladly," he answered. "Then summon the skinner and have him cut off the neck of the horse I rode coming here, for it annoyed me on the way." As a matter of fact, she was afraid the horse might tell how she'd treated the king's daughter. When the plan was about to be carried out and faithful Falada was to die, word reached the ears of the true king's daughter, and she secretly promised to pay the skinner some money if he'd render her a small service. In the town was a big dark gateway through which morning and evening she had to pass with the geese, and "would he please nail up Falada's head under the dark gateway where she might see it a few times more." The skinner promised to do so, cut off the head, and nailed it fast under the dark gateway.

Early in the morning when she and Conrad were driving the geese out through the gateway, she said as she passed,

"O Falada, there you hang!"

Then the head answered,

"O young queen, there you go!
And if your mother knew it,
her heart would break."

In silence she went on out of the town, and they drove the geese into the country. When she came to the pasture, she sat down and undid her hair; it was pure gold, and Conrad saw it and liked the way it shone and was about to pull out a few hairs. Then she said,

"Blow, blow, wind,
carry off Conrad's cap
and make him chase after it
until I've braided it and fixed it
and put it up again."

Then such a strong wind came up that it blew Conrad's cap far away, and he had to run after it. By the time he got back, she'd finished combing and putting it up, and he couldn't get hold of a single hair. Then Conrad was angry and didn't speak to her, and thus they tended the geese until evening came. Then they went home.

The next morning as they were driving the geese out through the dark gateway, the girl said,

"O Falada, there you hang!"

Falada answered,

"O young queen, there you go!
And if your mother knew it,
her heart would break."

Out in the country she sat down again in the pasture and began to comb out her hair, and Conrad ran up and was about to grab at it. Then she quickly said,

"Blow, blow, wind,
carry off Conrad's cap
and make him chase after it
until I've braided it and fixed it
and put it up again."

Then the wind blew, and it blew the cap off his head and blew it so far that Conrad had to run after it. And when he came back, she'd long since fixed her hair, and he couldn't get hold of a single strand. Thus they tended the geese until evening came.

In the evening, however, after they'd got home, Conrad went before the old king and said, "I don't want to tend geese with the girl any longer." "Why not?" asked the old king. "Oh, my! she aggravates me all day long." Then the old king ordered him to tell how he got on with her. Then Conrad said, "In the morning when we pass out with the flock through the dark gateway, there's a nag's head there on the wall, and she says to it,

'O Falada, there you hang!'

Then the head answers,

'O young queen, there you go!
and if your mother knew it,
her heart would break.'"

Thus Conrad went on and told what happened out in the pasture and how he had to run after his cap in the wind.

The old king ordered him to drive the geese out again the next day, and when it was morning, he himself took up a position behind the dark gateway and there heard her talking to Falada's head. Then he also followed her into the country and hid in some bushes in the pasture. There he soon saw with his own eyes how the goose girl and the goose boy drove the flock and how after a while she sat down and unbraided her hair, which shone brilliantly. Straightway she again said,

"Blow, blow, wind,
carry off Conrad's cap
and make him chase after it
until I've braided it and fixed it
and put it up again."

Then a gust of wind came and went off with Conrad's cap, so that he had to run a long way, while the girl kept on quietly combing and braiding her locks.

All this the old king observed. Then he went back without being noticed and in the evening, when the goose girl came home, he called her aside and asked her why she did all that. "That I may not tell you nor may I confide my sorrow to anyone, for I swore this most solemnly under the open sky; otherwise I should have lost my life." He pressed her and gave her no peace but could get nothing out of her. Then he said, "If you won't tell me anything, then confide your grief to the iron stove there," and went away. Then she crept into the iron stove, began to lament and weep, and poured out her heart, saying, "Here I sit abandoned by everyone and yet I'm a king's daughter; a false maid-in-waiting forced me to take off my royal clothes and has taken my place at the side of my betrothed, while as a goose-girl I must do menial work. If my mother knew it, her heart within her would break." The old king was, however, standing outside by the stovepipe, was listening to her, and heard what she said. Then he came back in and bade her come out of the stove. Then royal clothes were put on her, and she was so beautiful that it seemed a miracle.

The old king called his son and revealed to him the fact that he had a false bride who was nothing but a maid-in-waiting, and

that the true bride was standing here, the former goose-girl. The young king was exceedingly happy on seeing her beauty and goodness, and a great feast was prepared to which everybody, all their good friends, were bidden. At the head of the table sat the bridegroom, with the king's daughter on one side, the maid-in-waiting on the other. But the maid-in-waiting was as if bedazzled and no longer recognized the former in her glittering jewels. When they had eaten and drunk and were in high spirits, the old king propounded a riddle to the maid-in-waiting: what punishment would a woman deserve who tricked her lord in such and such a way? At the same time he told the whole story and asked, "What verdict does she deserve?" Then the false bride said, "She deserves nothing better than to be stripped stark naked and put in a barrel studded inside with sharp nails; furthermore, two white horses must be hitched to it and drag her through street after street until she is dead." "You're the person," said the old king, "and you've pronounced your own sentence, and that's what will happen to you." When the verdict was carried out, the young king married the true bride, and both ruled their kingdom in peace and bliss.

90 The Young Giant

Der junge Riese

A FARMER had a son who was as big as your thumb and got no bigger, and in the course of some years didn't grow a hair's breadth. Once when the farmer was going to the fields to do some plowing, the little chap said, "Father, I want to come along with you." "You want to come along?" said the father; "You stay here. Out there you aren't any use; you might even get lost." Then Tom Thumb began to weep, and in order to have peace and quiet his father put him in his pocket and took him along. Out there in the country he took him out again and set him down in a new furrow. As he was sitting there, a big giant came

walking over the mountain. "Do you see the big bogymen there?" said the father, wishing to frighten the little fellow into being good. "He's coming to get you." The giant had taken but a few steps with his long legs when he reached the furrow. He lifted little Tom Thumb up carefully with two fingers, looked at him, and without saying a word walked off with him. The father stood there speechless with fright and just supposed that his child was lost and that he'd never lay eyes on him again as long as he lived.

The giant carried the child home and let him nurse at his breast, and Tom Thumb grew and got big and strong after the manner of giants. Two years later the old giant went with him into the forest, and wanting to test him, said, "Pull out a rod." The boy was then already so strong that he tore a young tree, roots and all, out of the ground. But the giant thought, "It's got to be better than that," again took him along and suckled him for two years more. When next he tested him, his strength had so increased that he could pull an old tree out of the ground. Still the giant wasn't satisfied, suckled him for two years more, and when he went with him into the forest that time and said, "Now pull up a decent sized rod," the boy tore the biggest oak out of the ground so that it came crashing down. And for him that was the merest child's play. "That will do now," said the giant, "you've learned your trade," and led him back to the field where it had fetched him.

His father was standing there behind the plough. The young giant went up to him and said, "Look here, father, see what a man your son has grown to be!" The farmer was frightened and said, "No, you're not my son; I don't want you. Go away from me!" "Of course I'm your son; let me get to work; I can plough as well as you and better." "No no! you're not my son and you can't plough, either. Go away from me!" But because he was afraid of the big man, he let go of the plough, stepped back, and sat down on the ground near by. Then the boy took the implement and just pressed one hand on it, but the pressure was so tremendous that the plough went deep into the earth. The farmer couldn't sit there and look on, and called to him, "If you're going to plough, you mustn't press down so terribly hard; it makes for a poor job." But the boy unharnessed the horses, and pulling the plough himself, said, "Just go home, father, and have mother cook a big dish full of food; in the meantime I'll plough up the

field easily enough." Then the farmer went home and ordered his wife to prepare the food. The boy ploughed the field, two whole acres, all by himself, then harnessing himself to the harrow, harrowed it all with two harrows at once. When he'd finished, he went into the forest, tore up two oak trees, shouldered them, and on them laid one harrow in front and one behind, also one horse in front and one behind, and carried the whole load to his parents' house as if it were a bundle of straw. When he came into the farmyard, his mother didn't recognize him and asked, "Who is that dreadful big man?" The farmer said, "He's our son." "No, that certainly isn't our son," she said; "we didn't have one so big as that; ours was a tiny thing. Go away!" she called to him, "we don't want you."

The boy held his peace, led the horses into the stable, and gave them their oats and hay properly. When he had finished, he went into the living-room, sat down on the bench, and said, "Mother, now I'd like to eat. Is it almost ready?" "Yes," she said, and brought in two great big dishes full of food, enough to have satisfied herself and her husband for a week. The boy ate it all up himself and asked if she couldn't serve him more. "No," she said, "that's all we have." "That was really just a taste; I've got to have more." She didn't dare oppose him, went off and put a big slaughtering kettle full of food on the fire, and when it was ready, she brought it in. "At last a few more crumbs are coming along," he said, and ate it all up by himself. Still, even this wasn't enough to satisfy his hunger. Then he said, "Father, I see plainly that I won't get enough to eat here at home; if you'll get me an iron beam so strong that I can't break it across my knees, I'll go out into the world." The farmer was happy, hitched his two horses to the wagon, and from the blacksmith fetched a beam so big and thick that the two horses could just move it. The boy laid it across his knees, and snap! he broke it right in the middle like a bean pole and threw it away. The father hitched up four horses and fetched as big and thick a beam as the four horses could move. The boy broke this, too, across his knees and threw it away, saying, "Father, this is no good to me, you must hitch up a better team and fetch a stronger beam." Then his father hitched up eight horses and fetched as big and thick a beam as the eight horses could pull. When his son took hold of it, he broke a piece right off the top and said, "Father, I see that you can't get me

the kind of beam I need; I'm not going to stay here any longer."

Then he went away and claimed to be journeyman blacksmith. He came to a village where a smith lived; he was a miser, begrudged everybody everything, and wanted everything for himself. The boy went into the smithy and asked if he didn't need a journeyman. "Yes," said the smith, looked at him, and thought, "he's an able fellow; he'll be good at leading off with the hammering and earn his keep." "What wages do you want?" he asked. "I don't want any at all," he answered, "only every fortnight when the other journeymen get paid off, I want to give you two blows which you must put up with." The miser was thoroughly satisfied with this, thinking he'd save a lot of money in that way. The next morning the new journeyman was to lead off with the hammering. When, however, the master brought the red-hot beam and the boy dealt the first blow, the iron flew to pieces and the anvil sank so deep into the ground that they simply couldn't get it out again. Then the miser got angry and said, "My goodness! I can't use you; you hammer altogether too roughly. What wages do you want for the one blow?" "I want to give you just a very light tap, nothing-else," said the boy, raised up his foot and gave him such a kick that he flew off over four ricks of hay. Then he picked out for himself the thickest iron beam that was in the smithy, took it in his hand as a walking-stick, and went his way.

After going on a while, he came to an outlying estate and asked the superintendent if he didn't need a foreman. "Yes," said the superintendent, "I can use one. You look like an able fellow who can really do something. What do you want as a yearly wage?" Again he answered that he wasn't asking for any wages at all, but every year he wanted to deal him three blows which he'd have to put up with. This satisfied the superintendent, for he, too, was a miser. The next morning the farm servants were supposed to drive to the forest; the other servants were already up, but the boy was still in bed. Then one of them called to him, "It's time to get up; we're going to the forest and you've got to come along." "The deuce!" he said quite roughly and defiantly. "Just go along; as it is, I'll be back home before all the rest of you." Then the others went to the superintendent, told him that the foreman was still in bed and wouldn't drive with them to the forest. The superintendent said to wake him up once more and

ask him to hitch up the horses. The foreman, however, replied as before: "Just go along; as it is, I'll be back home before all the rest of you." Then he lay there another two hours; finally he got out of his feather bed, but first fetched himself two bushels of peas from the loft, cooked himself a porridge, and ate it in all peace and quiet. Having done that, he went out, hitched up the horses, and drove to the forest. Not far from the forest was a sunken road through which he had to drive; there he first drove the wagon ahead till the horses had to stop; then he went behind the wagon, took some trees and brush and built a big barricade there, so that no horse could get through. Now coming to the edge of the forest, the others were just driving out with their loaded carts and were going home. "Drive right along," he said to them. "As it is, I'll be home ahead of you." He didn't drive very far into the forest, straightway tore two of the very biggest trees out of the ground, threw them on the wagon, and turned about. When he got to the barricade, the others were still standing there, unable to get through. "You see," he said, "if you'd stayed with me, you'd have got home just as quickly and might have slept another hour." He wanted to drive on, but his horses couldn't get through the barricade, so he unhitched them, put them up on the wagon, himself took hold of the shaft, and "swish" pulled the whole thing through and as easily as if it were loaded with feathers. Once on the other side, he said to the others, "You see, I got through quicker than you," drove on, and the others had to stop. In the farmyard he took one of the trees in his hand, and showing it to the superintendent, said, "Isn't that a fine bit of cordwood?" Then the superintendent said to his wife, "The boy's good; even if he does sleep late, he's back home before the others."

He served the superintendent for a year. When it was up and the other servants got their wages, he said it was time for him to get his, too. The superintendent, however, was frightened at the thought of the blow he was due to receive, and begged him and begged him to let him off: he'd rather be foreman himself and let the boy be superintendent. "No," he said, "I don't want to be a superintendent. I'm a foreman and I want to stay a foreman; but I do want to deal out the blows agreed upon." The superintendent was willing to give him whatever he asked for, but it did

no good; the foreman just said no to everything. Then the superintendent didn't know what to do and asked him for a fortnight's respite; he wanted to think up something. The foreman said he might have the fortnight. The superintendent summoned all his clerks; they were to think it over and advise him. The clerks meditated for a long time, finally said that nobody's life was safe from the foreman: he could strike a man dead as easily as he could a midge. The superintendent should order him to go down the well and clean it, and when he was down there, they'd roll up one of the millstones that lay there and throw it on his head; then he'd never come to light again. The plan pleased the superintendent, and the foreman was willing to go down the well. When he was standing at the bottom, they rolled down the biggest millstone and thought his head was bashed in, but he called out, "Chase the chickens away from the well! They're scratching up there in the sand and throwing the grains into my eyes so that I can't see." Then the superintendent said "shoo! shoo!" and made believe he was scaring the chickens away. When the foreman had finished his job, he climbed up and said, "Just look! I really have a fine necklace on," meaning the millstone he was wearing around his neck. Now the foreman wanted to receive his wages, but the superintendent again begged for a fortnight to think it over. The clerks assembled and advised him to send the foreman into an enchanted mill to grind rye there during the night; nobody had ever come out of it alive in the morning. The superintendent liked the proposal, summoned the foreman that very evening, and ordered him to drive a hundred and forty bushels of rye to the mill and grind it that very night; they wanted it badly. Then the foreman went up to the loft and put thirty-five bushels in his right pocket, thirty-five in his left, and took seventy in a long sack which hung half over his back, half over his chest. Loaded thus, he went to the enchanted mill.

The miller told him he could grind there quite all right in the daytime but not at night, since the mill was enchanted and whoever had gone in had been found dead there in the morning. "I'll come through, of course," he said; "just go along and have a good sleep." Then he went into the mill and poured the rye into the hopper. Toward eleven o'clock he went into the miller's room and sat down on the bench. After he'd been sitting there a little

while, the door suddenly opened and in came a great big banqueting table, and on the table was placed wine and a roast and a lot of good food, all by itself, for there was nobody there to serve it. Afterward the chairs drew themselves up, but no people came, until suddenly he saw fingers busy with the knives and forks and putting food on the plates, though other than that he could see nothing. Since he was hungry and saw the food, he, too, sat down at the table, ate along with the rest, and enjoyed the meal. When he'd had enough and the others had quite cleaned their plates, too, the candles were suddenly all snuffed out, as he clearly heard, and as it was now pitch dark, he got something like a slap in the face. Then he said, "If anything like that happens again, I'll hit back," and since he got slapped a second time, he too, hit back, and so it went on all night. He took nothing without an argument and gave as good as he received, and wasn't slow in hitting out all about him. At daybreak, however, everything stopped.

When the miller got up, he wanted to see how he was and marveled that he was still alive. Then the foreman said, "I ate my fill, got slapped in the face but also slapped back." The miller was glad, said that the mill was now disenchanted, and would gladly have rewarded him with a lot of money. However, the foreman said, "I don't want any money, I have enough as it is." Then he took the flour on his back, went home, and told the superintendent that he'd done the job and now wanted his wages as agreed. Hearing that, the superintendent got really frightened. He was beside himself, walked up and down the room, and drops of sweat ran down his forehead. To get some fresh air he opened the window, but before he could say Jack-Robinson, the foreman had given him such a kick that he flew out the window into the air and on and on, until he was out of sight. Then the foreman said to the superintendent's wife, "If he doesn't come back, you'll have to take the other blow." "No! no!" she cried, "I can't stand it," and opened the other window because drops of sweat were running down her forehead. Then he gave her a kick so that she, too, flew out, and since she was lighter, she flew much higher than her husband. "Come to me," cried her husband, but she cried, "You come to me, I can't get to you," and there they soared in the air, and neither could get to the other, and whether they're still soaring, I don't know. The young giant, however, took his iron beam and went on his way.

91 The Gnome

Dat Erdmänneken

THERE WAS ONCE A RICH KING who had three daughters; every day they took a walk in the palace garden. The king was very fond of all kinds of fine trees, and one he was so fond of that he'd put a curse on anybody who picked an apple from it and wished him a hundred fathoms under ground. When it was autumn, the apples on that tree got as red as blood. Every day the three daughters would go under the tree to see if the wind hadn't blown down an apple, but they never found a single one, and the tree was so full that it was ready to break, and the branches hung down to the ground. Then the youngest got a great craving and said to her sisters, "Our father loves us far too much to put a curse on us; I think he only did that in the case of strangers. Thereupon the girl picked a very plump apple and ran to her sisters, saying, "Oh, just taste it, dear sisters. I've really never tasted anything so fine in my life." Then the two other daughters also took a bite of the apple, and thereupon all three sank deep down into the earth and were completely lost sight of.

When it was midday, the king wanted to call them to table, but they were nowhere to be found. He searched for them in the palace and in the garden but couldn't find them. Then he became very distressed and had the whole country called up and announced that whoever should bring back his daughters should have one of them in marriage. Then ever so many young men went through the country and searched—you wouldn't believe how many!—for everybody had been fond of the three girls because they were so friendly to everyone and so fair of face. Among others, three young huntsmen set out, and when they'd journeyed a good week, they came to a great manor house. In it were very fine apartments, and in one room a table was set and on it were sweet dishes, still so warm that they were steaming. Yet in the whole manor house there wasn't sight or sound of a human

being. They waited half a day more, and the food still kept warm and continued to steam, until at last they were so hungry that they sat down to the food and ate it.

They agreed among themselves to stay in the mansion and to draw lots to see which was to stay home while the other two looked for the daughters. This they did, and the lot fell to the eldest. The next day the two youngest searched while the eldest had to stay home. At noon a tiny little dwarf came and asked for a piece of bread; then the huntsman took some of the bread that he found there and cut off a piece around the loaf and was going to give it to him. As he handed it to him, the little dwarf dropped it and asked him please to give him back the piece. He was about to do so and was bending down, when the dwarf took a stick, seized him by the hair, and dealt him some good hard blows. The next day the second brother had to stay home; he fared no better. In the evening when the other two came back, the eldest said, "Well, how did you get along?" "Oh, very badly." They both lamented their plight but told the youngest nothing about it; they couldn't abide him and always referred to him as "stupid John" because he lacked worldly wisdom.

On the third day the youngest stayed home; then the little dwarf came again and asked for a piece of bread. When he'd given it to him, the dwarf again dropped it and said, would he please hand it back to him. Then the boy said to the little dwarf, "What! can't you pick the piece up again yourself? If you won't even take pains about your daily bread, you really don't deserve to eat!" Then the dwarf got very angry and said he must do it. But the boy wasted no time, took our dear little dwarf and gave him a sound thrashing. Then the dwarf screamed loudly and cried, "Stop, stop! let me go, and in return I'll tell you where the king's daughters are." When he heard that, he stopped beating him, and the dwarf told him that he was a gnome and that there were more than a dozen of them. If he'd just come along with him, he'd show him where the king's daughters were. Then he pointed out to him a deep well, but with no water in it. Then the dwarf said he was certain that the boy's companions were not well-intentioned toward him, and if he wanted to free the king's daughters, he'd have to do it alone. The two other brothers likewise would be quite willing to get the king's daughters back but were not ready to go to any trouble or run any risk in so doing.

He must take a very big basket and with his hunting knife and a bell get into it and be lowered into the well. Down there were three rooms: in each was sitting one of the king's daughters with a many-headed dragon to louse; he'd have to cut its heads off. After saying all that, the gnome vanished. When evening came, the other two arrived and asked how he'd fared. "Oh, all right so far," he said, adding that he'd seen nobody until noon, when a tiny little dwarf had come and asked him for a piece of bread. When he'd given it to him, the dwarf had dropped it and said he might pick it up for him again. When he had not been willing to do that, the dwarf had begun to spit like a cat. He'd misunderstood that, however, and had beaten the dwarf, and then the latter had told him where the king's daughters were. Then the two brothers got so vexed that they turned green with envy.

The next morning they went together to the well and drew lots to see who should be the first to get into the basket. Again the lot fell to the eldest; he had to get in and take the bell with him. Then he said, "When I ring, you must pull me up again quickly." When he was a little way down, the bell rang and they pulled him up again. Then the second got in and did the same. Then it was the youngest's turn, but he let himself go all the way down the well. When he got out of the basket, he took his hunting knife and stopped in front of the first door and listened. There he heard the dragon snoring quite loud. He opened the door slowly and there sat one of the king's daughters with nine dragon heads in her lap and was lousing them. He took his hunting knife and hacked away. Then the nine heads came off. The king's daughter jumped up and fell on his neck, hugged and kissed him a lot and taking her breastplate of red gold, hung it on him. Then he went to the second daughter, who had a seven-headed dragon to louse, and freed her, too; likewise the youngest, who had a four-headed dragon to louse, he also attended to her. They all rejoiced greatly and hugged and kissed him unceasingly. Then he rang very loud until those up above heard him. One after the other he put the king's daughters into the basket and had them all three pulled up. When his turn came, he remembered the gnome's words that his companions were not well-intentioned toward him. He took a big stone that was lying there and put it in the basket. When the basket was about halfway up, the false brothers on top cut the rope so that the basket and the stone fell to the

bottom. They thought he was now dead and ran away with the three king's daughters, making them promise to tell their father that they were the two who'd freed them. Then they came to the king and asked for them in marriage.

Meanwhile, the youngest huntsman walked very sadly about in the three rooms and thought that he was now probably doomed to die. Then he saw a flute hanging on the wall and said, "What are you hanging there for? Nobody can be merry here." He also looked at the dragons' heads and said, "You can't help me, either." He walked up and down so many times that he wore the ground smooth. At last he got a new idea: he took the flute from the wall and piped a tune. Suddenly a great many gnomes appeared; with every note he played, one more would come. He kept playing the tune until the room was packed full. They all asked what his desire might be, and he said he'd very much like to get back up on Earth and to the light of day. Then they all took hold of him, of every spear of hair on his head, and flew with him thus up to the surface of the Earth. When he got up there, he went at once to the king's palace, where the wedding of one of the king's daughters was about to take place, and went up to the chamber where the king was with his three daughters. When the girls saw him, they fainted. The king got very angry and straightway had him put into prison, thinking he had harmed the girls. But when the king's daughters came to, they begged the king very earnestly to release him. The king asked them why, and they said they mustn't tell. Their father, however, said that they should tell it to the stove. He went out and listened at the door and heard everything. Then he had the two huntsmen hanged on a gallows and gave his youngest daughter to the other in marriage.

Thereupon I put on a pair of glass shoes and stood on a stone, then it went "clink," and they were broken.

92 The King of the Golden Mountain

Der König vom goldenen Berg

THERE WAS A MERCHANT who had two children, a boy and a girl; both were still little and not yet able to walk. Two ships of his, richly laden, were at sea and his whole fortune was in them; just when he was expecting to make a lot of money with them, news came that they had sunk. Now instead of being rich he was a poor man with nothing left but a field outside the town. In order somewhat to banish his troubles from his mind, he went out to the field, and as he was walking back and forth there, a little black dwarf suddenly stood beside him and asked why he was so sad and what he was taking so to heart. "If you could help me," said the merchant, "I'd gladly tell you." "Who knows?" answered the black dwarf. "Perhaps I can help you." Then the merchant related how his whole fortune had gone to the bottom of the sea and that he had nothing left but this field. "Don't worry," said the dwarf; "if you'll promise me to bring twelve years hence to this spot here the first thing that strikes against your leg when you get home, you shall have as much money as you want." "What else can that be," thought the merchant, "but my dog?" didn't think about his little boy, and saying yes, gave the dwarf a signed and sealed document to this effect and went home.

When he got home, his little boy was so happy that, holding onto the benches, he toddled over to him and seized him firmly by the legs. Then the father got frightened, because he remembered the promise and now realized what he had pledged. However, not yet finding any money in his boxes and chests, he thought it might just have been a joke on the part of the dwarf. A month later he went up to the attic to collect some old tin to sell, and there he saw lying a big pile of money. Now he was in good spirits again, stocked up, became a greater merchant than before, and let God manage the rest. Meanwhile, the boy grew

big and at the same time keen and intelligent. But the nearer the twelve years were to being up, the more worried the merchant got, and one could see the anxiety in his face. His son once asked him what was troubling him. The father didn't want to tell him, but he persisted so long that finally he did tell him: he had, without realizing what he was promising, pledged him to a black dwarf and had received a lot of money for it. He'd given a signed and sealed document, and now he would have to hand him over once the twelve years were up. Then the son said, "Oh, Father, don't be afraid; it'll turn out all right; the Black Fellow has no power over me."

The son had himself blessed by the priest, and when the hour came, they went together out to the field; the son drew a circle and placed himself and his father inside it. Then the black dwarf came and spoke to the father: "Have you brought along what you promised me?" The father kept silent, but the son asked, "What do you want here?" "I'm talking to your father and not to you," said the black dwarf. The son answered, "You deceived and misled my father; hand over the document!" "No," said the black dwarf, "I'm not surrendering my rights." They went on talking together for some time longer and finally reached an agreement: the son, not belonging either to the archfiend or to his father, was to get into a little boat that was riding on a stream, and the father was to shove it off with his own foot, and then the son was to be left to the mercy of the current. Then he said good-bye to his father, got into the boat, and the father had to shove it off with his own foot. The boat capsized, so that it was bottom up, with the deck in the water. Believing his son lost, the father went home and mourned for him.

However, the little boat didn't sink but just drifted away, and the youth was sitting safe and sound inside, and it drifted for a long time, until at last it grounded on an unknown coast. There he climbed ashore, saw before him a beautiful mansion, and made for it. But as he entered, he noticed it was enchanted. He went through all the rooms, but they were empty; finally he came to the last room: there a snake was lying coiled up. The snake, however, was an enchanted maiden, who rejoiced when she saw him and said, "Are you coming, my redeemer? I've been waiting for you these twelve years. This kingdom is bewitched, and you must free it." "How can I do that?" he asked. "Tonight twelve

black men, draped with chains, will be coming; they'll ask you what you're doing here. Keep silent, however, and don't answer them, and let them do with you what they want. They'll torture you, beat you and stab you; endure everything, only don't speak. At midnight they must be off again. Also on the second night twelve others will come, and on the third, twenty-four, who'll cut off your head. At midnight, however, their power will be gone, and if you've held out that long and not uttered a single solitary word, I shall be freed. I'll come to you with the Water of Life in a bottle; I'll rub you with it, and then you'll be alive again and as well as ever." Then he said, "I'll gladly free you." Now it all happened as she had said: The black men couldn't force a word out of him, and on the third night the snake became a beautiful king's daughter, who came with the Water of Life and revived him. Then she fell on his neck and kissed him, and there was joy and jubilation in the whole mansion. Then their wedding was celebrated, and he was King of the Golden Mountain.

Thus they lived happily together, and the queen bore a fair boy. Eight years had already passed when the king thought of his father, and his heart was moved, and he wanted to visit him some time. But the queen didn't want to let him go away and said, "I know well that this will be my undoing." However, he gave her no peace until she agreed. On parting she gave him among other things a wishing ring and said, "Take this ring and put it on your finger; then you'll be immediately transported to wherever you wish to go. Only you must promise me not to use it to wish me away from here to your father's." He promised her that, put the ring on his finger, and wished himself home outside the town where his father lived. In an instant he was actually there and wanted to go into town; but when he reached the gate, the sentries wouldn't let him in because he had on strange, though very rich and splendid clothes. Then he went up on a mountain where a shepherd was tending his flock, changed clothes with the latter, put on the old shepherd's coat, and thus passed unmolested into the town. When he came to his father's, he made himself known; his father, however, didn't believe that he was his son, saying that he, true enough, had had a son, but that he was long since dead. "Yet seeing that you're a poor, needy shepherd, I'm willing to give you a dish of food." Then the shepherd said to his parents, "Truly, I am your son.

Don't you know any mark on my body by which you can recognize me?" "Yes," said his mother, "our son had a raspberry-mark under his right arm." He turned back his shirt, and they saw the raspberry-mark under his right arm and no longer doubted that he was their son. Thereupon, he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain and that a king's daughter was his spouse and that they had a fine son who was seven years old. Then his father said, "Now that can't possibly be true! It's a fine king in my opinion who goes about in a tattered shepherd's coat!" Then the son grew angry, and without thinking of his promise, gave the ring a twist and wished both his wife and his child there. In the same instant they were there, but the queen lamented and wept and said he'd broken his word and brought misfortune upon her. "I did it inadvertently," he said, "and not from ill will," and talked to her. She pretended to defer to him, but she harbored evil designs in her heart.

Then he took her outside the town to the field and showed her the stream where the little boat had been shoved off, then said, "I'm tired, sit down; I want to sleep for a bit on your lap." He laid his head on her lap, and she loused him a little until he fell asleep. When he'd gone to sleep, she first pulled the ring from his finger, then drew her foot out from under him, leaving only her slipper behind. Thereupon she took her child in her arms and wished herself back in her kingdom. When he awoke, he was lying there quite deserted, and his wife and child were gone, and the ring from his finger, too; only the slipper was still there as a token. "You can't go home again to your parents," he thought, "they'd say you were a wizard. You'd better pack up and keep going till you get to your kingdom."

Accordingly, he went away and at last came to a mountain before which three giants were standing and fighting one another because they didn't know how to divide their father's inheritance. When they saw him going past, they called out to him and said that little humans were smart and that he should apportion the heritage for them. Now the inheritance consisted in a sword: if one took it in his hand and said, "All heads off but mine," all heads would be lying on the ground. Then there was, secondly, a cloak: whoever put it on was invisible. And thirdly, there was a pair of boots: if one had them on and wished himself anywhere, he was there in a second. "Give me the three objects," he said, "so

that I can test whether they're still in good condition." Then they gave him the cloak, and when he'd thrown it over his shoulders, he was invisible and was changed into a fly. Then resuming his true shape he said, "The cloak's all right, now give the sword." They said, "No, we won't give you that. If you should say 'All heads off but mine,' then all our heads would be off and you'd be the only one still with yours." Nevertheless, they gave it to him on condition that he try it out on a tree. He did so, and the sword cut the tree trunk like a piece of straw. Now he wanted to have the boots, but they said, "No, we won't give them away. Were you to put them on and wished yourself up there on the mountain, we'd be left standing down here with nothing." "No," he said, "I won't do that." Then they gave him the boots, too. Now that he had all three objects, he thought only of his wife and child and said to himself, "Oh, were I only up on the Golden Mountain!" and immediately he vanished before the giants' eyes, and thus their inheritance was divided indeed!

When he got near the mansion, he heard cries of joy, fiddles and flutes, and the people told him that his spouse was celebrating her wedding with another man. Then he got angry and said, "The faithless woman! she deceived me and forsook me when I was asleep." Throwing his cloak over him, he went invisible into the mansion. When he entered the great hall, there was a large banquet table covered with delicious dishes, and the guests were eating and drinking, laughing and joking. His wife, however, was sitting in the middle in a royal armchair magnificently clad, and she had the crown on her head. He took up a position behind her, and no one saw him. Every time they'd put a piece of meat on her plate, he'd take it away and eat it, and whenever they'd pour her a glass of wine, he'd take it away and drink it. They kept serving her and still she never had anything, for plate and glass would immediately disappear. Then she became discontented and mortified, got up and went to her room and wept. He followed her, however. "Has the Devil got control of me?" she said, "or didn't my redeemer ever come?" Then he struck her in the face, saying, "Didn't your redeemer ever come? He has control of you, you deceiver! Did I deserve that of you?" Then he made himself visible, went into the hall, and cried out. "The wedding is off! The true king has come!" The kings, princes, and councilors who were assembled there jeered and laughed

at him, but he was short with them and said, "Will you get out or won't you?" They were about to take him prisoner and were crowding in around him, but he drew his sword and said, "All heads off but mine!" Then all heads rolled to the ground, and he alone was master and once again was King of the Golden Mountain.

93 The Raven

Die Rabe

THERE WAS ONCE A QUEEN who had a daughter, still little and a babe in arms. On one occasion the child was naughty and, no matter what the mother said, wouldn't be quiet. Then the mother got impatient and, since ravens were flying about the castle, opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven and would fly away, then I'd have some peace." No sooner had she spoken these words than the child was changed into a raven and flew out of her arms and out the window. She flew into a dark forest and stayed there a long time, and her parents had no news of her. Some time later a man who was wending his way through this forest heard the raven call and followed the voice. As he drew nearer, the raven said, "By birth I'm a king's daughter and have been enchanted; you, however, can disenchant me." "What shall I do?" he asked. "Go deeper into the forest," she said, "and you'll find a house and an old woman sitting in it. She'll proffer you food and drink, but you must accept nothing. If you eat and drink anything, you'll fall asleep and will not be able to disenchant me. In the garden behind the house is a big pile of tanbark; you're to stand on it and wait for me. Three days running I'll come to you every afternoon at two o'clock driven in a coach, drawn first by four white stallions, then by four bay stallions, at last by four black stallions. If, however, you're not awake but asleep, I shan't be disenchanting." The man promised to do everything she requested, but the raven said, "Oh, I'm quite sure

you won't disenchant me; you'll accept something from the woman." Again the man promised that he'd surely touch neither food nor drink.

When he entered the house, however, the old woman stepped up to him and said, "Poor man, how worn out you are! Come and refresh yourself. Have something to eat and drink." "No," said the man, "I'll neither eat nor drink." But she gave him no peace and said, "Well, if you won't eat, then take a drink from the glass. Once doesn't count." Then he let himself be persuaded and took a drink.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, he went out in the garden and onto the pile of tanbark, intending to wait for the raven. As he was standing there, he suddenly got very tired, couldn't overcome his feeling of fatigue, and lay down for a bit. Yet he didn't want to go to sleep. Hardly had he stretched out, however, when his eyes closed of themselves and he fell asleep and slept so soundly that nothing in the world could have waked him. At two o'clock the raven came driving up drawn by four white stallions, but she was already in full mourning and said, "I know he's asleep," and when she went into the garden, there he was lying asleep on the pile of tanbark. She got out of the coach, went up to him, shook him, and called out to him, but he didn't wake up.

At noon the next day the old woman came again and brought him food and drink, but he wouldn't take it. She gave him no peace, however, and talked to him so long that again he took a drink from the glass. Toward two o'clock he went into the garden and onto the pile of tanbark, intending to wait for the raven. Suddenly he felt so very tired that his limbs no longer supported him; he could do nothing about it, had to lie down, and fell into a deep sleep. When the raven drove up, drawn by four brown stallions, she was already in full mourning and said, "I know he's asleep." She went up to him, but he was lying there asleep and couldn't be awakened. The next day the old woman said, "What's the matter? You're not eating or drinking anything; do you want to die?" "I won't and mustn't eat or drink," he answered. Just the same, she put a dish of food and a glass of wine in front of him, and when the fragrance of the wine mounted his nostrils, he couldn't resist it and took a deep draught. When the time came, he went out into the garden and onto the

pile of tanbark and waited for the king's daughter. Then he got even wearier than on the preceding days, lay down, and slept like a log. At two o'clock the raven came and had four black stallions, and the coach and everything was black. She was already in full mourning and said, "I know he's asleep and can't disenchant me." When she got to him, he was lying there fast asleep. She shook him and called him but couldn't wake him up. Then she put a loaf of bread beside him, also a piece of meat, and thirdly a bottle of wine; and however much of this he might consume, it wouldn't become less. Afterward she took a gold ring from her finger and put it on his finger, and her name was engraved in it. Finally she laid a letter there which stated what she'd given him and that it would never be used up, and it also said, "I see clearly that you can't disenchant me here. But if you still want to unspell me, come to the Golden Castle of Stromberg; it's within your power, I well know." When she had given him all that, she got into her coach and drove to the Golden Castle of Stromberg.

When the man woke up and saw that he'd been asleep, he was sad of heart and said, "She's surely driven by, and I haven't disenchanted her." Then his eye fell on the objects beside him, and he read the letter which told how things had gone. Accordingly, he got up and went away and wanted to go to the Golden Castle of Stromberg, though he didn't know where it was. After he'd wandered about the world for a long time, he came to a dark forest and walked on there for a fortnight without being able to find his way out. Then evening again came on, and he was so tired that he lay down in a thicket and fell asleep. The next day he continued farther, and in the evening when he was again about to lie down in a thicket, he heard such a howling and wailing that he couldn't get to sleep. When the hour came when people light their candles, he saw one shining, got up and went toward it. He arrived at a house which seemed very small because a big giant was standing before it. Then he thought to himself, "If you go in and the giant spies you, it may easily be the end of you." Finally he risked it and stepped up. On seeing him the giant said, "It is a good thing you've come; it's been a long time since I've had anything to eat; I'm going to swallow you right down for supper." "Better give up that idea," said the man, "I don't fancy being swallowed up. If it's food you want, I have enough to satisfy

you." "If that's true," said the giant, "you needn't worry. I merely wanted to eat you up because I haven't anything else."

They went and sat down at the table, and the man produced the inexhaustible supply of bread, wine, and meat. "I'm delighted with this," said the giant and ate to his heart's content. After supper the man said to him, "Can't you tell me where the Golden Castle of Stromberg is?" "I'll look it up on my map," said the giant; "it shows all towns, villages, and homesteads." He fetched the map that he had in the living room and looked for the castle, but it wasn't on it. "No matter," he said, "I've even bigger maps in the cupboard upstairs; we'll look for it on them." But that, too, proved futile. Now the man wanted to continue his journey, but the giant begged him to wait a few days more until his brother, who'd gone to fetch provisions, came home. When the brother got home, they asked him about the Golden Castle of Stromberg. "When I've eaten my fill, I'll look it up on the map." Then he went with them up to his room, and they looked on his map but couldn't find it. Then he fetched still other old maps, and they didn't give up till at last they found the Golden Castle of Stromberg. But it was many thousand miles away. "How am I going to get there?" asked the man. "I've got two hours' free time," said the giant, "I'll carry you to a point near the castle, but then I must go home and suckle our child." Then the giant carried the man to within about a hundred hours' walk of the castle and said, "You can probably walk the rest of the way alone." Then he turned back, and the man walked on day and night until he finally reached the Golden Castle of Stromberg. The castle was up on a glass mountain, and the enchanted maiden was driving around the castle in her coach, after which she went in. He was delighted to catch a glimpse of her and wanted to climb up to her, but whatever way he started, he'd keep slipping down again on the glass. Seeing that he couldn't reach her, he became greatly distressed and said to himself, "I'll stay down here and wait for her." So he built himself a cabin and stayed there a whole year, and every day he'd see the king's daughter driving up there, yet he couldn't get up to her.

Once from his cabin he saw three robbers hitting one another and called out to them, "God be with you!" At the cry they stopped, but not seeing anybody, started hitting one another again, and it was a thoroughly dangerous business. Again he

called, "God be with you!" and again they stopped, looked about, but seeing nobody, again resumed their fight. Then he called out a third time, "God be with you!" and thinking, "I'll have to see what the three are up to," went to where they were and asked why they were going for one another. Then one said he'd found a stick: if he struck a door with it, it would fly open; the second said he'd found a cloak: when he put it on, he was invisible; and the third said he'd caught a horse: with it one could ride everywhere, right up the glass mountain. Now they didn't know whether to hold all this jointly, or whether they should part company. Then the man said, "I'll give you something in exchange for the three objects. Quite true, I haven't any money, but I have other things that are more valuable. Still, I must first make a test and see whether you've really told the truth." Then they let him sit on the horse, put the cloak on him, and handed him the stick, and when he had everything, they could no longer see him; then he gave them some good hard blows, crying, "Now, you lazy fellows, there you've got what you deserve! Are you satisfied?"

Then he rode up the glass mountain. When he got up there outside the castle, it was locked; then he struck on the gate with the stick, and it flew open immediately. He entered and went up the stairs to the big hall. There the maiden was sitting, and in front of her she had a gold goblet full of wine, but she couldn't see him because he had the cloak on. As he stepped up to her, he drew from his finger the ring she'd given him and tossed it into the goblet so that it rang out. "That's my ring," she cried, "so the man, too, must be here who will disenchant me." They searched the whole castle and didn't find him, for he'd gone out, mounted the horse, and thrown off the cloak. On reaching the gate, they saw him and shouted for joy. Then he dismounted and took the king's daughter in his arms. She kissed him and said, "Now you've disenchanted me and tomorrow we'll celebrate our wedding."

94 The Clever Peasant Lass

Die kluge Bauerntochter

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR PEASANT who had no land, just a little hut, and an only daughter. "We should ask the king for a bit of newly cleared woodland," said the daughter. When the king heard of their poverty, he even gave them a plot of grassland. She and her father hoed it up and planned to sow a little rye and similar crops on it. When they had the field almost hoed, they found in the ground a solid gold mortar. "Listen," said the father to the girl, "because our lord king was so gracious and made us a present of this field, we must give him the gold mortar in return." The daughter, however, was unwilling to agree to this and said, "Father, if we have the mortar and not the pestle, we'll have to produce the pestle, too; so we'd better keep quiet about it."

But he wouldn't listen to her and took the mortar to the king, saying he'd found it in the moor and wouldn't he accept it as a token of respect. The king took the mortar and asked if he'd not found anything else. "No," answered the peasant. Then the king said that he should also produce the pestle. The peasant said that they hadn't found it, but for all the good it did him, his statement fell on deaf ears. He was put in prison and was to stay there until he produced the pestle. Every day the servants had to bring him bread and water, the sort of fare one gets in prison; there they heard the man continuously crying, "Alack, alas, if I'd listened to my daughter!" Then the servants went to the king and told him how the prisoner kept crying, "Alas, if I'd only listened to my daughter!" and wouldn't eat or drink. The king ordered the servants to bring the prisoner into his presence and then asked him why he kept crying, "Alas, if I'd listened to my daughter!" "What did your daughter say?" "She said I shouldn't bring the mortar, otherwise I should have to produce the pestle, too." "If you have so clever a daughter, just have her come here." Accordingly, she had to appear before the king. He asked her if she

really was so clever and said that he would propound her a riddle; if she could solve that, he'd marry her. Straightway she said "yes," she'd like to guess it. Then the king said, "Come to me neither clothed nor naked, neither riding nor driving, neither on the road nor off the road. If you can do that, I'll marry you." She went away and undressed herself completely, then she wasn't clothed. She took a big fishnet, got in it, and wrapped it all around her; then she wasn't naked. She borrowed a donkey for a fee and tied the fishnet to the donkey's tail; it had to drag her along in the net, and that was neither riding nor driving. Furthermore, the donkey had to drag her in a rut, so that she touched the ground only with her big toe, and that was neither on the road nor off the road. When she arrived in this fashion, the king said that she'd solved the riddle and that all the conditions had been fulfilled. He then released her father from prison, took her to himself as his wife, and put the whole royal estate in her charge.

When several years had passed and the king was once going to a review, some farmers happened to stop in front of the palace with their carts; they'd been selling wood, and some had ox-teams, some horses. There was one farmer who had three horses, one of which gave birth to a young foal, which ran away and lay down right between two oxen hitched to a cart. Now when the farmers met, they began to quarrel, hit one another and make a row, and the one who owned the oxen wanted to keep the foal, saying that the oxen had had it. The other said "no," that his horses had had it and that it was his. The dispute came before the king, and he gave the decision that where the foal had lain, there it should remain. Thus the owner of the oxen got it, though it didn't belong to him. The other farmer went away and wept and wailed over the loss of his foal. Now he had heard that the queen was very gracious because she, too, came of poor peasant stock. He went to her and asked if she couldn't help him get his foal back. She said, "Yes, if you'll promise me you won't betray me, I'll tell you how. Early tomorrow morning when the king is reviewing the watch, take up a position in the middle of the street where he must pass. Take a big fishnet and make believe you're fishing. Keep on fishing and empty out the net as if were full," and told him, besides, what answer he should make if he were questioned by the king. Accordingly, the next day the farmer stood there and fished on a dry spot. When the king passed by

and saw that, he sent his runner who was to ask what the foolish man was up to. "I'm fishing," he answered. The runner asked how he could fish where there was no water. Said the farmer, "I can fish on a dry spot just as well as two oxen can have a foal." The runner went away and brought the reply to the king. The latter had the farmer come before him and told him that he hadn't hit upon that by himself and asked from whom he'd got it; and he was to own up at once. However, the farmer wouldn't do so and kept saying, "God forbid, I hit upon it myself." But they laid him on a bundle of straw and beat him and tortured him until he confessed that he got it from the queen. When the king got home, he said to his wife, "Why did you play me so false? I no longer want you as my wife. Your time's up, go back where you came from to your peasant hut."

He gave her permission, however, to take along one thing, namely, what was dearest and most precious to her, and that was to be her farewell. "Yes, dear husband," she said, "if you so order, I shall do it," and fell on his neck and kissed him and said she wanted to take leave of him. Then she ordered a strong sleeping potion brought for a farewell drink with him. The king took a deep draught, but she drank but a little. Soon he fell into a deep sleep, and when she saw that, she called a servant, and taking a fine white linen cloth, wrapped him up in it. The servants had to carry him out to a carriage in front of the door, and she drove him home to her hut. Then she put him in her little bed, and he slept right through a day and a night. When he woke up, he looked around and said, "Good heavens, where am I?" and called his servant. But no servant was there. Finally his wife came to the bedside and said, "Dear king, you ordered me to take along what was dearest and most precious to me in the palace. Well, I've nothing dearer or more precious than you, and that's why I took you along." Tears came to the king's eyes, and he said, "Dear wife, you shall be mine and I thine," and took her back with him to the royal palace and married her anew. And they're surely still living today.

95 Old Hildebrand

Der alte Hildebrand

THERE WAS ONCE A FARMER and his wife. The village priest looked with favor on the woman and kept wishing he might just once spend a whole day pleasantly alone with her. That would have been quite agreeable to her, too. Well, once he said to her, "Listen, my dear woman, now I have worked out a plan how for once we can spend a whole day pleasantly together. Do you know what: on Wednesday take to your bed, tell your husband you're sick, wail and complain a lot, and keep it up till Sunday when I preach the sermon. Then in my sermon I'll say: if anybody has at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother, or whoever else it may be, and makes a pilgrimage to Cuckold's Mountain in Italy, where for a farthing one gets a measure of bay leaves, then the sick child, the sick husband, the sick wife, the sick father, the sick mother, the sick brother, or whoever else it may be, will get well at once."

"I'll do that, of course," replied the woman. Accordingly, on Wednesday the woman took to her bed and wailed and complained like anything, and her husband brought her everything he could think of, but it did no good. Then when Sunday came, the woman said, "I really feel as wretched as if I were going to die straight off, but one more thing I'd like before my end, you know. I'd like to hear the sermon the priest is going to preach today." "Oh, my child," answered the farmer, "don't do that! You might get worse if you got up. Look, I'll go to the sermon and pay close attention and repeat to you everything the priest says." "Well," said the woman, "go then and pay strict attention and tell me everything you hear." Then the farmer went to the sermon, and the priest began to preach, saying, you know, if anybody had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother, or whoever else it might be, and if he'd make a pilgrimage to Cuckold's Mountain

in Italy, where a measure of bay leaves costs a farthing, then they all would get well at once. And if anybody wanted to make the journey, he was to come to him after mass and he'd give him a bag for the bay leaves and the farthing. Then no one was happier than the farmer and after mass he went straight to the priest, who gave him the bag and the farthing. Thereupon he went home and while still at the front door cried out, "Hurray, dear wife, you're as good as well! Today the priest preached that if anybody had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother, or whoever else it might be, and makes a pilgrimage to Cuckold's Mountain in Italy, where a measure of bay leaves costs a farthing, then they all would get well at once. Now I've already got the bag for the bay leaves from the priest, and the farthing, too, and shall set out on my journey at once, so that you may get well the sooner." Thereupon he departed. He'd hardly left, however, when his wife was already up, and in no time the priest was there.

Now let us leave the two aside for a while and go with the farmer. All the time he had been walking right along so as to get to Cuckold's Mountain the quicker, and thus as he was walking, he met his bosom friend. The latter was an egg-dealer and had just come from the market where he had sold his eggs. "Praise the Lord!" said the egg-dealer, "Where are you going in such a hurry, friend?" "On and on forever, friend," said the farmer. "My wife fell sick, and I heard our priest preaching today and he said that if anybody has at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother, or whoever else it may be, and makes a pilgrimage to Cuckold's Mountain in Italy, where a measure of bay leaves costs a farthing, his sick child, sick husband, sick wife, sick father, sick mother, sick sister, brother, or whoever else it may be, will get well at once. Then I got me the bag for the bay leaves and the farthing from the priest, and now, you see, I'm starting on my journey." "But listen, dear friend," said the egg-dealer to the farmer, "are you so simple that you can believe anything like that? Do you know what's up? The priest would very much like to spend a whole day pleasantly alone with your wife. That's why they told you that yarn—to get you out of the way." "My goodness!" said the farmer, "I'd certainly like to know if that's true." "Well," said his friend, "I'll tell you what, get into my egg basket; then

I'll carry you home, and there you'll see for yourself." They did so, and the friend put the farmer in his egg basket and carried him home.

When they got home, whoop-la! the fun had already started. The farmer's wife had slaughtered almost everything that was in her farmyard and had baked pancakes, and the priest was there and had brought his fiddle along. The friend knocked, and the farmer's wife asked who was out there. "It's me, my friend," said the egg-dealer, "please put me up for the night. I didn't sell my eggs at market and now I've got to carry them back home. They're much too heavy, I can't carry them any farther, and it's already dark." "Yes, my friend," replied the woman, "but you've come at a very inconvenient time. Well, since there's nothing else to do, come in and sit down there on the bench by the stove." So the friend sat down with his packbasket on the bench by the stove. The priest and the woman, however, were in high spirits. Finally the priest began and said, "Listen, my dear woman, you can sing so well. Sing me one song." "Ah," said the woman, "I can no longer sing; of course, in my young days I could sing all right, but now that's a thing of the past." "Why!" replied the priest, "sing just the same, just a little something." Then the woman began to sing,

"I sent my husband far away
To Cuckold's Mountain in Italy."

Then the priest sang,

"I wish he'd stay there a whole year;
Why should I care about the bag for bay leaves.
Halleluia!"

Now the farmer's friend back there by the stove began to sing (I must tell you that the farmer's name was Hildebrand) as follows,

"Oh you, my dear Hildebrand,
What are you doing on the stove bench?
Halleluia!"

Now the farmer in the basket sang,

"Now I can't stand the singing any longer;
Now I must climb out of my packbasket,"

climbed out of the basket, and with blows drove the priest out of the house.

96 The Three Birds

De drei Vügelkens

A GOOD THOUSAND YEARS AGO and more there were in this region a lot of petty kings. One of these lived on the Kötterberg [Westphalia] and was very fond of hunting. Once as he was setting out from his castle with his huntsmen, three girls were tending their cows at the foot of the mountain, and when they saw the king with his large retinue, the eldest, pointing to the king, cried out to the other two, "Hallo! hallo! if I don't get him, I don't want anybody." Then the second answered from the other side of the mountain, pointing to the man who was walking on the king's right, "Hallo! hallo! if I don't get him, I don't want anybody." Then the youngest called out, pointing to the man walking on the king's left, "Hallo! hallo! if I don't get him, I don't want anybody." Now these were the two ministers. The king heard all this, and when he got back from the hunt, had the three girls brought into his presence and asked them what they had said yesterday by the mountain. They didn't want to say, but the king asked the eldest if she would have him as her husband. She said yes, and her two sisters married the two ministers, for all three were beautiful and fair of face, especially the queen, whose hair was like flax.

The two sisters, however, had no children, and once when the king had to go on a journey, he had them come to the queen to cheer her up because at that time she was with child. She gave birth to a little boy with a bright red star. Then the two sisters said, one to the other, that they'd throw the handsome boy into the river. When they'd thrown him in (I think it was the Weser), a bird flew up in the air and sang,

"Ready for death,
Till you hear [from me] again,

Ready for the lily-bouquet:
Are you ready, good boy?"

When the two heard that they feared for their lives and made off. When the king got home, they told him that the queen had given birth to a dog. Then the king said, "What God does is for the best."

By the river lived a fisherman who fished the little boy out again while he was still alive, and since his wife had no children, they brought him up. A year later when the king again went on a journey and the queen again gave birth to a boy, the two false sisters took him and threw him, too, into the river. Then the bird again flew up into the air and sang,

"Ready for death,
Till you hear [from me] again,
Ready for the lily-bouquet:
Are you ready, good boy?"

When the king came back they told him that the queen had again given birth to a dog, and again he said, "What God does is for the best." But the fisherman pulled him, too, out of the river and brought him up.

Again the king went on a journey, and the queen gave birth to a little girl whom the false sisters likewise threw into the river. Then the bird again flew up into the air and sang,

"Ready for death,
Till you hear [from me] again,
Ready for the lily-bouquet:
Are you ready, good girl?"

When the king came home, they told him that the queen had given birth to a cat. Then the king got angry and had his wife thrown into prison, where she remained for many years. [But the fisherman pulled the girl, too, out and brought her up.]

Meanwhile the children grew up. Once the eldest went out fishing with some other boys, but they didn't want to have him around and said, "You foundling, go away!" Then he became very sad and asked the old fisherman whether that was true. The latter told him that he had once been fishing and had pulled him out of the water. Then the boy said he'd set out and look for his

father. The fisherman begged him please to stay, but there was no stopping him, and the fisherman at last gave in.

Then he set out and walked for several days on end. Finally he came to a big and mighty river; an old woman was standing there fishing. "Good day, granny," said the boy. "Many thanks." "You'll be fishing a good long time before you catch a fish." "And you'll search a good long time before you find your father. How are you going to get across the river?" said the woman. "Oh, God alone knows." Then the old woman took him on her back and carried him across, and he searched for a long time and couldn't find his father. When all of a year had passed, the second boy set out, intending to look for his brother. He came to the river, and the same thing happened to him as to his brother.

Now only the daughter was still left at home; she grieved so for her brothers that at last she, too, begged the fisherman to let her set out, for she wanted to hunt for her brothers. Then she, too, came to the big river and said to the old woman, "Good day, granny." "Many thanks." "May God help you in your fishing." When the old woman heard that, she became very affable, carried her across the river, and giving her a rod, said to her, "Now just keep going this way, my dear, and when you go by a big black dog, you must do so quietly and boldly and not laugh or look at it. You'll come to a big castle which will be wide open; you must drop the rod on the threshold and go right through and out the other side. There's an old well there, out of which has grown a big tree. On the tree a bird is hanging in a cage. Take it down. Then also take a glass of water from the well and with both objects go back the same way. Pick up the rod again from the threshold and when you go past the dog again, strike it in the face with it and see to it that you don't miss it. Then come back to me." She found everything there just as the woman had said and on the way back found her two brothers who had been searching for one another through half the world. They walked on together to where the black dog was lying in the road; she struck it in the face and it turned into a handsome prince who went along with them to the river. The old woman was still there and rejoiced greatly that they were all there again and carried them all across the river. Then she, too, went away, for she was now disenchanted. The others, however, went to the old

fisherman and all were happy to have found one another again. The bird, however, they hung on the wall.

But the second son couldn't stay quietly at home and took a bow and went hunting. Since he was tired, he took his flute and played a tune. But the king, too, was hunting and heard it and went there, and when he came upon the boy, he said, "Who gave you leave to hunt here?" "Oh, no one." "Whom do you belong to?" "I'm the fisherman's son." "But he hasn't any children." "If you won't believe it, come along with me." The king did so and enquired of the fisherman, who told him everything, and the bird on the wall began to sing,

"The mother is sitting alone
right in the prison.
O king, noble blood,
those are your children.
The two false sisters,
they did harm to the children
down in the depths of the river
where the fisherman found them."

Then they were all frightened, and the king took the bird, the fisherman and the three children with him to the castle and had the prison opened and took his wife out again. But she had become very sick and wretched. Then the daughter gave her a drink of water from the well, and she was hale and hearty again, but the two false sisters were burned to death, and the daughter married the prince.

97 The Water of Life

Das Wasser des Lebens

THERE WAS ONCE A KING who fell ill, and no one thought that he would survive. His three sons, however, were greatly distressed by this, went down into the palace garden, and wept. There they met an old man who asked what was troubling them. They told

him that their father was so ill that he'd probably die, because nothing was doing him any good. "I know one remedy," said the old man, "it's the Water of Life; if he drinks some of it, he'll get well again, but it's hard to find." "I'll surely find it," said the eldest son. He went to the sick king and begged him to let him set out in search of the Water of Life, for it alone could cure him. "No," said the king, "it's too dangerous a task; I'd rather die." But the son begged so long that the king finally assented. In his heart the prince thought, "If I bring the Water, I'll be my father's favorite and inherit the kingdom."

So he set out, and when he'd been riding for a time, there was a dwarf standing by the road who called out to him, saying, "Where are you going in such a hurry?" "Stupid little shrimp," said the prince quite arrogantly, "that's none of your business!" and rode on. The little dwarf had, however, got angry and had made a bad wish. Soon after, the prince got into a mountain gorge and the farther he rode, the more the mountains closed in, and finally the way got so narrow that he couldn't go on another step. It was impossible to turn the horse about or to get out of the saddle, and he sat there as if imprisoned. The sick king waited a long time for him, but he didn't come. Then the second son said, "Father, let me set out and search for the Water," thinking to himself, "If my brother's dead, the kingdom will fall to me." At first the king was unwilling to let him go either but finally gave in. Accordingly, the prince set out on the same route his brother had taken and likewise met the dwarf, who stopped him and asked where he was going in such a hurry. "Little shrimp," said the prince, "that's none of your business!" and without further ado rode on. However, the dwarf put a curse on him, and like his brother, he got into a mountain gorge and could go neither forward nor back. But that's what happens to arrogant people!

When the second son also failed to come back, the youngest offered to set out and fetch the Water, and in the end the king had to let him go. When he met the dwarf and the latter asked where he was going in such a hurry, he stopped, talked to him, and answering his question, said, "I'm looking for the Water of Life, for my father is mortally ill." "Do you happen to know where it's to be found?" "No," said the prince. "Because you've behaved properly, not arrogantly like your brothers, I'll give you

the information and tell you how you can get the Water of Life. It gushes from a spring in the courtyard of an enchanted castle, but you won't make your way inside unless I give you an iron rod and two little loaves of bread. Strike three times with the rod on the iron gate of the castle, then it will fly open; inside will be lying two lions with wide open jaws. If, however, you toss a loaf to each, they'll quiet down. Then hurry and fetch some of the Water of Life before it strikes twelve, otherwise the gate will slam to again and you'll be shut in." The prince thanked him, took the rod and the bread, and set out. When he got there, everything was as the dwarf had said. The gate flew open at the third blow of the rod, and when he had pacified the lions with the bread, he entered the castle and came into a large and handsome hall. In this hall were sitting enchanted princes, from whose fingers he drew the rings. A sword and a loaf of bread were also lying there; these he took with him. Then he got into a room where a beautiful maiden was standing. She rejoiced when she saw him, kissed him, and said he'd disenchant her and that he should have her whole kingdom, and if he'd come back in a year, they would celebrate their wedding. Then she further told him where the spring with the Water of Life was, but he'd have to hurry and draw the Water before it struck twelve. Then he went farther and at last came to a room where there was a beautiful freshly made bed, and because he was tired, he thought he'd first take a little rest. So he lay down and fell asleep. When he awoke, it was striking quarter to twelve. Then quite frightened he jumped up, ran to the spring, drew water from it with a tumbler that was beside it, and hurried out. Just as he was going out the iron gate, it struck twelve and the gate slammed so hard that it even took off a bit of his heel.

He was happy, however, to have got the Water of Life, set out toward home and again passed the dwarf. When the latter saw the sword and the bread, he said, "With these objects you've acquired something very valuable: with the sword you can slay whole armies, while the bread will never be used up." The prince didn't want to go home to his father without his brothers and said, "Dear dwarf, can't you tell me where my two brothers are? They set out for the Water of Life ahead of me and haven't come back." "They're shut in between two mountains," said the dwarf; "I cast a spell on them and set them there because they were so

arrogant." Then the prince entreated the dwarf until he released them, but the latter warned him, saying, "Be on your guard against them, they're evil-hearted."

When his brothers arrived, he was happy and told them how he had fared, that he'd found the Water of Life and had brought along a tumbler full and he'd disenchanted a beautiful princess; she was willing to wait a whole year for him, and then their wedding would take place and he'd get the kingdom. After that they rode on together and came to a country where there was famine and war, and the king really believed he was doomed to die, so dire was the distress. Then the prince went to him and gave him the bread with which he fed and satisfied his whole kingdom. Then the prince gave him the sword, too, and with that he defeated the armies of his foes and was at last able to live in peace and quiet. Then the prince took back his bread and sword, and the three brothers rode on. They came to two more countries where famine and war prevailed, and each time the prince gave the king his bread and sword, and by now had saved three kingdoms. After that they boarded a ship and journeyed overseas. On the voyage the two eldest said to one another, "It's the youngest who found the Water of Life, not we; in return for this our father will give him the kingdom that's ours by right, and he'll deprive us of our good fortune." Then they plotted vengeance and between them planned to ruin him. They waited till once when he was fast asleep; then they poured the Water of Life out of the tumbler, took that water for themselves, and poured bitter salt water into his tumbler.

When at last they reached home, the youngest brought the sick king his tumbler so that he might drink and get well, but no sooner had he drunk a little of the bitter salt water than he got sicker than ever. When he complained of this, the two eldest sons came and accused the youngest of wanting to poison him, saying that they'd brought him the true Water of Life and handed it to him. No sooner had he drunk some of it than he felt his illness vanish and he became as strong and well as in the days of his youth. Then the two went to the youngest and mocked him, saying, "To be sure, you found the Water of Life, but you had the trouble and we the reward. You ought to have been smarter and kept your eyes open; we took it from you while you were asleep at sea, and when the year is up, one of us will

fetch the beautiful king's daughter for himself. But watch out that you don't betray us. Father won't believe you anyway, and if you breathe a single word, you'll lose your life in the bargain. If, however, you keep quiet, we'll let you live."

The old king was angry at his youngest son and believed that he had designs on his life. Accordingly, he had the court assembled and passed a verdict against him that he should be secretly shot. Once when the prince was out hunting and suspected no harm; the king's huntsman had to accompany him. When they were all alone out there in the forest and the huntsman was looking very sad, the prince said to him, "Dear huntsman, what's the matter with you?" "I can't tell you," said the huntsman, "and yet I ought to." Then the prince said, "Speak up and say what it is; I'll pardon you for it." "Alas!" said the huntsman, "I'm to shoot you; the king ordered me to." Then the prince was frightened and said, "Dear huntsman, let me live. I'll give you my royal clothes, you give me your poor ones in exchange." "I'll do that gladly," said the huntsman, "I couldn't have shot at you anyway." Then they changed clothes, and the huntsman went home. The prince, however, went deeper into the forest.

After a time three carriages came to the old king, laden with gold and jewels for his youngest son. They'd been sent by the three kings who had defeated their foes with the prince's sword and had fed their countries with his bread and now wanted to show their gratitude. Then the old king thought, "Could my son have been innocent?" and said to his retainers, "If only he were still alive! It grieves me so that I had him killed." "He is still alive," said the huntsman, "I didn't have the heart to carry out your command," and told the king how it had gone. Then a great weight fell from the king's heart, and in every kingdom he had it proclaimed that his son might return and that he would be received into favor.

Before her palace the king's daughter had built a driveway that was all gold and glittering and told her people that whoever came riding to her straight up the road would be the right man and that they were to admit him. But whoever rode up off to the side of the road would not be the right man and that they were not to admit him. When the time was nearly up, the eldest son thought he'd hurry and go to the king's daughter and present himself as her redeemer; then he'd get her as his wife and the

kingdom as well. Accordingly, he rode off, and when he got near the palace and saw the beautiful gold driveway, he thought, "It would be a crying shame to ride on it," turned off the road to the side on the right. But when he got outside the gate, the people told him he wasn't the right man and to go away again.

Shortly thereafter the second prince set out, and when he came to the gold driveway and the horse had set one foot down on it, he thought, "It would be a crying shame, it might wear some of it away," turned off it and rode to the side on the left. But when he got outside the gate, the people said he wasn't the right man and to go away again.

When the year was quite up, the third prince wanted to ride out of the forest and away to his beloved and forget his grief in her company. Accordingly, he set out and kept thinking of her and wishing he was already with her and didn't notice the gold driveway at all. Then his horse went right up the middle of it, and when he got outside the gate, it was opened, and the king's daughter received him joyfully and said he was her redeemer and lord of the kingdom. And the wedding was celebrated with great happiness. When it was over, she told him that his father had summoned him to him and had pardoned him. Then he rode home and told the old king everything, how his brothers had deceived him and that he had nonetheless kept quiet about it. The old king was going to punish them, but they'd put to sea and sailed away and didn't come back as long as they lived.

98 Dr. Know-It-All

Doktor Allwissend

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR FARMER named Crab who drove two oxen to town with a cord of wood; this he sold to a doctor for two dollars. As the money was being paid out to him, the doctor was just sitting down to table. The farmer saw what fine food and drink the doctor had, and his heart longed for it, and he, too, would have liked to be a doctor. So he stayed on a little

longer and finally asked if he, too, couldn't become a doctor. "Oh, yes," said the doctor, "that can easily be arranged." "What must I do?" asked the farmer. "First of all, buy a primer like this with a picture of a rooster on one of the front pages; secondly, turn your cart and oxen into cash and with it get yourself some clothes and whatever else goes with doctoring; thirdly, have a sign painted with the words "Dr. Know-It-All" and nail it up over your front door." The farmer did everything he was told. Now after he'd been doctoring it for a bit, though not very long, a great and wealthy lord was robbed of some money. He was told about Dr. Know-It-All, who lived in such and such a village and who was bound to know where the money had got to. So the lord had his coach hitched up, drove out to the village, and at his house enquired if he was Dr. Know-It-All. "Yes, I am." "Then you're to come with me and retrieve the stolen money." "All right, but my wife Meg must come along, too." The lord agreed to that and had them both sit in the coach, and they drove off together. When they reached the nobleman's court, the table was set, and first of all he was to eat with them. "Yes, but my wife Meg, too," he said and sat down with her at the table.

Now when the first servant came in with a dish of delicious food, the farmer nudged his wife and said, "Meg, that was the first," meaning it was the man who served the first course. The servant, however, thought he meant "that's the first thief," and because that's what he really was, he got frightened and outside said to his companions, "The doctor knows everything, we're in for trouble; he said I was the first." The second servant didn't want to go in at all but had to. Now as he entered with his dish, the farmer nudged his wife, saying, "Meg, that's the second." This servant likewise got frightened and cleared out. The third fared no better; again the farmer said, "That's the third." The fourth had to bring in a covered dish, and the lord told the doctor to display his skill and guess what was under the cover. As a matter of fact it was crabs. The farmer looked at the dish and not knowing what on earth to do, said, "Ah me, poor Crab!" Hearing that the lord cried, "There, he knows! Now he's bound also to know who has the money."

The servant got terribly frightened and winked at the doctor as a sign to step outside. When he got outside, all four confessed

to him that they'd stolen the money. They were quite willing to hand it over and to give him a large sum besides if only he wouldn't betray them—otherwise they'd be done for. Furthermore, they took him to where the money was hidden. The doctor was pleased with this, went back in, sat down at the table and said, "My lord, now I'll look up in my book and see where the money's hidden." The fifth servant, however, crept into the stove and wanted to hear whether the doctor knew anything else. The doctor sat and opened his primer, leafed it here and there, and looked for the rooster. Because he couldn't find it straight off, he said, "I know you're in there, and come out you must!" Then the servant in the stove thought that it was he who was meant, jumped out in a great fright, crying, "The man knows it all." Now Dr. Know-It-All showed the lord where the money was but didn't say who'd stolen it. From both parties he received a large sum as a reward and became a famous man.

99 The Spirit in the Glass-Bottle

Der Geist im Glas

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR WOODCUTTER who worked from early morning till late at night. When finally he'd saved up some money, he said to his boy, "You're my only child; I want to use the money I've earned by the bitter sweat of my brow for your education. If you learn some good suitable profession, you'll be able to support me in my old age, when my limbs have become stiff and I have to stay at home." Then the boy went to a university and studied industriously so that his teachers praised him. He stayed there for some time. When he had studied in a few universities but was not yet perfect in everything, the little pittance that his father had earned was gone, and he had to return home. "Alas," said his father in distress, "I can't give you any more and in these hard times can't earn a farthing more

than we need for our daily bread." "Father dear," answered the son, "don't give it a thought; if such is God's will, it will work out to my best advantage. I'll adjust to it, of course."

When the father was on the point of going out into the forest to earn something by chopping and piling cordwood, the son said, "I'll go along and help you." "Indeed, my son," said the father, "that will be hard on you; you're not used to heavy work; you won't stand up under it. Besides, I've only one ax and no money left to buy another." "Just go to the neighbor's," answered the son; "he'll lend you his ax until I've earned enough to buy one for myself." The father borrowed an ax from the neighbor, and the next morning at daybreak they went out together into the forest. The son helped his father and was quite cheerful and lively at the task. Now when the sun was overhead, the father said, "Let's rest and eat our noon meal; afterward it'll go twice as fast." The son took his bread in his hand and said, "You just rest, father, I'm not tired; I'm going to walk about for a bit in the forest and look for birds' nests." "You silly fellow," said the father, "why do you want to walk about there? Afterward you'll be tired and won't be able to lift an arm. Stay here and sit down by me."

The son, however, went into the forest, ate his bread, was very happy, and peered into the green branches to see if by chance he might perhaps discover a nest. Thus he went hither and yon until he at last came to a dangerous oak that was certainly already many hundreds of years old and bigger than five men could reach around. He stopped and looked at it, thinking, "Many a bird, indeed, must have built its nest there." Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice. He listened and heard it call in a very muffled tone, "Let me out! let me out!" He looked about but could see nothing, though the voice seemed to come out from underground. Then he cried, "Where are you?" "I'm down here in the roots of the oak," answered the voice; "let me out! let me out!" The student began to clear away at the foot of the tree and to search among the roots until finally he found a glass bottle in a little hollow place. He picked it up and holding it to the light, saw something shaped like a frog jumping up and down inside. "Let me out! let me out!" it cried anew, and the student, suspecting no harm, took the stopper out of the bottle. Immediately a spirit rose up out of the bottle and

began to grow, and grew so fast that in a few moments it was standing before the student like a horrible giant, half as big as the tree. In a terrible voice it cried, "Do you know what your reward is going to be for letting me out?" "No," answered the student fearlessly, "how should I know?" "Then I'll tell you," cried the spirit, "I'll have to break your neck for doing it." "You should have told me that sooner," answered the student, "then I'd have let you stay there. But for all of you my head's going to stay right on, since more people will have to be consulted." "More people or not more people," cried the spirit, "you're going to get the reward that's due you. Do you think that I was shut up there for so long by way of a favor? No, I was being punished. I am the great and mighty Mercury and must break the neck of whoever releases me." "Easy!" answered the student; "things don't happen as quick as that. Besides, I must first know that you actually were in the little bottle and that you're the right spirit. If you can really get back in again, then I'll believe it, and then you can do with me as you like." "That's a trifling trick," said the spirit most arrogantly, shrunk itself and made itself as thin and small as it had been at the outset, so that it crept in again through the same opening and through the neck of the bottle. Scarcely was it inside, however, when the student again pushed in the stopper he had drawn and threw the bottle into its old place among the roots of the oak, thus tricking the spirit.

Now the student was about to go back to his father, but the spirit cried most piteously, "Oh, please let me out! please let me out!" "No," answered the student, "not a second time. Once I've shut him in again, I'm not letting anybody out who's had one try at my life." "If you'll free me," cried the spirit, "I'll give you enough to suffice you as long as you live." "No," answered the student, "you'd trick me again as you did the first time." "You're throwing your good luck away," said the spirit, "I won't do anything to you; on the contrary, I'll reward you handsomely." "I'll risk it," thought the student, "perhaps it'll keep its word, and in any event it won't do me any harm." Then he removed the stopper, and as before the spirit rose up out of the bottle, stretched itself out, and became as big as a giant. "Now you shall have your reward," it said, and handing the student a bit of cloth just like a piece of court plaster, continued, "if with

one end you rub a wound, the wound will heal, and if with the other end you rub steel or iron, it will turn to silver." "I must try it first," said the student, went to a tree, scratched the bark with his ax and rubbed it with the proper end of the court plaster. The scratch immediately closed again and was healed. "Well, that's quite all right," he said to the spirit, "Now we can part company." The spirit thanked him for setting it free, and the student thanked the spirit for its present and returned to his father.

"Where have you been gadding about?" said the father; "why did you forget our work? Indeed, I told you that you wouldn't get anything done." "Don't worry, father, I'll make it up." "Yes, make it up!" said the father angrily, "that's no way to do." "Watch, father, I'm going to chop that tree there right down so that it'll fall with a crash." Then he took his court plaster, rubbed the ax with it and dealt a powerful blow, but because the iron had been changed to silver, the edge turned. "My, father! Just see what a bad ax you gave me; it's all bent." Then the father was frightened and said, "Oh, what have you done! Now I must pay for the ax and don't know how I can. That's all the good I'm getting out of your work!" "Don't get angry," answered the son, "I'll pay for the ax all right." "Oh, you stupid fellow!" cried the father, "how will you pay for it? You haven't anything but what I give you. Your head's full of student pranks, but you don't understand anything about wood-chopping."

After a while the student said, "Father, I really can't work any longer; let's call it a day." "What!" he answered. "Do you think I'm going to sit with my hands in my lap like you? I've still got to get something done; you can go along home if you like." "Father, this is the first time I've been here in the forest. I don't know the way alone; please come along with me." Because his anger had abated, the father finally let himself be talked into it and went home with him. Then he said to his son, "Now go and sell the damaged ax and watch out what you get for it. I'll have to earn the balance and pay back the neighbor for it." The son took the ax and carried it into town to a goldsmith who assayed it, put it in the scales, and said, "It's worth four hundred dollars; I haven't that much in cash." "Give me what you have," said the student, "and I'll lend

you the rest." The goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars and owed him one hundred. Thereupon the student went home and said, "Father, I've got the money. Go ask the neighbor what he wants for the ax." "That I know already," answered the old man, "one dollar and six pennies." "Well, give him two dollars and twelve pennies; that's double and enough. Look, I have money and to spare," and giving his father one hundred dollars, said, "You'll never be in want; live at your ease." "My goodness," said the old man, "how did you come by this fortune?" Then he told him how it had all happened and how, trusting in his luck, he had made such a rich haul. With the rest of the money, however, he went off again to the university and studied further. And because he was able to heal all wounds with his court plaster, he became the most famous doctor in the world.

100 The Devil's Sooty Brother

Des Teufels russiger Bruder

A DISCHARGED SOLDIER had nothing to live on and didn't know what to do. Then he went out into the forest, and after he'd been walking for a while, met a little dwarf, who, as a matter of fact, was the Devil. The dwarf said to him, "What's the matter with you? You're looking so sad." "I'm hungry, but I have no money," said the soldier. "If you'll hire yourself out to me," said the Devil, "and be my servant, you shall have enough as long as you live. You'll have to serve me for seven years; after that you'll be free again. But I'll tell you one thing. You may not wash yourself, comb your hair, trim your beard, cut your nails or your hair, or wipe any water from your eyes." "Up and at it, if that's how it must be," said the soldier and went off with the dwarf, who took him straight into Hell. Then he told him what he was to do: he'd have to stir the fire under the kettles in which the damned were sitting, keep the house clean, carry the rubbish outdoors, and see to it that

everything was in order. But if he peeked as much as once into the kettles, it would go hard with him. "Right you are," said the soldier, "I'll attend to it all right."

Then the old Devil went out again on his wanderings, and the soldier entered upon his duties, put fuel on the fire, swept and carried the rubbish outdoors, just as he had been ordered. When the old Devil came back, he looked to see if everything had been done, evinced satisfaction, and went off again a second time. Now the soldier took a good look about: the kettles were standing round about there in Hell and there was a huge fire under them, and the contents were boiling and bubbling. He would gladly have given his life to look in, had the Devil not so strictly forbidden him. Finally he could no longer resist, lifted the lid a tiny bit from the first kettle and peeked in. There he saw his former sergeant sitting. "Aha, old fellow!" he said, "Do I find you here? You once had me under your thumb, now I've got you," dropped the lid quickly, poked the fire, and added fresh fuel. He went on to the second kettle, lifted the lid a little, too, and peeked, and saw his ensign sitting in it: "Aha, old fellow! Do I find you here? You once had me under your thumb, now I've got you," shut the lid again and fetched another log to make it good and hot for him. Now he also wanted to see who was sitting in the third kettle; it was none other than his general: "Aha, old fellow! Do I find you here? You once had me under your thumb, now I've got you," fetched a bellows and made hell-fire blaze up right under him. Thus he performed his duties in Hell for seven years, didn't wash, didn't comb his hair, didn't trim his beard, didn't cut his nails or his hair, and didn't wipe any water from his eyes. And the seven years passed so quickly that it seemed to him it had only been six months.

When the time was quite up, the Devil came and said, "Well, John, what have you been doing?" "I've been stirring the fire under the kettles, I've been sweeping, and I've been carrying the rubbish outdoors." "But you peeked into the kettles, too. It's lucky you put more wood on the fire, otherwise you'd have lost your life. Now your time is up; do you want to go back home?" "Yes," said the soldier, "I'd also very much like to see what my father is doing back home." "In order that you may get the wages you're entitled to," said the Devil, "go fill your

knapsack with sweepings and take them home with you. Furthermore, you're to go unwashed and uncombed, with long hair on your head and with your beard long, with uncut nails and bleary eyes, and if you're asked where you came from, you're to say, 'From Hell.' And if you're asked who you are, you're to say 'the Devil's sooty brother and also my king.' The soldier said nothing and did as the Devil told him, but he wasn't at all satisfied with his wages.

As soon as he was back up in the forest, he took his knapsack off his back and was about to shake it out, but when he opened it, the sweepings had become pure gold. "I shouldn't have suspected that," he said, was greatly pleased, and walked into town. The innkeeper was standing outside the inn and seeing him coming was afraid because John looked such a fright, worse than a scarecrow. He called to him, saying, "Where do you come from?" "From Hell." "Who are you?" "The Devil's sooty brother and also my king." The innkeeper didn't want to admit him, but when he showed him the gold, he went and unlatched the door himself. Then John made him give him the best room and serve him lavishly; he ate and drank his fill but, as the Devil had ordered, didn't wash and didn't comb his hair. Finally he went to bed. The picture of the knapsack full of gold was always before the innkeeper's eyes, and the latter had no peace until he'd crept in there in the night and stolen it. When John got up next morning and was going to pay the innkeeper and go on his way, his knapsack was gone. However, he wasted no words and thinking, "You've been an innocent victim," turned about and went straight back to Hell. There he complained of his plight to the old Devil and asked his help. The Devil said, "Sit down. I'll wash you and comb your hair, trim your beard, cut your hair and nails, and wipe out your eyes." When he had finished with him, he again gave him the knapsack full of sweepings and said, "Go tell the innkeeper he's to give you back your gold or else I'll come and fetch him, and he'll have to stir the fire in your place." John went up and said to the innkeeper, "You stole my gold; if you don't give it back, you'll go to Hell in my place and will look as grizzly as I did." Then the innkeeper gave him the gold and more besides, and begged him to keep quiet about it. Now John was a rich man.

John set out for home to his father's, bought himself a poor linen overall for his body, and went here and there playing music, for he'd learned that from the Devil in Hell. There was an old king in the land, in whose presence he had to play. The king was so delighted with the music that he promised John his eldest daughter in marriage. But when she heard that she was to marry such a common fellow in a white overall, she said, "Before I'd do that, I'd rather jump into the deepest water." Then the king gave him the youngest, who was quite willing to marry him out of love for her father. Thus the Devil's sooty brother got the king's daughter and, when the old king died, the whole kingdom as well.

101 Bearskin

Der Bärenhäuter

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG FELLOW who enlisted as a soldier, conducted himself bravely, and was always in the van when it was raining bullets. As long as the war lasted, all went well, but when peace was concluded, he received his discharge, and his captain said he might go where he pleased. His parents were dead, and no longer having any home, he went to his brothers and begged them to support him until the next war. But the brothers were hardhearted and said, "What can we do with you? We can't make any use of you; see how you can get along on your own." The soldier had only his rifle left; this he shouldered and intended to set out into the world. He reached a big moor where nothing but a circle of trees was to be seen. Very sadly he sat down beneath them and meditated his fate. "I haven't any money," he thought, "I've learned nothing but soldiering, and now because peace is concluded, they don't need me any more. I foresee that I'm bound to starve."

Suddenly he heard a roar, and as he was looking about, a stranger stood before him, wearing a green jacket and looking

quite stately, but with a nasty hoof of a foot. "I know just what's wrong with you," said the man; "you shall have as much gold and goods as you can possibly squander, but I must first be sure that you're not afraid so that I shan't be spending my money for nothing." "How do soldiers and fear go together?" he answered; "you can try me out." "Come on then," answered the man, "look behind you!" The soldier turned around and saw a big bear trotting toward him and roaring. "O ho!" said the soldier, "I'll tickle your nose so you won't want to roar any more," took aim and shot the bear in the muzzle so that it collapsed and didn't stir again. "I see clearly," said the stranger, "that you don't lack courage, but there's still another condition that you must fulfill." "So long as it doesn't jeopardize the salvation of my soul," answered the soldier, who saw plainly who was confronting him; "in that case I won't commit myself to anything." "That you'll see for yourself," answered Green-Jacket; "for the next seven years you may neither wash, comb your beard or hair, cut your nails, nor once say the Lord's Prayer. Furthermore, I'll give you a jacket and a cloak which you must wear during this time. If you die within these seven years, you're mine; if, however, you remain alive, you'll be free and rich, too, as long as you live." The soldier reflected on his dire distress, and since he had faced death so often, he was willing to risk it this time, too, and agreed. The Devil took off his green jacket and handed it to the soldier, saying, "With this jacket on, if you reach into the pocket, you'll always have a handful of money." Then he skinned the bear and said, "This shall be your cloak and your bed, too, for you must sleep on it and may not get in any other bed. And because of this costume your name's to be Bearskin." Hereupon the Devil vanished.

The soldier put the jacket on, reached at once into the pocket, and found that everything was as it should be. Then he put on the cloak, went out into the world, was in fine spirits, and abstained from nothing that was pleasant for him and hard on the money. The first year things still went pretty well, but by the second he really looked a fright. His hair covered almost his whole face, his beard was like a piece of coarse felt, his fingers had claws, and his face was so covered with filth that had one sown cress there, it would have sprouted. Everybody who saw him ran away; but because everywhere he gave money

to the poor for them to pray that he might not die within the seven years, and because he paid well for everything, he was always able to get lodging just the same. In the fourth year he came to a tavern where the innkeeper wouldn't take him in and wouldn't even let him have a place in the stable for fear his horses would shy. Still, when Bearskin reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of ducats, the innkeeper yielded and gave him a room in an outbuilding. Even so, he had to promise not to show himself lest the inn get a bad name.

As Bearskin was sitting alone one evening, wishing with all his heart that the seven years were up, he heard a loud lamenting in an adjoining room. He had a compassionate heart, opened the door, and saw an old man weeping bitterly and wringing his hands above his head. Bearskin stepped nearer, but the man jumped up and was about to run away. Hearing a human voice he finally gave in, and by his kindly words Bearskin got him to reveal to him the cause of his trouble. Little by little his fortune had vanished, he and his daughters had to suffer want, and he was so poor that he couldn't even pay the innkeeper and was about to be put in jail. "If those are your only worries," said Bearskin, "I've got plenty of money." He summoned the innkeeper, paid him, and put another purse of gold in the unhappy man's pocket.

When the old man saw that he was freed of his worries, he didn't know how to show his gratitude. "Come with me," he said to Bearskin, "my daughters are marvels of beauty; choose one of them as your wife. When she hears what you've done for me, she won't hesitate. It's true that you're a bit odd looking, but she'll soon fix you up again." That pleased Bearskin and he went along. When the eldest looked at him, she was so horrified by his face that she screamed and ran away. The second stopped, to be sure, and surveyed him from head to foot, then said, "How can I take a husband who no longer looks like a human being? I'd rather prefer the shaved bear that was once on show here and claimed to be a man; it at least had on the fur coat and white gloves of a cavalryman. If he were merely ugly, I could get used to him." But the youngest said, "Father dear, he must be a good man to have helped you out of your distress. If you've promised him a bride in return, your word must be kept." It was a shame that Bearskin's face was cov-

ered with filth and hair, otherwise one might have seen how his heart rejoiced within him when he heard these words. He took a ring from his finger, broke it in two, gave her one half and kept the other for himself. In her half he wrote his name and in his half her name, and bade her put her piece carefully away. Thereupon he took his leave, saying, "I must keep wandering for three more years; if I don't come back, you'll be free because then I shall be dead. But pray God to preserve my life."

The poor girl clothed herself all in black, and whenever she thought of her bridegroom, tears would come to her eyes. From her sisters she got nothing but scorn and derision. "Watch out for yourself," said the eldest, "if you give him your hand, he'll hit it with his paw." "Be on your guard," said the second; "bears love sweets, and if you please him, he'll eat you up." "You must always do just as he wants," continued the eldest, "otherwise he'll start growling." And the second went on to say, "My! the wedding will be great sport; bears dance well." The girl kept quite still and didn't let herself be turned from her purpose.

Bearskin moved about the world from place to place, did good where he could, and gave generously to the poor so that they would pray for him. Finally, as the last day of the seven years dawned, he again went out to the moor and sat down under the circle of trees. Before long there was a rush of wind and the Devil was standing before him with a look of annoyance. Then he threw Bearskin the old jacket and demanded his green jacket back. "We haven't got that far yet," answered Bearskin. "First you must clean me up." Willy-nilly, the Devil had to fetch water, wash Bearskin off, comb his hair, and cut his nails. Then he looked like a brave warrior and was far handsomer than ever.

When the Devil had happily departed, Bearskin felt light of heart. He went into town, put on a splendid velvet jacket, took his seat in a coach drawn by four white horses, and drove to his bride's house. No one recognized him; the father thought him a distinguished army colonel and led him into the room where his daughters were sitting. He had to seat himself between the two eldest; they poured him wine, placed the finest delicacies before him, and thought they never in the world had seen a handsomer man. But the bride sat opposite him

in her black weeds, didn't raise her eyes or speak a word. When finally he asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters in marriage, the two eldest jumped up, ran to their room, and were going to put on splendid clothes, for each fancied to herself that she would be the one chosen. As soon as the stranger was alone with his bride, he took out the half-ring, tossed it into a tumbler of wine, which he handed her across the table. She took it, but when she'd drunk the wine and found the half-ring lying at the bottom, her heart beat fast. She fetched the other half, which she was wearing on a ribbon around her neck and held it against his half: it was clear that the two halves fitted perfectly. Then he said, "I am your affianced bridegroom whom you saw as Bearskin; however, by the grace of God I've regained my human form and have become clean again." He went up to her, embraced her, and gave her a kiss. Meanwhile the two sisters came back in full regalia, and when they saw that the handsome man had got the youngest and heard that it was Bearskin, they ran out, full of rage and anger; one drowned herself in the well, the other hanged herself on a tree.

That evening there was a knock on the door, and when the bridegroom opened it, it was the Devil in his green jacket. "See," he said, "now I've got two souls for your one."

102 The Wren and the Bear

Der Zaunkönig und der Bär

ONCE IN THE SUMMER when a bear and a wolf were taking a walk in the forest, the bear heard a most beautiful bird song and said, "Brother wolf, what kind of a bird is it that sings so beautifully?" "It's the king of birds," said the wolf; "we must bow down before it." But it was a fence-king, a wren.* "If that's so," said the bear, "I'd also very much like to see the royal

* With play on *Zaunkönig*, literally "hedge-king," German word for "wren."

palace; come take me there." "It isn't the way you imagine," said the wolf; "you must wait until the queen comes." Soon thereafter the queen came and had food in her bill, and so had the king, and they were about to feed their young. The bear would now have liked to follow them right in, but the wolf held him by the sleeve, saying, "No, you must wait until the king and queen have left again." So they took note of the hole where the nest was and trotted off again. The bear, however, was restless, wanted to see the royal palace, and after a short while went back to it. By then the king and the queen had really flown away; it looked in and saw five or six young birds lying there. "Is that the royal palace!" cried the bear, "it's a wretched palace. And you're no royal children; you don't come of honest folk!" When the young hedge-kings heard that, they got terribly angry and cried, "Yes, we do! Our parents are honest folk. Bear, we've got to settle with you!" The bear and the wolf got frightened, turned about, and sat down in their dens.

The young wrens kept crying and making a noise, and when next the parents brought them food, they said, "We won't touch a single fly's leg, even if we starve, until you've first settled whether we come of honest folk or not. The bear was here and insulted us." Then the old king said, "Just calm yourselves, we'll settle it." Thereupon, together with the queen he flew to the bear's den and called in, "Old Growly Bear, why did you insult my children? It'll fare ill with you; we're going to settle the affair by a bloody war." Thus war was declared on the bear. Every four-footed animal was called up: ox, donkey, steer, stag, deer, and every other animal that walks upon the earth. The hedge-king, on the other hand, summoned up everything that flies in the air: not only birds, big and small, but also midges, hornets, bees, and flies had to come along, too.

When the time came for the war to begin, the hedge-king sent out scouts to discover who was the enemy's commanding general. The midge was the wiliest of all, skirmished about in the forest where the enemy had assembled, and finally sat down under a leaf on the tree where the password was being given. There stood the bear, who called the fox into its presence and said, "Fox, you're the most artful of all animals, you're to be general and lead us." "Good," said the fox, "but what kind of a signal are we to agree on?" No one knew. Then the fox said, "I have

a fine, long, bushy tail; it looks almost like a red plume. When I hold my tail up, things are going all right, and then you must march forward, but if I let it droop, then run as fast as you can." When the midge heard that, it flew away home and told the king everything down to the last detail. When the day dawned on which the battle was to be fought, wow! there came the four-footed animals on the run with a clatter that made the earth shake. The king, too, came flying through the air with his army that buzzed, shrieked, and swarmed—enough to frighten one. They went for each other from both sides. The king sent a hornet down; it was to settle under the fox's tail and sting for all it was worth. Now when the fox got the first sting, it twitched and lifted one leg, but stood it and still kept its tail up. With the second sting it had to lower it for a second. With the third, however, it could stand it no longer, cried out, and put its tail between its legs. When the animals saw that, they thought that all was lost and began to run, each to its lair. The birds had won the battle.

The hedge-king and the queen flew home to their children and cried, "Children, rejoice! Eat and drink to your hearts' content; we've won the war." But the young wrens said, "We won't eat yet; the bear must first come to our nest and beg pardon and say that we come of honest folk." Then the wren flew to the bear's den and called out, "Growly Bear, you're to come to the nest and beg my children's pardon and say that they come of honest folk, otherwise we'll trample your ribs to pieces. Then the bear crawled there very fearfully and begged pardon. Now the young wrens were at last satisfied, sat down together, ate, drank, and made merry till late into the night.

103 The Sweet Porridge

Der süsse Brei

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR, DEVOUT GIRL who lived alone with her mother, and they had nothing left to eat. Then the child

went out into the forest and met an old woman who already knew about her misery and made her a present of a pot to which she was to say, "Pot, cook!" Then it would cook a good sweet millet porridge. And when she said, "Pot, stop!" then it would stop cooking. The girl brought the pot home to her mother, and now they were free of poverty and hunger and ate sweet porridge as often as they liked. On one occasion when the girl had gone out, the mother said, "Pot, cook!" Then it cooked, and she ate her fill. Now she wanted the pot to stop but didn't know the right word, so it kept cooking, and the porridge ran out over the edge, and it cooked on and on, filled the kitchen and the whole house and the next house and then the street, as if it wanted to satisfy the whole world. It was a most dire situation, and no one knew what to do about it. Finally, when only one single house was left, the child came home and just said, "Pot, stop!" Then it stopped cooking, and anybody who wanted to come back into the town had to eat his way through.

104 The Clever People

Die klugen Leute

ONE DAY A FARMER fetched his hornbeam stick from the corner and said to his wife, "Katy, now I'm going across country and shan't be back for three days. If a cattle-dealer calls and wants to buy our three cows, you may dispose of them, but only for two hundred dollars—no less, do you hear?" "In God's name, go along," answered his wife, "I'll attend to it all right." "Yes, you would!" said the husband. "As a small child you once fell on your head and the effect on you still lasts. But I tell you, if you do anything stupid, I'll color your back black and blue, and without paint at that! Just with the stick I have here in my hand. And the coat of paint will last a whole year, you may depend upon it." Thereupon the man went on his way.

The cattle-dealer came the next morning, and the woman

didn't have to enter into any long discussion with him. Once he'd looked the cows over and heard the price, he said, "I'll gladly pay that, they're worth all of that among friends. I'll take the animals right along with me." He unfastened their chains and drove them out of the stable. Just as he was going out the farmyard gate, the woman caught him by the sleeve and said, "You must first give me the two hundred dollars or else I can't let you go." "Right," answered the man, "I just forgot to buckle on my purse. But don't worry, you have surety until I pay you. I'll take two cows with me and leave the third with you; in that way you'll have good surety." The woman got the point and let the man go away with the cows, thinking, "How happy John will be when he sees I worked it so cleverly."

As he had said, the farmer arrived home on the third day and at once asked if the cows had been sold. "Certainly, John dear," answered his wife, "and, as you said, for two hundred dollars. They're hardly worth that, but the man took them without discussion." "Where's the money?" asked her husband. "I haven't got the money," answered his wife; "as a matter of fact, he'd forgotten his purse, but he'll bring it soon. He left me a good surety." "What kind of surety?" asked her husband. "One of the three cows; he won't get it until he's paid for the others. I worked it very cleverly; I kept the smallest; it'll eat the least." The man got angry, raised his stick and with it was about to give her the promised coat of black and blue. All of a sudden he let it drop and said, "You're the stupidest goose that's waddling about on God's green earth, but I'm sorry for you. I'm going out on the highway and wait for three days to see whether I find anybody who's simpler than you. If I do, you'll get off, but if I don't, then you'll get the pay you so well deserve, and no deduction."

He went out on the great highway, sat down on a stone and waited for what might turn up. He saw a haycart coming along, with a woman standing up in the middle instead of sitting on the bundle of straw or walking beside the oxen and leading them. "That's probably one of the kind you're looking for," thought the man, jumped up and ran back and forth in front of the cart like someone not quite in his right mind. "What do you want, friend?" the woman said to him. "I don't know you; where do you come from?" "I fell out of Heaven," an-

swered the man, "and don't know how to get back; can't you drive me up?" "No," said the woman, "I don't know the way. But if you come from Heaven, you can surely tell me how my husband is getting along; he's been there three years now. You must have seen him?" "Of course I've seen him, but not everybody can prosper. He's tending sheep, and the dear creatures give him no end of trouble: they jump up onto the mountains and get lost in the wilderness, and he has to chase after them and herd them together again. He's all in tatters, too, and his clothes will soon be dropping off him. There aren't any tailors there; St. Peter won't let any in, as you know from the story" [No. 35]. "Who'd have thought of that!" exclaimed the woman. "Do you know what! I'll get his Sunday-go-to-meeting coat that's still hanging up in the wardrobe at home; he can wear that with distinction there. Please be as good as to take it along." "That really won't do," answered the farmer. "One mustn't bring clothes into Heaven; they're taken from one at the gate." "Listen to me," said the woman, "yesterday I sold my fine wheat and got a pretty sum of money for it; I'll send him that. If you put the purse in your pouch, nobody will notice it." "If there's no other way," replied the farmer, "then I'll gladly do you the favor." "Just stay right there. I'll drive home and get the purse; I'll be right back. I'm not sitting on the bundle of straw but standing up in the cart to make it easier for the animals." She urged on her oxen, and the farmer thought, "She's ready for the madhouse. If she really brings me the money, my wife can say she's lucky, for she won't get a beating." Before long she came on the run, brought the money, and with her own hands put it in his pouch. Before going away she again thanked him a thousand times for his kindness.

When the woman got home, she found her son who had returned from the fields. She told him what an unexpected experience she'd had and then added, "I'm very happy to have got the opportunity of sending my poor husband something. Who would have imagined that he'd have been short of anything in Heaven?" The son was greatly amazed. "Mother," he said, "a person like that doesn't come from Heaven every day. I want to go right out and see if I can still find the man; he must tell me what it looks like there and how work there is coming along." He saddled his horse and rode off in all haste. He

found the farmer sitting under a willow and about to count out the money in the purse. "Have you by chance seen the man who came down from Heaven?" the boy called out to him. "Yes," answered the farmer, "he's started on the way back again and has gone up the mountain there, where he has a somewhat shorter route. You can still overtake him if you ride hard." "Oh, dear!" said the boy, "I've been working terribly hard all day, and the ride here has quite worn me out. You know the man. Be so good as to mount my horse and persuade him to come here." "Well, well," thought the farmer, "here's another fellow who isn't quite right in the head," and saying, "Why shouldn't I do you the favor?" mounted and rode off at a good sharp trot. The boy sat there till nightfall, but the farmer didn't return. "The man from Heaven was certainly in a great hurry and didn't want to turn around," he thought, "and the farmer gave him the horse, too, to take to my father." He went home and told his mother what had happened: he'd sent his father the horse, so that he wouldn't always have to walk about. "You did the right thing," she answered, "your legs are still young, and you can go on foot."

On reaching home the farmer put the horse in the barn next to the pledged cow, then went to his wife and said, "Katy, you were lucky: I found two people who were even simpler fools than you. This time you'll get off without a beating; I'll save it up for another occasion." Then he lighted his pipe and, sitting down in his high-backed chair, said, "That was a good trade—for two cows a sleek horse and a purse full of money besides. If stupidity always brought in so much, I'd be glad to hold it in respect."

That's what the farmer thought, but you surely like the simple-minded people better.

105 Tales about Toads

Märchen von der Unke

I

THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE CHILD whose mother gave it a bowl of bread and milk every afternoon, and the child would sit down with it outside in the yard. When it began to eat, a toad used to creep out of a chink in the wall, put its head down in the milk and eat with the child. The child took pleasure in this, and when it sat there with its bowl and the toad didn't come straightway, it would cry out to it,

"Toad, toad, come quick,
Come here, you tiny creature;
You're to have your bread,
You're to refresh yourself with the milk."

Then the toad would come running up and enjoyed what it ate. It appeared to be grateful, too, for it brought the child all sorts of fine things from its secret hoard, sparkling gem-stones, pearls, and gold trinkets. But the toad used only to drink milk and left the bread. On one occasion the child took its spoon and tapped the toad gently on the head, saying, "Creature, eat the bread, too." Its mother, who was standing in the kitchen, heard the child talking to someone, and when she saw that it was hitting a toad with its spoon, she ran out with a stick of wood and killed the good creature.

From then on, a change came over the child. As long as the toad had eaten with it, it had grown big and strong, but now it lost its fine rosy cheeks and got thin. It wasn't long till the bird of death began to cry out in the night, and Robin Redbreast gathered twigs and leaves for the funeral wreath, and soon thereafter the child was lying on its bier.

II

An orphan girl was sitting by the town wall spinning when she saw a toad come out of a chink at the bottom of the wall. She quickly spread out beside her a blue silk neckerchief which toads so love and on which alone they will walk. As soon as the toad spied it, it turned around, came back carrying a tiny gold crown, put it on the neckerchief, and then went away again. The girl picked up the crown; it glistened and was made of delicately spun gold. Not long afterward the toad came back a second time, but no longer seeing the crown it crept to the wall and in its sorrow beat its head against it as long as it had the strength; finally it lay dead.

If the girl had left the crown alone, the toad would probably have brought still more of its treasures out of the hole.

III

The toad called, "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!" The child said, "Come out!" The toad came out, and then the child asked after its little sister, saying, "Have you by chance seen little Red-Socks?" "No, not I," said the toad, "How about you? Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!"

106 The Poor Miller's Servant and the Cat

Der arme Müllerbursch und das Kätzchen

AN OLD MILLER lived in a mill; he had neither wife nor children, and three mill servants worked for him. When they had been with him for some years, he one day said to them, "I'm old and want to take it easy behind the stove. Set out, and whichever one of you brings me home the best horse, I'll give him the mill; in return he'll have to take care of me until I die." Now

the third servant, who was the prentice, was regarded by the others as a simpleton, and they begrudged him the mill. Subsequently he didn't even want it. All three set out together, and when they got outside the village, the two said to simple John, "You may just as well stay here, you'll never get a horse as long as you live." But John went along just the same, and when it was night, they came to a cave and lay down in it to sleep.

The two clever fellows waited till John had gone to sleep, then got up and made off, leaving John and thinking they'd done a good job. (Yes, just the same, you won't prosper!) When the sun rose and John woke up, he was lying in a deep cave; he looked all about and cried, "Oh, God, where am I?" Then he got up, scrambled out of the cave, and went into the forest, thinking, "I'm all alone here and deserted; how on earth am I going to get a horse?" As he was walking along and meditating, he met a little spotted cat, which said very kindly, "John, where are you bound?" "Oh, you can't help me in any event." "I well know what you want," said the cat. "You want a fine horse. Come with me and be my faithful servant for seven years, then I'll give you one, finer than any you've ever seen in your life." "Now that's an extraordinary cat," thought John, "but just the same I'll see whether what she says is true."

Then she took him along with her to her enchanted manor house, where her only servants were cats. They ran up and down stairs nimbly, were jolly and in fine spirits. In the evening when they sat down to table, three had to furnish music: one played the double bass, the second the fiddle, while the third took a trumpet and puffed out its cheeks for all it was worth. When they'd eaten, the table was removed, and the cat said, "Now come, John, and dance with me." "No," he answered, "I won't dance with a pussy-cat, I've never done it." "Then take him to bed," she said to the cats. One lighted the way for him to his bedroom, one took off his shoes, one his stockings, and finally one blew the light out. Next morning they came back and helped him get up. One put on his stockings, one tied his garters, one fetched his shoes, one washed him, and one dried his face with its tail. "That feels very soft," said John. However, he, too, had to serve the cat and chop kindling every day. For that task he was given a silver ax and silver wedges and a

silver saw, and the mallet was of copper. Well, he chopped the wood there, stayed there in the house, had good food and drink, but saw no one but the spotted cat and her retinue.

Once she said to him, "Go mow my meadow and ted the grass," gave him a silver scythe and a gold whetstone, ordered him, however, to return everything properly. John went and did what he was ordered to do and, after finishing the task, brought home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked if she wouldn't give him his wages now. "No," said the cat, "you must first perform one more task for me. Here is silver lumber, a carpenter's ax, a square, and everything one needs, all of silver; with this first build me a little house." Then John built the little house and said he'd now done everything and still didn't have his horse. Nevertheless, the seven years had passed for him like six months. The cat asked if he wanted to see her horses. "Yes," said John. Then she opened the little house for him, and when she unlocked the door quite nonchalantly, twelve horses were standing there. My! they were very proud and their coats were glossy and shiny, so that his heart rejoiced at the sight. Now she gave him food and drink and said, "Go home. I shan't give you your horse to take along, but in three days I'll come and bring it to you then." So John set out, and she showed him the way to the mill. But she hadn't given him so much as a new garment, and he had to keep on his ragged old overall that he'd brought there with him and which in the course of seven years had got too tight for him everywhere.

When he reached home, the two other servants were also back; indeed, each had brought his horse along, but one's was blind and the other's was lame. "John," they asked, "where's your horse?" "It'll follow in three days." Then they laughed and said, "Well, John, where are you going to get a horse? It'll be something pretty fine!" John went into the living room, but the miller said he wasn't to come to table: he was so tattered and ragged that one couldn't help being ashamed, should anyone drop in. Then they gave him a bit to eat outside, and when they went to bed that evening, the other two wouldn't give him a bed, and he finally had to crawl into the goose-house and lie down on a little hard straw.

In the morning when he awoke, the three days were already up, and a coach drawn by six horses arrived. My! they glistened

so that it was a sight to behold, and a servant was leading a seventh horse, and that was for the poor miller's servant. Out of the coach stepped a resplendent king's daughter and went into the mill, and the king's daughter was the little spotted cat, whom poor John had served for seven years. She asked the miller where the poor miller's servant, the apprentice was. "We couldn't take him into the mill," said the miller. "He's terribly tattered and is lying in the goose-house." Then the king's daughter told them to fetch him at once, so they brought him out, and he had to hold his overall together to cover himself. The servant unbuckled a bundle of magnificent clothing and had to wash him and dress him, and when he was fixed up, no king would have looked finer. Then the maiden demanded to see the horses which the other servants had brought: one was blind, the other lame. Then she had her servant bring the seventh horse. On seeing it the miller said that such a horse had never before entered his courtyard. "And it's for the third servant," she said. "Then he must have the mill," said the miller. But the king's daughter said that there was the horse and he should keep his mill, too, and took her faithful John and had him get into the coach and drove off with him. First they went to the little house he'd built with the silver tools, but it had become a great palace, and everything in it was of silver and gold. Then she married him, and he was rich, so rich that he had enough for as long as he lived.

Therefore no one should say that a simpleton may not get to be something.

107 The Two Travelers

Die beiden Wanderer

MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY do not meet, but certainly human beings do, especially good and bad.

Thus once a shoemaker and a tailor met on a journey. The tailor was a short, nice-looking chap and always jolly and in

good spirits. He saw the shoemaker coming in his direction, and noticing by his pack what his trade was, he called out a little lampoon at him:

"Sew the seam,
pull the thread,
rub it right and left with wax,
hit the peg good and hard."

The shoemaker, however, couldn't take a joke, made a face as if he'd swallowed vinegar, and looked as if he was going to grab the little tailor by the collar. But the little chap began to laugh, handed him his bottle, and said, "No offense meant! Have a drink and wash down the gall." The shoemaker took a tremendous drink, and the thunder-cloud began to pass from his face. He gave the bottle back to the tailor, saying, "I've addressed it in proper style, as one says of a big drink, though not of a great thirst. Shall we go on our way together?" "It's all right with me," answered the tailor, "as long as you want to go to a big city where there's no lack of work." "That's just where I wanted to go, too," answered the shoemaker. "One can't earn anything in a little hole, and in the country people prefer to go barefoot." Accordingly, they went on together, always one foot in front of the other like weasels in the snow.

Both had plenty of time but little to eat. Arriving in a town they'd walk about and call on the trade, and because the tailor looked so jolly and gay and had such nice rosy cheeks, everybody was glad to give him something, and when luck would have it, the master craftsman's daughter would even give him a kiss on his way out through the front door. On rejoining the shoemaker he always had more in his pack than the latter. The surly shoemaker used to make a wry face and think, "The bigger the rascal, the greater his luck," but the tailor would begin to laugh and sing and shared with his companion everything he got. If only a few pennies were jingling in his purse, he'd order up just the same and from sheer delight strike on the table so that the glasses danced. His motto was "Easy earned, easy spent."

After journeying for a while they came to a big forest through which the way led to the royal capital. Two footpaths went through it, one taking seven days, the other only two,

but neither of them knew which was the shorter. The two travelers sat down under an oak and took council how to provide for themselves and for how many days they should take bread. The shoemaker said, "One must think further ahead than one is going: I'll take along bread for seven days." "What!" said the tailor. "Take bread for seven days on your back like a pack animal and not see the sights? I'm trusting in God and not worrying about anything. The money I have in my purse is as good in summer as in winter, but in hot weather the bread will get dry and mouldy, besides. And my coat, too, only reaches to my ankles. Why shouldn't we hit upon the right track? Bread for two days, and that will be all right. Accordingly, each bought his own supply of bread, and then trusting to fortune they walked into the forest.

In the forest it was as still as in a church. Not a breath was stirring, no brook murmured, no bird sang, and not a ray of sunlight pierced the leafy branches. The shoemaker didn't say a word; the bread weighed so heavy on his back that the sweat was pouring down his cross and gloomy face. The tailor, on the contrary, was quite gay, skipped along, whistled in a leaf or sang a little song, thinking, "God in Heaven must be glad that I'm so happy." So it went for two days, but when on the third day the forest showed no sign of coming to an end and the tailor had eaten up his bread, his spirits drooped just a bit. At the same time he didn't lose heart but trusted in God and his good luck. On the evening of the third day he lay down hungry under a tree and got up again hungry the next morning. It was the same on the fourth day, and when the shoemaker was sitting down on a fallen tree and eating his meal, the tailor could only look on. If he asked for a bit of bread, the other would laugh scornfully, saying, "You've always been so jolly! Now for once you can see what it's like to be unhappy. Birds who sing too early in the morning are struck by the hawk in the evening." In short, he was pitiless.

On the fifth morning the poor tailor was no longer able to get up and from exhaustion could scarcely utter a word; his cheeks were pale and his eyes red. Then the shoemaker said to him, "Today I'll give you a piece of bread, but in return I want to put out your right eye." The unhappy tailor, who nonetheless very much wanted to save his life, could do

nothing about it; he wept one last time with both eyes, then presented them, and the shoemaker, who had a heart of stone, put out his right eye with a sharp knife. The tailor remembered what his mother once said to him when he'd been pilfering the pantry: "Eat as much as you want, suffer what you must." After consuming the bread so dearly bought, he got to his feet again, forgot his misfortune, and consoled himself with the thought that he could still see well enough with one eye.

On the sixth day starvation again knocked at the door and almost exhausted his courage. In the evening he again collapsed beside a tree and on the seventh morning he was unable to get up for exhaustion. Death was sitting on the back of his neck. Then the shoemaker said, "I'll be charitable and again give you some bread, but you won't get it for nothing; in return I'll put your other eye out." Then the tailor realized the frivolous life he'd been leading, prayed the dear Lord for forgiveness, and said, "Do what you must, I'm willing to suffer what I must. But remember! Our Lord does not pronounce his judgments every minute and the hour will strike when the evil deed you are doing me and which I have not deserved of you will be atoned for. In good times I shared with you what I had. My craft is of a sort where one stitch must back up the other. When I no longer have my eyes and no longer can sew, I'll have to go begging, so when I'm blind, don't leave me alone here, otherwise I'm sure to perish." But the shoemaker, who had thrust God from his heart, took his knife and put out the tailor's left eye, too. Then he gave him a piece of bread to eat, handed him a stick, and led him along behind him.

As the sun was setting, they emerged from the forest, and outside it in the fields stood a gallows. The shoemaker led the blind tailor there, then left him and went on his way. From weariness, pain, and hunger, the unhappy man fell asleep and slept all night. When dawn came, he awoke but didn't know where he was. Two poor sinners were hanging on the gallows, and on the head of each was sitting a crow. Then one of the hanged men began to speak: "Brother, are you awake?" "Yes, I'm awake," answered the other. "Then I'll tell you something," continued the first. "The dew that last night fell down over us from the gallows will restore the sight

of anyone who washes himself with it. If the blind knew that, how many who don't believe it possible might have their sight back!" Hearing that, the tailor took his handkerchief, pressed it on the grass and when it was moistened with dew, washed his sockets with it. Immediately the words of the hanged man came true, and a pair of clear and healthy eyes filled his sockets. Before long the tailor saw the sun rise behind the mountains, the great royal city with its splendid gates and hundred towers lay before him on the plain, and the golden domes and the crosses on the steeples began to glow. He was able to distinguish every leaf on the trees, saw the birds that flew past and the midges that were dancing in the air. He took a needle out of his pouch, and when he was able to thread it as well as ever, his heart leapt for joy. Throwing himself on his knees he thanked God for the grace He had shown him and said his morning prayers, nor did he forget to pray for the poor sinners who were hanging there like bell clappers and striking against one another in the wind. Then he put his pack on his back, soon forgot the great pain he had suffered, and went his way singing and whistling.

The first thing he met was a brown foal that was cavorting about in the fields untethered. He took hold of its mane and was about to swing onto its back and ride into the city when the foal begged for its freedom. "I'm still too young," it said. "Even a light tailor like you will break my back in two; let me go until I've grown strong. A time will come perhaps when I can reward you for this." "Get along," said the tailor; "I see that you're really a regular harum-scarum." He gave it a parting stroke across its back with the switch so that it kicked out with its hind legs for joy, jumped over hedges and ditches, and raced out into the fields.

The little tailor had eaten nothing since yesterday. "To be sure," he said, "the sun's filling my eyes, but no bread is filling my mouth. The first thing I run into that's halfway fit to eat will have to bear the brunt." As he was saying this, a stork stalked very gravely toward him across the meadow. "Stop, stop!" cried the tailor, seizing it by the leg, "I don't know whether you're fit to eat; my hunger leaves me no time to be choosy; I must cut off your head and roast you." "Don't do that," answered the stork, "I'm a sacred bird that nobody

harms and that brings great benefit to mankind. Grant me my life and I shall be able to repay you another time." "Well, move on, friend Longlegs," said the tailor. The stork started up, dangled its long legs, and flew off in a leisurely fashion.

"What's to come of all this?" said the tailor to himself, "I'm getting hungrier and hungrier, my stomach emptier and emptier. Whatever crosses my path now is done for." As he said this, he saw some ducklings swimming in a pond. "You come as if to order," he said, caught one of them, and was about to wring its neck. Then an old duck that was in the reeds began to squawk loudly, swam up with a gaping bill, and begged and implored him to have pity on her dear children. "Can't you imagine," she said, "how your mother would grieve if someone was about to take you away and finish you off?" "Quiet, quiet," said the good-natured tailor, "you shall keep your children," and put the captive back into the water.

As he turned around, he was standing before an old tree that was half hollow and saw wild bees flying in and out. "There I'll find the reward for my good deed straight off," said the tailor. "The honey will refresh me." But the queen bee came out and threatened him, saying, "If you touch my people and destroy my nest, our stings will go into your skin like ten thousand red-hot needles; but if you leave us in peace and go your way, some other time we'll do you a service for that." The little tailor saw that there was nothing doing here, either. "Three dishes empty," he said, "and nothing on the fourth—that's a poor meal!" So he dragged himself and his famished stomach into the city, and since it was just striking noon, food at the inn was all ready for him, and he was able to sit down to table at once. When he had eaten his fill, he said, "Now I'll get to work," went about in the city, hunted up a master tailor, and soon found good accommodations, too. Since he had learned his trade thoroughly, it wasn't long before he became famous, and everybody wanted to have his new coat made by the little tailor. Every day his reputation grew. "I can't advance further in my craft," he said, "and yet every day things go better." At last the king appointed him his court tailor.

But how queer the world is! That very same day his former comrade, the shoemaker, also became court bootmaker. When

the latter caught sight of the tailor and saw that he again had two sound eyes, his conscience plagued him. "Before he takes revenge on me," he thought to himself, "I must dig a pit for him." But whoso diggeth a pit for others shall fall therein himself [Prov. 26 : 27]. That evening when the bootmaker had called it a day and it had grown dusk, he sneaked to the king and said, "Sire, the tailor is a braggart and has been boasting that he'll recover the gold crown that was lost long ago." "I'd like that," said the king, on the following morning had the tailor summoned to him, and ordered him to recover the crown or to leave the city forever. "Oh ho," thought the tailor, "only a fool promises more than he can do. If the surly king demands of me what no man can do, I shan't wait till tomorrow but get out of town again right today." So he laced up his pack. Nevertheless, once outside the gate he regretted deserting his good fortune and turning his back on the city where he had done so well. He came to the pond where he had made the acquaintance of the ducks; there the same old duck, whose children he had spared, was sitting on the bank preening herself with her bill. She recognized him at once and asked why he was hanging his head like that. "You won't be surprised once you hear what has happened to me," answered the tailor and told her what had befallen him. "If that's all there's to it," said the duck, "we can help you. The crown fell into the water and is lying down there on the bottom; we'll recover it for you at once. Meanwhile, just spread out your handkerchief on the bank." With her twelve ducklings she dived down and in five minutes was back up again and sitting in the middle of the crown. It was resting on her wings, and the twelve ducklings were swimming round it with their bills under it and were helping carry it. They swam ashore and laid the crown on the handkerchief. You wouldn't believe how magnificent the crown was when the sun shone on it; it gleamed like a hundred thousand carbuncles. The tailor tied the four corners of his handkerchief together and carried it to the king, who was in a state of joy and put a gold chain around the tailor's neck.

When the bootmaker saw that one trick had failed, he thought up a second, went to the king, and said, "Sire, the tailor has got just as boastful again; he brags that he can make a wax

model of the whole royal palace with everything that is in it, movable and immovable, inside and out." The king had the tailor come and ordered him to make a wax model of the whole royal palace, with everything that was in it, movable and immovable, inside and out. And if he didn't accomplish this, or if as much as a nail in a wall was missing, he'd spend the rest of his life underground in prison. "It's getting worse and worse," thought the tailor, "no one will put up with that," slung his pack on his back and set out. When he got to the hollow tree, he sat down and hung his head. The bees came flying out, and the queen bee asked him if he had a stiff neck, because he was holding his head so crooked. "Oh, no," answered the tailor, "something else is weighing upon me," and told what the king had demanded of him. The bees began to hum and buzz among themselves, and the queen said, "Just go back home, but come back this time tomorrow and bring along a big cloth; everything will be all right." Then he turned back. The bees, however, flew to the royal palace, right in the open windows, crawled about in every nook and corner, and inspected everything most minutely. Then they hurried back and made a wax model of the palace so fast that you'd think it was growing before your eyes. That very evening it was all finished, and when the tailor came the next morning, the whole magnificent building was there, and not a nail was missing in a wall nor a tile on the roof, and it was, furthermore, delicately made and snow-white and smelt sweet as honey. The tailor wrapped it up carefully in his cloth and took it to the king. The latter couldn't marvel enough, put it on display in his biggest hall, and in return made the tailor a present of a big stone house.

The bootmaker, however, persisted, went for the third time to the king, and said, "Sire, word has reached the tailor's ears that no water will spout up in the palace courtyard; accordingly, he's boasted that he'll make it rise in the middle of the yard to the height of a man and be as clear as crystal." The king had the tailor fetched and said, "If tomorrow a stream of water isn't spouting up in my courtyard as you promised, my executioner will make your head shorter in the same yard." The poor tailor didn't stop long to think and hurried out the gates, and because this time his life was at stake, tears rolled down

his cheeks. As he was thus sorrowfully walking away, the foal, to whom he had formerly given its freedom and which had become a fine brown horse, came galloping up. "Now the hour is at hand when I shall repay you your kind deed," it said to him. "I already know what you need and you'll soon be helped. Just mount me, my back can stand two of the like of you." The tailor plucked up courage again, mounted it with one jump, and the horse raced into the city at full speed and right into the palace courtyard. It tore around like lightning three times, and the third time it fell down heavily. At that moment, however, there was a frightful crash: a clod of earth in the middle of the courtyard shot up into the air like a bullet and flew out over the palace. Immediately afterward there rose a stream of water as high as a man on horseback, and the water was as clear as crystal, and the sunbeams began to dance on it. When the king saw that, he stood up in amazement and in the sight of all went and embraced the little tailor.

But his good fortune didn't last long. The king had daughters enough, each fairer than the other, but no son. Then the malicious bootmaker betook himself to the king for the fourth time and said, "Sire, the tailor persists in his boastfulness. This time he bragged that, if he wishes, he can have Your Majesty brought a son through the air." The king had the tailor summoned and said, "If you have me brought a son within nine days, you shall have my eldest daughter in marriage." "The reward is certainly great," thought the little tailor, "one would make a special effort to get it. But the cherries hang too high for me; if I climb after them, the branch is likely to break and I will fall." He went home, sat down on his workbench with his legs crossed, and thought over what he might do. "It's no go," he finally cried, "I'll clear out; I really can't live in peace here." He laced up his pack and hurried out the gate. On reaching the meadows, he spied his old friend the stork, who was walking philosophically back and forth there; from time to time it would stop, eye a frog closely, and finally swallow it. The stork came up and said how-do-you-do to him. "I see," it began, "that you have your knapsack on your back. Why are you going to leave the city?" The tailor told him what the king had demanded of him and said he couldn't carry it out and lamented his bad luck. "Don't let any grey hairs grow on that account,"

said the stork; "I'll help you out of your trouble. For a long time now I've been bringing babies in swaddling clothes to the city, so for once I can fetch a little prince out of the well. Go home and contain yourself. In nine days from today go to the palace; I'll come there." The little tailor went home and was at the palace on time. Before long the stork flew up and knocked on the window. The tailor opened it for it, and friend Longlegs stepped carefully in and walked solemnly across the smooth marble floor. In its bill it had a child, lovely as an angel, which stretched out its little hands toward the queen. The stork laid it in her lap, and she hugged and kissed it and was beside herself with joy. Before flying away again the stork took its traveling case from its shoulder and handed it to the queen; in it were paper bags with sugar candies of many colors; they were divided up among the little princesses. The eldest, however, got nothing, but did get the jolly tailor as a husband. "I feel just as if I'd won the first prize in a lottery," said the tailor. "Yes, my mother was right: she always said that whoever trusts in God and has some luck can't go wrong."

The bootmaker had to make the shoes in which the little tailor danced at the wedding party; afterward he was ordered to leave the city forever. The road toward the forest led him to the gallows. Wearied by anger, rage, and the heat of the day, he threw himself on the ground. When he closed his eyes and was going to sleep, with loud cries the two crows dove down from the heads of the hanged men and picked his eyes out. He ran into the forest like a madman and must have perished there, for nobody has seen him since or heard a word about him.

108 John-My-Hedgehog

Hans mein Igel

THERE WAS ONCE A FARMER who had money and property aplenty, but rich as he was, his happiness was, nevertheless, not quite complete: he had a wife but no children. Often when he went to town with the other farmers, they'd make fun of him and ask him why he had no children. Finally he grew angry and on getting home said, "I want to have a child, even if it's a hedgehog." Then his wife had a child; its upper part was a hedgehog, its lower a boy. When she saw the child, she was frightened and said, "See, you've bewitched us." Then her husband said, "What's the good saying all that! The boy must be christened, though we shan't be able to get a sponsor for it." "And we can't christen him with any other name than John-My-Hedgehog," said his wife. When he was christened, the pastor said, "Because of his quills he can't get into any proper bed." Then a little straw was fixed up behind the stove, and John-My-Hedgehog laid upon it. Nor could he suckle his mother, for he would have pricked her with his quills. Thus he lay there behind the stove for eight years. His father got tired of him and thought, "If only he'd die," but he didn't die and just lay there.

Now it happened that there was a fair in town, and the farmer was going to it and asked his wife what he should bring her back. "A bit of meat and a few rolls, just what's needed for the household," she said. Next he asked the maid: she wanted a pair of slippers and clocked stockings. Finally he also said, "John-My-Hedgehog, what would you like?" "Daddy," he said, "please bring me back a bagpipe." When the farmer got home, he gave his wife what he'd brought her, meat and rolls, then gave the maid the slippers and the clocked stockings, and last of all he went behind the stove and gave John-My-Hedgehog the bagpipe. When John-My-Hedgehog

got the bagpipe, he said, "Daddy, please go to the blacksmith shop and have my rooster shod, then I'll ride away and never, never come back." The father was happy to be getting rid of him and had his rooster shod. When it was ready, John-My-Hedgehog mounted it, rode off, also taking with him pigs and donkeys, which he meant to tend out there in the forest. In the forest the rooster had to fly with him up into a tall tree, where he sat and tended the donkeys and pigs and stayed years and years until the herd was very large. His father had no news of him. As he sat up in the tree, he used to blow his bagpipe and play very beautiful music.

Once a king came driving by; he'd lost his way and heard the music. He marveled at it and sent his servant there to look about and see where the music was coming from. He looked about but only saw a small animal sitting up in the tree; it was like a rooster with a hedgehog sitting on it, and the latter was playing the music. Then the king told the servant to ask why it was sitting there and if it perhaps knew the road that led to his kingdom. Then John-My-Hedgehog climbed down from the tree and said he was willing to show him the way if the king would promise in writing to give him the first thing he encountered in the royal courtyard on getting home. "I can easily do that," thought the king; "John-My-Hedgehog won't understand it anyhow, and I can write what I like." Then the king took pen and ink and wrote something down, and when he'd done so, John-My-Hedgehog showed him the way, and he got home safe and sound. But his daughter, who saw him from afar, was so happy that she ran to meet him and kissed him. Then he thought of John-My-Hedgehog and told her what had happened to him and said that he'd had to assign to a strange animal the first thing he encountered on getting home. The animal had been sitting on a rooster as on a horse and playing beautiful music. He had, however, written down that it was not to have it, because John-My-Hedgehog couldn't read it, anyway. The princess was happy about this and said that it was a good thing, for she would never have gone there in any event.

John-My-Hedgehog tended his donkeys and pigs, was always jolly, sat up in the tree and played his bagpipe. Now it happened that another king came driving along with his serv-

ants and couriers; he had lost his way and didn't know how to get home, for the forest was so big. Then he, too, heard the fine music from afar and told his courier just to go and see what it really was. The courier went under the tree and saw the rooster sitting there and John-My-Hedgehog upon the rooster. The courier asked him what he was doing there. "I'm tending my donkeys and pigs. But what is your wish?" The courier said that they'd lost their way and didn't know how to get back to their kingdom, and would he please show them the way. Then John-My-Hedgehog climbed down from the tree and told the old king that he'd show him the way if he'd give him to have and to hold the first thing he met at home in front of the royal palace. The king said yes and in writing pledged himself to John-My-Hedgehog that he should have it. When that was done, he rode ahead on the rooster and showed the king the way, and the king got back to his kingdom safe and sound. When he entered the courtyard, there was great rejoicing. Now he had an only daughter, who was very beautiful; she ran to meet him, fell on his neck, kissed him and rejoiced that her old father had come back. She also asked him where he'd been so long abroad. He told her that he'd lost his way and almost hadn't come back at all, but as he'd been driving through a big forest, someone, half hedgehog, half human, was sitting astride a rooster up in a tall tree and playing beautiful music. He'd helped him along and showed him the way, but in return the king had promised him what he first met at the royal court, and she was that thing, and he was very sorry about it. She, however, promised that she'd gladly go with John-My-Hedgehog, should he come, and would do so to please her father.

Meanwhile, John-My-Hedgehog tended his pigs, and the pigs had more pigs, and there got to be so many of them that the whole forest was full. Then John-My-Hedgehog didn't want to live in the forest any longer and had word sent to his father to clear out all the stables in the village, for he was coming with so big a herd that everybody who happened to want to might slaughter. On hearing this his father was distressed, for he thought that John-My-Hedgehog was long since dead. John-My-Hedgehog mounted his rooster, drove the pigs before him into the village, and had the slaughtering done.

Whew! Such a butchering and chopping there was that you could hear it two hours' walk away. Afterward John-My-Hedgehog said, "Daddy, have the smith shoe my rooster once more, then I'll ride away and not come back as long as I live." The father had the rooster shod and was glad that John-My-Hedgehog would never come back again.

John-My-Hedgehog rode off to the first kingdom. There the king had given orders for them all to shoot at anybody with a bagpipe who came riding on a rooster, to beat him, stab him, and stop him from getting into the palace. Accordingly, when John-My-Hedgehog came riding up, they fell upon him with bayonets; however, he put spur to the rooster, flew up over the gate to the king's window, alighted there, and cried out to him to give him what he'd promised, otherwise he'd take his life and that of his daughter. Then the king begged his daughter please to go out to him in order to save his life and hers. She dressed herself in white, and her father gave her a coach and six horses, also fine servants, money, and treasure. She got in with John-My-Hedgehog and his rooster and bagpipe beside her; then they said good-bye and departed, and the king thought he would never get to see her again. But things went differently from what he had thought, for when they were a little way out of the city, John-My-Hedgehog took off her fine clothes and, pricking her with his hedgehog skin until she was all covered with blood, said, "This is the reward for your duplicity: go away, I don't want you." Thereupon he chased her home, and she was disgraced as long as she lived.

With his bagpipe, John-My-Hedgehog rode on his rooster to the second kingdom, to which he had also showed the king the way. The latter, on the contrary, had given orders, if anybody like John-My-Hedgehog should come, to present arms, lead him in unopposed, shout "Long may he live!" and bring him into the royal palace. When the king's daughter saw him, she was frightened, because he really looked altogether too strange, but she thought that there was nothing else to do, since she'd promised her father to do it. She welcomed John-My-Hedgehog, and he married her and had to go with her to the royal board, where she sat down beside him, and they ate and drank. When evening came and they were going to bed, she

was very much afraid of his quills, but he said that she shouldn't be afraid, that no harm would befall her. He told the old king to detail four men to mount guard outside the chamber door and build a big fire: when he went into the bridal chamber and was about to get into bed he'd crawl out of his hedgehog's skin and leave it beside the bed. Then the men were to rush in quickly and throw it into the fire, and stay there, too, until the fire had consumed it. Now when it struck eleven, he went into the chamber, stripped off the hedgehog skin and left it lying beside the bed. Then the men came, picked it up quickly, and threw it into the fire. When the fire had consumed it, he was disenchanted and lay there in bed in a completely human form, though as coal-black as if he'd been burnt. The king sent for his physician, who washed him with good ointments and put perfume on him; then he became white and was a handsome young gentleman. When the king's daughter saw that, she was happy, and the next morning they arose joyfully, ate and drank. Then the marriage was properly celebrated, and John-My-Hedgehog received the kingdom from the old king.

When some years had passed, he and his wife drove to his father and said he was his son, but the father said he had no son; he'd only had one, and he'd been born with quills like a hedgehog and had gone out in the world. Then he made himself known, and his old father rejoiced and went with him to his kingdom.

"My tale is done
and it's going to Gussy's house."

109 The Little Shroud

Das Totenhemdchen

A MOTHER had a little boy seven years old. He was so fair and lovable that no one could look at him without being fond of

him, and she loved him more than anything in the world. Now it happened that he suddenly became ill and the good Lord took him unto Himself. The mother couldn't console herself over this and wept day and night. Soon after he was buried, however, the child used to appear at night in the places where in life he had formerly sat and played. When his mother wept, he'd weep, too, and when morning came, he had vanished. But when the mother just wouldn't stop weeping, he came one night in his little white shroud in which he had been laid in his coffin and with the wreath on his head and, sitting down on the bed at her feet, said, "Oh mother, please stop weeping, otherwise I can't get to sleep in my coffin, for my shroud won't get dry from your tears that are all falling upon it." His mother was frightened when she heard that and wept no more. The next night the child returned, holding a light in his hand, and said, "See, now my shroud is nearly dry, and I am at peace in my grave." Then the mother commended her grief to the good Lord and bore it quietly and patiently, and the child didn't come back but slept on in his little underground bed.

110 The Jew in the Hawthorn Hedge

Der Jude im Dorn

THERE WAS ONCE A RICH MAN and he had a servant who worked for him industriously and honestly. He was the first out of bed every morning and the last in bed at night, and whenever there was some hard task that no one would tackle, he was always the first to take it in hand. Withal, he didn't complain but was content with everything and was always jolly. When his year was up, the master gave him no wages, thinking, "That's the smartest thing to do; that way I'll save something; he won't leave me but will be a good fellow and stay on in service." The servant, too, said nothing, did his work the second year

as the first, and when at the end of that year he again received no wages, accepted that and stayed on still longer. When the third year, too, was up, the master reflected, reached into his pocket but took nothing out. The servant finally spoke up and said, "Master, for three years I've served you honestly, be so good as to give me my due. I should like to be off and should very much like to have more of a look about the world." Then the miser answered, "Yes, my good servant, you've served me diligently and you shall be paid generously for your work," again reached into his pocket, and one by one paid out three farthings to the servant. "Here's a farthing for each year! That's a bigger and handsomer wage than you would have received from many a master." The good servant, who understood little about money, pocketed his capital and thought, "Now that you've got a pocket full of money, why worry and wear yourself out any longer with hard work?"

Then he went his way up hill and down dale, singing and skipping to his heart's content. Now it happened, as he was going by some bushes, that a little dwarf stepped out and called to him, "Whither bound, Merry Andrew? I see that you're not taking your cares heavily." "Why should I be sad?" answered the servant. "I have plenty. Three years' wages are jingling in my pocket." "How much is your treasure?" the dwarf asked him. "How much? Three farthings in cash and counted out right." "Listen," said the dwarf, "I'm a poor and needy man; make me a present of your three farthings. I can't work any more, whereas you're young and can easily earn your living." Because the servant was kindhearted and took pity on the dwarf, he handed his three farthings over to him, saying, "In God's name, I shan't miss them." Then the dwarf said, "Because I see that you're kindhearted, I shall grant you three wishes, one for each farthing, and they'll be fulfilled for you." "Oh ho!" said the servant, "you're one of those people who knows more than the ordinary. All right, if it's going to be that way, I'll wish myself first a blowgun that will hit everything I aim at; secondly, a fiddle which, when I play it, will make everybody dance who hears the sound; and thirdly, if I make a request of anybody, that he may not refuse it." "You shall have all of that," said the dwarf, reaching into the bushes, and—fancy that!—the fiddle and blowgun

lay right there as if ordered. He handed them to the servant and said, "Whatever you request for yourself, nobody in the world shall refuse you."

"What more do you want, my dear?" said the servant to himself and went merrily on. Soon after that he met a Jew with a long goatee; the latter was standing and listening to the song of a bird that was sitting high up in the top of a tree. "Miracle of God!" he cried out, "to think that such a small creature should have such an awfully powerful voice! If only it were mine! If one could only sprinkle salt on its tail!" "If that's all there is to it," said the servant, "the bird will soon be down," took aim and hit it squarely, and the bird fell down into the hawthorn hedge. "You dirty dog," he said to the Jew, "go and fetch out your bird!" "Oh, my!" said the Jew. "If the gentleman will drop the 'dirty,' the 'dog' will come on the run! I'm willing to pick up the bird, for after all, you hit it." He lay down on the ground and began to work his way into the bushes. When he was in the middle of the hawthorns, a spirit of mischief got the better of the good servant, so that he took off his fiddle and started to play. Forthwith the Jew also began to lift up his feet and jump up in the air, and the more the servant played, the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his threadbare coat, combed his goatee, and pricked and tweaked him all over. "Oh, my!" cried the Jew. "What's the use of fiddling? Will the gentleman please stop. I have no desire to dance." But the servant didn't stop, thinking, "You've skinned plenty of people; now the hawthorn hedge won't be any kinder to you," and started fiddling again so that the Jew had to jump higher and higher and bits of his coat remained hanging on the thorns. "Alack, alas!" cried the Jew. "I will really give the gentleman whatever he demands if he'll only stop the fiddling—a whole purse of gold!" "If you're so lavish," said the servant, "then of course I'll stop my music. Still, I must admit that your dancing was quite something." Thereupon he took the purse and went his way.

The Jew stood still and, looking after him, was quiet until the servant was far off and quite out of sight. Then he shouted as loud as he could, "You wretched musician, you tavern fiddler! Wait till I get you alone. I'll chase the soles right off your shoes. You rogue, put a penny in your mouth so that

you may be worth four farthings," and kept on calling him all the bad names he could think of. When he had thus somewhat relieved himself and given vent to his feelings, he went into town to the judge. "Alack, alas! Your honor! See how a bad man robbed me on the public highway and maltreated me. A stone on the ground would be moved to pity! My clothes tattered! my body all pricked and scratched! my poor pittance and my purse taken! ducats upon ducats, each gold piece finer than the last! For God's sake, have the man thrown into prison." "Was it a soldier who treated you like this with his saber?" said the judge. "God forbid," said the Jew, "it was no naked sword that he had but a blowgun hanging on his back and a fiddle around his neck. The scoundrel will be easy to recognize." The judge sent his people out after him; they found the good servant who had been walking along very slowly, and they also found the purse of gold on him. In court he said, "I didn't touch the Jew and didn't take his money. He offered it to me of his own free will just so I'd stop fiddling, because he couldn't stand my music." "God forbid," screamed the Jew, "he's telling lies as readily as one catches flies on the wall," and the judge didn't believe the story, either, and said, "That's a poor excuse; no Jew would do that," and condemned the good servant to the gallows for highway robbery.

As he was being led off, the Jew screamed after him, "You lazy lout, you wretched musician! Now you're getting your just reward." The servant very calmly mounted the ladder with the hangman, but on the top rung he turned around and said to the judge, "Grant me one last request before I die." "Yes," said the Judge, "provided you don't ask for your life." "Not for my life," answered the servant; "I beg you to let me play my fiddle one last time." The Jew raised an outcry, "For God's sake, don't allow it, don't allow it!" but the judge said, "Why should I begrudge him that brief pleasure? It's granted and that's that." Besides, he couldn't refuse him because of what the dwarf had granted the servant. "Alack, alas!" cried the Jew; "tie me up, tie me up tight!" Then the good servant took his fiddle from his neck, placed it properly, and with the first stroke of his bow everybody began to wobble and rock, the judge, the clerk, and the court officers, while the cord that was to tie the Jew tight dropped to the ground.

With the second stroke of the bow they all lifted up their legs, and the hangman let go of the good servant and made ready to dance. With the third stroke everybody jumped up and down and began to dance, and the judge and the Jew were to the fore and hopping best of all. Soon everybody joined in the dancing, all the people who out of curiosity had come to the market place, young and old, fat and lean, all dancing together. Even the dogs that had run along got on their hind legs and hopped about with the rest, and the longer he played the higher jumped the dancers until they were bumping each other's heads and beginning to cry piteously. Finally the judge, quite out of breath, cried, "I'll make you a present of your life if you will only stop fiddling!" The good servant gave in, put down his fiddle, slung it around his neck again and climbed down the ladder. Then stepping up to the Jew who was lying on the ground and gasping for breath, he said, "You dirty dog, now confess where you got your money or I'll take my fiddle from my neck and begin to play again." "I stole it, I stole it!" he screamed, "but you earned it honestly." Then the judge had the Jew led to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

III The Trained Huntsman

Der gelernte Jäger

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG FELLOW who had learned the locksmith's trade and told his father that he now wanted to go out in the world and try his luck. "Yes," said the father, "I have nothing against that," and gave him some money for the journey. So he roved about and looked for work. In time he became unsuccessful at locksmithing, and what's more, he no longer liked it; on the other hand, he developed a yearning for huntsmanship. In the course of his journeyings he met a huntsman clad in green who asked him where he came from and where he was going. He was a journeyman lock-

smith, said the lad, but he no longer liked the trade and had a yearning for huntsmanship and would he take him on as an apprentice. "O yes, if you want to come with me." So the boy went along, bound himself to him for a number of years and learned huntsmanship. Then he wanted to try his luck further, and the only wage the huntsman gave him was a blow-gun which had, however, the property that when one fired a shot with it, one never missed.

He went his way and came to a very big forest whose end he couldn't find in one day. When it was evening, he sat down in a high tree to keep out of the way of wild animals. Toward midnight he thought he saw a little light glimmering faintly from afar; he looked through the branches in its direction and took note of where it was coming from. Even so, he first took off his hat and threw it down in the direction of the light so that, once he had climbed down, he might go toward it as toward a beacon. He climbed down, went after his hat, put it on again, and went straight ahead. The farther he went, the bigger grew the light, and when he got near it, he saw that it was a huge fire. Three giants were sitting by it, had an ox on a spit and were roasting it. One said, "I really must take a taste and see if the meat is almost done," tore off a piece and was about to put it in his mouth when the huntsman shot it out of his hand. "Well, well!" said the giant, "there the wind went and blew the piece out of my hand," and took another. As he was just about to take a bite, the huntsman again shot it away; then the giant slapped his companion who was sitting beside him and cried angrily, "Why did you snatch my piece away from me?" "I didn't snatch it away," said the other. "A sharpshooter probably shot it away." The giant took a third piece but couldn't keep hold of it, for the huntsman shot it out of his hand.

Then the giants said, "He must be a good marksman to shoot away the food from in front of one's mouth; we could use someone like that," and called out loud, "Come here, you sharpshooter, sit down with us by the fire and eat your fill; we won't harm you. But if you don't come and we'll fetch you by force; then you're done for." Then the boy stepped up and said he was a trained huntsman and whatever he aimed his gun at he was quite certain to hit. Then they said, if he'd come

along with them, he'd fare well. They told him that outside the forest was a big body of water beyond which was a tower, and in the tower was a beautiful king's daughter whom they very much wanted to carry off. "Yes," he said, "I'll have her here directly." "But there's something else there, too," they continued. "There's a little dog there that starts barking as soon as anybody comes near, and as soon as it barks, everybody in the royal court wakes up. That's why we can't get in. Do you dare to shoot the dog?" "Yes," he said, "that's mere child's play for me." Thereupon he got into a boat and rowed across the water. When he was close to shore, the dog came running up and was about to bark, but he got out his blowgun and shot it dead.

When the giants saw that, they were delighted and thought that they as good as had the king's daughter, but the huntsman wanted first to see how the land lay and said that they should stay outside until he called them. Then he went into the castle, and within it was as still as could be, and everybody was asleep. On opening the door of the first room he saw a saber hanging there on the wall: it was of solid silver with a gold star on it and the king's name. Beside it on a table lay a sealed document; this he opened, and it said that whoever had the saber would be able to kill whatever he ran into. He took the saber from the wall, girded it on, and went his way. Then he came to the room where the king's daughter was lying asleep, and she was so beautiful that he stopped and, looking at her, held his breath, thinking to himself, "How can I put an innocent maiden in the power of those savage giants? They bode her no good." He looked about some more, and there, under the bed, was a pair of slippers: on the right slipper was her father's name with a star, and on the left her own name with a star. She was wearing a big silk neckerchief embroidered with gold, on the right side her father's name, on the left her own, all in gold letters. The huntsman took a pair of scissors and cut off the right corner and put it in his knapsack; then he also took the right slipper with the king's name and put it in his knapsack. The maiden just lay there and slept on and was all sewed up in her shift. Then he cut a piece off the shift, too, and put it in with the rest, yet did it all without touching her. Then he went away and left her sleeping undisturbed.

When he got back to the gate, the giants were still standing outside waiting for him, thinking he'd bring the king's daughter. He called to them to come in, saying that the maiden was already in his power; however, he couldn't open the door for them, but there was a hole through which they'd have to crawl. When the first giant approached, the huntsman wrapped the latter's hair around his hand, pulled the head in, cut it off with one stroke of his saber, and then dragged him all the way in. Then he called the second and cut off his head, too, and last of all the third, and was glad to have freed the beautiful maiden from her enemies. He cut out their tongues and put them in his knapsack. Then he thought, "I'll go home to my father and show him what I've done thus far, then I'll travel about the world. The good fortune that God is willing to grant me will surely overtake me."

When the king in the castle awoke, he saw the three giants lying there dead. He went into his daughter's bedchamber, waked her up, and asked who on earth had killed the giants. "Father dear," she said, "I don't know; I've been asleep." When she got up and was about to put on her slippers, the right slipper was gone, and when she looked at her neckerchief, it was cut through and the right corner was missing. And when she looked at her shift, a piece was gone from that. The king had the whole court assembled, soldiers and everybody who was there, and asked who had freed his daughter and killed the giants.

Now he had a captain who had only one eye and was a hideous person; he said he'd done it. Then the old king said, since he'd done it, he should also marry his daughter. The maiden, however, said, "Father dear, rather than marry him, I'll go out in the world as far as my legs will carry me." Then the king said, if she wouldn't marry him, she was to take off her royal clothing and put on peasant garb and go away. She was to go to a potter and start an earthenware business. She took off her royal clothing and went to a potter and took a stock of earthenware on credit; she also promised him to pay for it if she'd sold it by evening. The king then said that she was to sit on a corner and sell it; then he ordered some farm wagons to drive right through it and smash it to a thousand pieces. When the king's daughter had laid out her stock by the roadside, the carts

came along and reduced it to nothing but shards. She began to weep and said, "Oh, God, now how shall I pay the potter?" In doing this the king had wanted to force her to marry the captain; instead, however, she went back to the potter and asked him if he'd extend her loan. He answered no, she'd first have to pay for the previous stock. Then she went to her father, cried and lamented and said that she wanted to go out in the world. "I'll have a cottage built for you out in the forest," he said. "There you're to stay as long as you live and cook for all comers, but you're not to accept any money." When the cottage was ready, a sign was hung outside the door and on it was written, "Today for nothing, tomorrow for money." There she stayed a long time, and word went abroad that there was a maiden there who cooked for nothing and the sign by the door said so. The huntsman, too, heard that and thought, "That would be something for me; I'm really poor and have no money." He took his blowgun and his knapsack in which everything he'd previously taken with him from the castle still was, went into the forest and soon found the cottage with the sign: "Today for nothing, tomorrow for money." He had, however, girded on the saber with which he'd cut off the three giants' heads, and going thus into the cottage, had himself served something to eat. He rejoiced at the sight of the beautiful girl who was really as pretty as a picture. She asked where he came from and where he was going, and he said, "I'm traveling about the world." Then she asked him where he'd got the sword, for her father's name was on it. He asked if she was the king's daughter. "Yes," she answered. "With this sword," he said, "I cut off the heads of three giants," and as a token took their tongues out of the knapsack. He also showed her the slipper, the corner of the neckerchief, and the piece of the shift. Then she rejoiced, saying it was he who had saved her.

Thereupon they both went to the old king and brought him there, and she led him to her room and told him that the huntsman was really the man who had saved her from the giants. When the old king saw all the tokens, he could no longer be in doubt, and said he was glad to know how it had all happened and that the huntsman should have her in marriage. The maiden rejoiced over this with all her heart. Then they dressed him as if he were a foreign lord, and the king had a banquet pre-

pared. When they went to table, the captain happened to be sitting on the daughter's left, the huntsman on her right, and the captain thought he was a foreign lord who had come on a visit. When they had eaten and drunk, the old king said to the captain that he wanted to propound him a riddle which he was to guess: if a person said he'd killed three giants and was asked where the giants' tongues were, and he had to look and there were none in their heads, how did that come about? Then the captain said, "They probably didn't have any." "Not so," said the king, "every animal has a tongue," and asked further what that person deserved to have done to him. "He deserves to be torn to pieces," answered the captain. Then the king said that he had pronounced his own sentence, and the captain was imprisoned and then quartered. But the king's daughter was married to the huntsman. Afterward he brought his father and mother there, and they lived happily with their son, who after the old king's death got the kingdom.

112 The Threshing-Flail from Heaven

Der Dreschflegel vom Himmel

A FARMER once set out to plow with a pair of oxen. When he got to the field, the horns of the two animals began to grow, kept growing, and by the time he was ready to go home, were so big that he couldn't get in the gate. By good luck a butcher was just coming along to whom he turned over the oxen, and they struck a bargain to the effect that he should bring the butcher a measure of turnip seed, while the latter was to pay him one Brabant dollar for each seed. I call that a good bargain.

Now the farmer went home and carried the measure of turnip seed on his back; on the way, however, he lost one seed out of the bag. The butcher paid him properly as was agreed. If the farmer had not lost the seed, he'd have had one more Brabant dollar.

Meanwhile, as he was going back again, a tree that reached

up to Heaven had grown out of the seed. "Since there's a chance," thought the farmer, "you must really see what the angels are doing up there and for once have a look at them." So he climbed up and saw that the angels up there were threshing oats. He watched them doing this and, as he was looking on, noticed that the tree he was standing on began to wobble, looked down and saw that someone was about to cut it down. "If you pitched down there," he thought, "it would be a bad thing," and in the emergency could think of nothing better to do than to take the oat chaff that was lying there in heaps and twist a cord out of it. He also reached for a hoe and a threshing-flail that were lying about there in Heaven and let himself down by the rope. But he came to earth right in a deep, deep hole, and then it was a real piece of luck that he had the hoe, for with it he hacked out steps for himself, climbed up, and brought the flail along as a token, so that no one could ever doubt his story.

113 The Two Kings' Children

De beiden Künigeskinner

THERE WAS ONCE A KING who had a little boy in whose stars it was fated that he would be killed by a stag when he was sixteen years old. When he reached that age, the huntsmen once went hunting with him. In the forest the king's son got away from the others, suddenly saw a big stag that he wanted to shoot, but couldn't hit it. At last the stag ran far ahead of him, right out of the forest; then instead of the stag, a big tall man suddenly was standing before him who said, "It's a good thing I've got you; I've already worn out six pairs of glass skates chasing after you and wasn't able to catch you." He took him along with him and whisked him over a big body of water up to a great royal mansion. Then the king's son had to sit down at table with him and eat something.

When they'd both had something to eat, the king said, "I have

three daughters. You must keep watch by the eldest for one night from nine in the evening till six in the morning. Every time the bell strikes, I myself shall come and call out, and then if you don't answer me, you'll be put to death on the morrow. If, however, you answer me every time, you shall have her in marriage." When the young people got up to the bedchamber, a stone figure of St. Christopher was standing there, to which the king's daughter said, "My father will come at nine o'clock and every hour until three strikes; if he asks anything, you answer him instead of the king's son." The stone Christopher nodded its head very fast, then slower and slower, until it finally stopped again.

The next morning the king said to the boy, "You performed your task well, but I can't give you my daughter. You must keep watch for one night by my second daughter; then I'll consider whether you can have my eldest daughter in marriage. I myself shall come every hour, and if I call you, answer me, and if I call you and you don't answer, your blood shall flow." Then the two went up to the bedchamber where there was a still bigger stone Christopher, to which the king's daughter said, "If my father asks a question, you answer." The big stone Christopher again nodded its head very fast, then slower and slower, until it finally stopped again. The king's son lay down on the threshold, put his hand under his head, and went to sleep.

The next morning the king said to him, "You performed your task really well, but I can't give you my daughter. You must also keep watch for one night by the youngest princess; then I'll consider whether you can have my second daughter in marriage. I myself shall come every hour, and if I call you, answer me, and if I call you and you don't answer me, your blood shall flow." Then they both again went to her bedchamber where there was a much bigger and much taller Christopher than in the first two. The king's daughter said to it, "If my father calls, you answer." The big tall stone Christopher nodded its head a good half hour before stopping again, and the king's son lay down on the threshold and went to sleep.

The next morning the king said, "You kept watch really well, but even so I can't give you my daughter. I have a very big forest; if you cut it down for me between six this morning and six this evening, I'll think about it." Then he gave him a glass

ax, a glass wedge, and a glass mattock, and it was reduced to so much powdered glass. Then he was very sad, thought that he was now doomed to die, and sitting down, wept. Since it was now midday, the king said, "One of you girls must take him something to eat." "No," said the two eldest, "we won't take him anything; the one he last kept watch by can take him something." So the youngest had to take him something.

On reaching the forest, she asked him how things were going. "Oh," he said, "things are going very badly." He should come, she said, and first eat a little something. "No," he said, "I can't. I've got to die anyhow; I shall no longer eat." Then she spoke to him so very kindly, saying he ought to try just the same, that he came and ate something. When he'd eaten something, she said, "First I'll louse you a bit, then you'll feel differently." When she'd loused him, he got very tired and fell asleep. Then she took her kerchief, tied a knot in it, struck the earth three times with it, saying, "Workers, come out!" Then straightway ever so many gnomes appeared and asked what the king's daughter commanded. "In three hours' time the great forest must be cut down," she said, "and the wood stacked in piles." The gnomes went about and summoned up all their kin to help them with the work. They began at once, and when the three hours were up, everything was finished, and they went back to the king's daughter and told her. Again she took her white kerchief and said, "Workers, go home!" Then they were all gone again. When the king's son awoke, he was very happy, and she said, "When it strikes six, come home." He did so, and the king asked, "Have you removed the forest?" "Yes," said the king's son.

When they were sitting at table, the king said, "I can't give you my daughter in marriage yet; you must first do something more to win her." He asked what that might be. "I have a very big pond," said the king; "you must go there tomorrow morning and clean it up so that it's as bright as a mirror, and there must be all kinds of fish in it." The next morning the king gave him a glass spade and said, "The pond must be finished by six o'clock." Then he went away. On reaching the pond, he stuck the spade in the muck and it broke off. Then he stuck the hoe in the muck, and it, too, broke. Then he was very sad. At noon the youngest daughter brought him something to eat and

asked how things were going with him. The king's son said that things were going very badly and he'd surely have to lose his head. "The tools have broken to bits on me again." "Oh," she said, "you should come and eat something first; then you'll feel differently." "No," he said, "I can't eat, I'm too sad." She then spoke to him so kindly that he came and ate something; then she loused him again, and he fell asleep. Again she took a kerchief, tied a knot in it and, striking the earth three times with the knot, said, "Workers, come out!" Straightway ever so many gnomes came and all asked what might be her wish. "In three hours' time you must have the pond all cleaned up, and it must be so bright that one can see one's reflection in it, and all kinds of fish must be in it." The gnomes went off and summoned up their kin to help them, and in two hours it was finished. Then they came back and said, "We've done what you ordered." Then the king's daughter took the kerchief and again struck the earth three times with it, saying, "Workers, go home!" Then they were all gone again. When the king's son awoke, the pond was finished. Then the king's daughter went away, too, saying he should come home when it was six. When he got home, the king asked, "Have you finished the pond?" "Yes," said the king's son. "That's fine."

When they were again sitting at table, the king said, "You've certainly finished the pond, but I can't give you my daughter yet. You must first do one thing more." "What's that?" asked the king's son. "I have a very big mountain with nothing but thornbushes on it; they must all be cut down. Furthermore, you must build a big mansion as splendid as one can imagine and all the appropriate furnishings must be there." When he got up the next morning, the king gave him a glass ax and a glass auger, too, and said, "It must be finished by six o'clock." When he chopped the first thornbush with the ax, it went into tiny pieces that flew all about him; nor could he use the auger. Then he was very sad and waited to see if his beloved mightn't come and help him in his need. When it was noon, she came and brought him something to eat. He went to meet her and told her everything and let her louse him and fell asleep. Again she took the knot and, striking the earth with it, said, "Workers, come out!" Again ever so many gnomes came and asked what might be her wish. "In three hours' time," she said, "you must

cut down all the bushes, and furthermore there must be a mansion up on the mountain that must be as splendid as one can imagine and all the furnishings must be in it." They went off and summoned up their kin to help them, and when the time was up, everything was finished. They came to the king's daughter and told her, and she took the kerchief and struck the earth three times with it, saying, "Workers, go home!" Immediately they were all gone again. When the king's son awoke and saw everything, he was as happy as a bird in the air, and when it struck six, they went home together. Then the king said, "Is the mansion finished?" "Yes," said the king's son.

When they were sitting at table, the king said, "I can't give you my youngest daughter before the two eldest are married." Then the king's son and the king's daughter were very sad, and the king's son didn't know what to do. One night he came to the king's daughter and ran away with her. When they'd gone a short distance, the daughter looked around and saw her father behind them. "Alas!" she said, "what shall we do? My father's behind us and will overtake us! I'll turn you right into a hawthorn and myself into a blossom and protect myself right in the middle of the bush." When her father reached the spot, there stood a hawthorn and a blossom on it. When he was about to pluck the blossom, the thorns pricked his fingers so that he had to go home again. His wife asked him why he hadn't brought them along; he said he'd nearly caught up with them but had suddenly lost sight of them, and that there was a hawthorn and a blossom. "If you'd just plucked the blossom," said the queen, "the bush would probably have come along."

Again he went off to fetch the blossom, but meanwhile the two were already far afield, and the king ran after them. Again the king's daughter looked around, saw her father coming, and said, "Oh! what shall we do now? I'll turn you into a church and myself into the parson, then I'll stand in the pulpit and preach." When the king reached the spot, a church was standing there and a parson was in the pulpit preaching. He listened to the sermon and went back home. When the queen asked why he hadn't brought them along, he said, "No, I ran after them for a long time, and when I thought I had nearly overtaken them, there was a church, and a parson was preaching in the pulpit." "You just ought to have brought the parson," said his wife. "The

church would surely have come along. It's no good for me to send you; I'll have to go there myself."

After she'd been gone a while and saw the couple from afar, the king's daughter looked around and, seeing her mother coming, said, "Now our luck has run out; my mother herself is coming. I'll turn you right into a pond and myself into a fish." When the mother reached the spot, there was a big pond there and in the middle a fish was jumping about; it was sticking its head out of the water and looking about and was in fine spirits. She very much wanted to get the fish but couldn't catch it, got very angry, and drank the whole pond dry because she wanted to get the fish. However, she got so sick that she had to vomit and vomited the whole pond out again. Then she said, "I clearly see that all this will do me no good; they might just as well come back to me." Then they went back, and the queen gave her daughter three walnuts, saying, "These can help you in your greatest need."

The young people set off again together. When they'd been walking a good ten hours, they came to the manor house the king's son came from, and near it was a village. On reaching the village the king's son said, "Stay here, dearest. I'll go to the manor first and then come with a coach and servants to fetch you." When he got to the manor, everybody was very glad to have him back. He said he had a bride who was now in the village, and would they go there with a coach and fetch her. They harnessed up right away, and a number of servants got into the coach, but when the king's son was about to get in, his mother gave him a kiss, and then he forgot everything that had happened and even what he was about to do. Then his mother ordered them to unharness again, and they all went back into the house. The girl stayed in the village and waited and waited, and thought he'd come for her, but no one came. Then the king's daughter hired herself out at the mill that belonged to the manor and had to sit every afternoon and clean the vessels. Once the queen came out of the manor and took a walk by the water and, seeing the beautiful girl, said, "What a beautiful girl that is! I've taken quite a fancy to her!" Then everybody took a close look at her, but nobody knew her.

A very long time passed, and the girl served the miller honestly and faithfully. Meanwhile the queen had been looking for

a wife for her son; this bride was from far, far away. When she arrived, they were both to be married at once. A great crowd gathered to see it all, and the girl asked the miller if he'd give her time off, too. "Go right along," said the miller. As she was leaving, she opened one of the three walnuts, and in it was a beautiful gown. Putting it on, she wore it to church and stood by the altar. Suddenly the bride and groom arrived and sat down before the altar, and as the parson was about to pronounce his benediction upon them, the bride looked to one side and saw the girl standing there. Then she got up again and said that she wouldn't get married until she had as beautiful a gown as the lady. They went back home and enquired of the lady whether she'd sell the dress. No, she wouldn't sell it, but they might perhaps earn it. They asked her what they should do, and she said that she'd give it to them if she might sleep outside the door of the king's son that night. They said yes, she might do that. Then the servants had to administer the king's son a sleeping-draught.

She lay down on the threshold and whimpered all night: she had had the forest cut down for him, she'd had the pond cleaned out for him, she'd had the manor house built for him, she'd turned him into a hawthorn, then into a church, and finally into a pond, and he'd forgotten her so quickly. The king's son heard none of this, but it had waked up the servants and they had listened and didn't know what it was all about. When they arose the next morning, the bride put on the gown and set out to church with the bridegroom. Meanwhile the beautiful girl opened the second walnut, and in it was an even finer gown; she put it on and, wearing it to church, stood by the altar. Then things went just as the time before. Again the girl lay down for the night outside the threshold that led into the room of the king's son. Again the servants were to administer him a sleeping-draught, but instead, they came and gave him something to keep him awake; thereupon he went to bed. The miller's maid again whimpered before the threshold as much as before and said what she had done. The king's son heard all this, was very sad, and remembered everything that had happened. Then he wanted to go to her, but his mother had locked the door. The next morning, however, he went at once to his beloved and told her everything that had happened and asked her not to be

angry with him for having forgotten her so long. Then the king's daughter opened the third walnut, and in it was an even more beautiful dress. She put it on and drove to the church with her bridegroom. Then ever so many children came and gave them flowers and held colored ribbons in front of their feet, and they had the benediction pronounced on them and had a gay wedding. The false mother and the false bride, however, had to go away.

Whoever last told this story has just this instant finished.

114 The Clever Little Tailor

Vom klugen Schneiderlein

THERE WAS ONCE A PRINCESS who was tremendously proud. Whenever a wooer turned up, she'd give him something to guess, and if he couldn't guess it, he was sent away with ridicule. She also let it be known that whoever solved her riddle was to marry her, and anybody might come who wanted to.

Three tailors at last met up. The two eldest thought that they had sewed so many a fine stitch, and hit it right, that they couldn't miss—they'd be bound to hit it in this case, too. The third was a little good-for-nothing harum-scarum who had no understanding of his trade but thought he was bound to be lucky here, for where else would he be? The other two said to him, "You just stay home. With your meager intelligence you won't get very far." But the little tailor didn't let himself be put off and said he'd bet his head on it, was quite sure he'd manage it, and went along as if he owned the whole world.

All three reported to the princess, said that she should propound them her riddles and that the three proper parties had arrived whose intelligence was so fine that one could easily thread it through a needle. Then the princess said, "I have two kinds of hair on my head. What are the colors?" "If that's all there's to it," said the first, "it's probably black and white like

the cloth they call 'pepper and salt.'" "Wrong guess!" said the princess. "Let the second answer." Then the second said, "If it isn't black and white, then it's red and brown like my father's frock coat." "Wrong guess!" said the princess. "Let the third answer, who, I see, surely knows." The little tailor stepped boldly up and said, "The princess has one silver and one gold hair on her head, and those are the two kinds of colors." On hearing that the princess turned pale and almost fell down from fright, for the little tailor had hit upon it, and she had firmly believed that no one in the world would get it. When she recovered herself, she said, "At that you haven't won me yet; you must still do one other thing: down in the stable there's a bear with which you're to spend the night. If you're still alive when I get up in the morning, you shall marry me." She thought she'd get rid of the little tailor that way, for thus far the bear had left nobody alive that it had got its paws on. The little tailor didn't let himself be frightened off, was quite content, and said, "Boldly ventured is half won."

When evening came our little tailor was taken down to the bear. The bear straightway wanted to go for the little fellow and give him a hearty welcome with its paw. "Easy, easy!" said the little tailor, "I'll quiet you down quick enough." Then, as if he hadn't a care in the world, he casually took Italian nuts out of his pocket, bit them open and ate the kernels. Seeing that, the bear, too, wanted some nuts. The tailor reached into his pocket and gave it a handful. But these weren't nuts at all, just plain stones. The bear put them in its mouth but couldn't get any open, bite as hard as it would. "My!" it thought, "what a clumsy fool you are! Can't even bite the nuts open," and said to the tailor, "My word! bite the nuts open for me." "There, you see what kind of a fellow you are," said the little tailor. "You have such a big mouth and can't open the little nut!" Then he took the stones, made a quick move, put a nut in his mouth instead, and crack! it was broken. "I must try the thing once again," said the bear; "as I see it, I should think I ought to be able to, too." The tailor again gave it ordinary stones, and the bear worked at them and bit into them with all its might. But don't imagine for a moment that it opened them. When that was over, the tailor took a violin from under his coat and played a piece on it. When the bear heard the music, it couldn't

help beginning to dance, and after it had been dancing a little while, the whole business delighted it so that it said to the tailor, "Listen, is fiddling hard?" "Child's play! Just look, I put down the fingers of my left hand and bow away with my right, and there's a high old time—whoop-la! whoop-la!" "To fiddle like that," said the bear, "that's what I'd like to be able to do, too, so that I might dance whenever I wanted to. What do you think about it? Will you give me lessons in it?" "Gladly, indeed," said the little tailor, "provided you've got the knack for it. But put out your paws, they're terribly long. I must cut your nails a little." Then he fetched a vice, and the bear laid its paws in it. The tailor, however, screwed it up tight and said, "Now wait till I come with the scissors," let the bear growl as much as it liked, lay down in the corner on a heap of straw and went to sleep.

That evening when the princess heard the bear growling so terribly, she merely supposed that it was growling for joy and had made an end of the tailor. In the morning she got up quite unconcerned and pleased, but when she looked toward the stable, the little tailor was standing serenely outside it and was as hale and hearty as a fish in water. Then she couldn't say another word against the arrangement, for she had made her promise public. The king ordered a coach, and she had to drive in it to church with the little tailor and was to be married. When they got into the coach, the other two tailors, who were false-hearted and begrudged him his luck, went into the stable and released the bear from the vice. In a great rage the bear ran after the coach. The princess heard it snorting and growling, was frightened, and cried, "Oh! the bear is following us and wants to get you." The little tailor was quick, stood on his head, stuck his legs out the window, and cried, "Do you see the vice? If you don't go away, you'll be in it again." Seeing that, the bear turned about and ran away. Our little tailor then drove calmly to the church, and the princess was married to him, and he lived with her as happy as a lark.

Anybody who doesn't believe it pays a dollar.

115 The Bright Sun Will Bring It to Light

Die klare Sonne bringt's an den Tag

A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR was traveling about in the world and practising his trade, and on one occasion could find no work. His poverty was so great that he hadn't a farthing for food and board. At that time he met a Jew on the way and, thinking the latter probably had a lot of money on him, thrust God from his heart and going straight up to him, said, "Give me your money, or I'll strike you dead." "Grant me my life!" said the Jew. "I have no money, indeed, only eight farthings," but the tailor said, "Of course you have money, and what's more, it's going to come out," used violence and beat him till he was nearly dead. Now when the Jew was on the point of death, he uttered his last words, "The bright sun will bring it to light," and thereupon died. The journeyman tailor reached into his pocket and searched for money but found, as the Jew had said, only eight farthings. Picking the Jew up, he carried him behind a bush and pursued his trade further. When he'd been traveling for a long time, he got work in a town with a master who had a pretty daughter; he fell in love with her, married her, and had a good and happy married life.

After a time, when they already had two children, the father-in-law and the mother-in-law died, and the young people were keeping house alone. One morning as the husband was sitting on the workbench by the window, his wife brought him his coffee, and when he poured it into the saucer and was about to drink it, the sun shone on it, and the reflection flickered here and there on the wall and made circles there. Then the tailor looked up and said, "Yes, it very much wants to bring it to light and can't." "Good gracious, dear husband," said his wife, "what's that? What do you mean by that?" "I mustn't tell you," he answered, but she said, "If you love me, you must tell me," talked to him in the very nicest way, saying that no one

would hear of it again, and gave him no peace. Then he told how years ago, when traveling, he'd been all ragged, had had no money, and had killed a Jew, and that in his death throes the Jew had said, "The bright sun will bring it to light." Now the sun had surely just been trying to bring it to light, had flickered on the wall and made circles, but hadn't been able to. Afterward he asked her most particularly not to tell anybody, otherwise he'd lose his life. She promised not to, but when he'd sat down to work, she went to her best friend and confided the story to her and said that she shouldn't repeat it to anybody. Before three days had passed, the whole town knew it, and the tailor was brought to trial and convicted.

The bright sun certainly did bring it to light.

116 The Blue Lantern

Das blaue Licht

THERE WAS ONCE A SOLDIER who had served his king faithfully for many years, but when the war was over and the soldier could no longer serve because of the many wounds he'd received, the king said to him, "You may go home; I don't need you any longer. You won't get any more money, for nobody receives pay unless he renders me services for it." The soldier didn't know how he'd earn his living, went away sorrowfully, and walked all day until in the afternoon he got into a forest. When night fell, he saw a light; he approached it and came to a house where a witch lived. "Please give me a night's lodging and a little food and drink," he said to her, "otherwise I shall perish." "O ho!" she answered, "who gives a runaway soldier anything? Still, I'll be charitable and take you in if you'll do what I require." "What do you require?" asked the soldier. "That you spade up my garden tomorrow morning." The soldier agreed and the next day worked as hard as he could, yet wasn't able to finish it before evening. "I plainly see," said the witch, "that

you can't continue your journey today. However, I'll keep you another night, and for that you're to split and chop up a cord of wood for me tomorrow." The soldier needed the whole day for that, and in the evening the witch proposed that he stay another night. "Tomorrow you're to do just a small job for me. Behind my house is an old dry well; my lantern has fallen into it; it burns with a blue light and doesn't go out. You're to bring it back up to me." The next day the old woman led him to the well and let him down in a basket. He found the blue lantern and gave her a signal to pull him up again. She pulled him up, but when he was near the edge, she reached down with her hand and wanted to take the blue lantern away from him. "No," he said, noticing her evil intentions, "I shan't give you the lantern until I have both feet on the ground." Then the witch flew into a rage, dropped him back down into the well, and went away.

The poor soldier fell onto the damp bottom without suffering any harm, and the blue lantern kept burning. But what good could that do him? He saw plainly that he couldn't escape death. For a time he sat very sadly, then by chance he reached into his pocket and found his pipe that was still half filled. "This shall be your last treat," he thought, took it out, lighted it from the blue lantern, and began to smoke. When the smoke had drifted about in the hole, a little black dwarf suddenly stood before him and asked, "Master, what do you command?" "What have I to command you?" replied the soldier much astonished. "I must do everything you command," said the dwarf. "Good," said the soldier. "Then first help me out of the well." The dwarf took him by the hand led him through an underground passage and didn't, however, forget to bring along the blue lantern. On the way the dwarf showed him the treasures which the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry. When he was up on earth, he said to the dwarf, "Now go and tie up the old witch and take her into court." Before long she came riding by on a wild tomcat, as swift as the wind and yelling frightfully, nor was it long before the dwarf was back again. "It's all fixed up," he said, "and the witch is already hanging on the gallows. What more do you command, master?" asked the little fellow. "For the moment, nothing," answered the soldier. "You may

go home, but be right on hand if I call you." "You need only light your pipe from the blue lantern," said the dwarf, "and I'll be in your presence immediately." Thereupon he vanished before his eyes.

The soldier turned back to the city he'd come from. He entered the best inn and had fine clothes made for himself, then ordered the innkeeper to furnish a room for him as magnificently as possible. When it was ready and the soldier had moved in, he called the black dwarf and said, "I served the king faithfully, but he dismissed me and let me starve; now I want to take revenge for that." "What am I to do?" asked the little fellow. "Late at night, when the king's daughter is in bed, bring her here in her sleep. She shall perform maid's service for me." "That's easy for me but a dangerous business for you," said the dwarf. "If word of it gets out, it'll go hard for you." When it struck twelve, the door flew open and the dwarf carried in the king's daughter. "Aha! Are you there?" cried the soldier. "Quick on the job! Go get the broom and sweep the room!" When she had finished, he ordered her to come to his easy chair and, sticking out his feet toward her, said, "Pull off my boots," then threw them in her face. She had to pick them up, clean them and polish them. However, she did everything he ordered without resisting, silently and with half-closed eyes. At the first cockcrow the dwarf carried her back to the royal palace and put her back in her bed.

The next morning when the king's daughter got up, she went to her father and told him that she had had a strange dream. "I was carried through the streets like a flash of lightning and taken to a soldier's room; I had to serve him and wait on him like a maid, do all the dirty work, sweep the room, and polish his boots. It was just a dream, and still I'm as tired as if I'd really done it all." "The dream might have been true," said the king. "I'll give you a piece of advice: fill your pocket with peas and make a little hole in the pocket. If you're carried off again, they'll fall out and leave a trail in the street." While the king was speaking thus, the dwarf was standing by invisible and heard everything. At night he again carried the king's sleeping daughter through the streets. To be sure, a certain number of peas fell out of her pocket but they couldn't make a trail, for the cunning dwarf had beforehand strewn peas in all the

streets. Again the king's daughter had to perform maid's service till cockcrow.

The next morning the king sent his people out to look for the trail, but it was hopeless, for in every street poor children were sitting and picking up peas and saying, "It rained peas last night." "We must think up something else," said the king. "Keep on your shoes when you go to bed, and before you come back from there, hide one of them. I'll find it all right." The black dwarf heard the plan, and when the soldier asked him to carry the king's daughter there again, he advised against it, saying that he knew of nothing to counter this trick, and if the shoe was found in his room, it might go hard with him. "Do what I tell you," replied the soldier, and the king's daughter had to work like a maidservant the third night, too. But before she was carried back, she hid one shoe under the bed.

The next morning the king had the whole city searched for his daughter's shoe. It was found at the soldier's, and the soldier himself, who at the little fellow's request had cleared out of town, was soon overtaken and thrown into prison. In his flight he'd forgotten the best thing he had, namely, the blue lantern and the gold, and had only one ducat left in his pocket. As he was standing by the window of his prison, now weighed down by chains, he saw one of his comrades walking by. He rapped on the pane, and when the other came up, he said, "Be so good as to bring me the little parcel that I left in the inn; I'll give you a ducat for it." His comrade ran there and brought him what he wanted. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lighted his pipe and summoned the black dwarf. "Don't be afraid," said the latter to his master. "Go where they lead you and let everything take its course. Only be sure to take the blue lantern along." The next day the soldier was tried in court, and though he'd done nothing bad, the judge condemned him to death just the same. As he was being led out, he begged one last favor of the king. "What kind of a favor?" asked the king. "That I may smoke one more pipeful on the way." "You may smoke three," answered the king, "only don't imagine that I shall make you a present of your life." Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lighted it from the blue lantern. By the time a few smoke rings had ascended, the dwarf was already standing there, had a little cudgel in his hand, and said, "What does my master command?" "Strike down the false

justices there and their bailiffs, and don't spare the king, either, who treated me so shabbily." Then the dwarf zigzagged hither and thither like lightning, and whoever he as much as touched with his cudgel fell right to the ground and didn't dare stir again. The king got frightened, asked for mercy, and just to save his life, gave the soldier his kingdom and his daughter in marriage.

117 The Wayward Child

Das eigensinnige Kind

THERE WAS ONCE A WAYWARD CHILD who didn't do what its mother wanted. For that reason the dear Lord did not look with favor upon it and let it fall ill; no doctor could do anything for it, and it soon lay on its deathbed. Now when it was lowered into the grave and covered over with earth, suddenly its little arm appeared again on the surface and reached up in the air. When they put it down and threw fresh earth over it, that did no good, and the arm kept coming out again. Then the mother herself had to go to the grave and strike the arm with a switch, and when she'd done that, it drew itself in. Now for the first time the child had peace under the earth.

118 The Three Army Surgeons

Die drei Feldscherer

THREE ARMY SURGEONS were traveling abroad in the world, considered that they'd mastered their profession, and came to an inn where they planned to spend the night. The innkeeper asked

where they came from and where they were going. "We're practising our profession about in the world." "Well, give me a demonstration of what you can do," said the innkeeper. Then the first said that he would cut his own hand off and put it back on whole the first thing in the morning. The second said he'd tear his heart out and put it back in whole the first thing in the morning. The third said he'd put his eyes out and have them back in whole the first thing in the morning. "If you can do that," said the innkeeper, "then you are accomplished in your profession." They had a salve and whatever they rubbed it on healed up, and they always carried with them the little phial it was in. As they had said, each cut from his body his hand, his heart, and his eyes, laid them all on a plate, and gave it to the innkeeper. He handed it to a maid to put away carefully in a cupboard.

The maid, however, had a secret lover, a soldier. When the innkeeper, the three surgeons, and everybody in the house were asleep, the soldier came and wanted something to eat. The girl opened the cupboard and got him something, but being so deeply in love she forgot to shut the cupboard door, sat down at the table with her sweetheart, and they gossiped together. While she was sitting there contentedly, not thinking any mishap, the cat sneaked in, found the cupboard open, seized the hand, the heart, and the eyes of the three surgeons, and ran out with them. When the soldier had eaten and the girl was about to put the things away again and shut the cupboard, she noticed, of course, that the plate which the innkeeper had given her was bare. Frightened, she then said to her lover, "Oh, dear! what on earth shall I do? The hand's gone, and the heart and eyes, too. How I'll catch it in the morning!" "Don't worry," he said, "I'll help you out of your difficulty. There's a thief hanging on the gallows outside; I'll cut off his hand. Which hand was it?" "The right." The girl gave him a sharp knife, and he went and, cutting off the poor sinner's right hand, brought it in. Then he caught a cat and put its eyes out. Now only the heart was still missing. "Haven't you been slaughtering? And isn't the pig's carcass in the cellar?" "Yes," said the girl. "Well, that's fine," said the soldier, went down and got a pig's heart. The girl put them all together on the plate and placed it in the cupboard, and when her sweetheart had said good-bye, went peacefully to bed.

In the morning when the surgeons got up, they told the maid

to bring them the plate with the hand, the heart, and the eyes. She fetched it out of the cupboard, and the first surgeon attached the thief's hand to himself, rubbed it with his salve, and then and there it had grown on. The second took the cat's eyes and put them back in whole. The third made fast the pig's heart. The innkeeper stood there, admired their skill, and said he'd never seen the like before and that he'd praise them and recommend them to everybody. Thereupon, they paid their bill and continued on their travels.

As they were thus walking along, the one with the pig's heart didn't stay at all with his companions but ran into every nook and corner and snuffed about there the way pigs do. The others wanted to hold him by his coattails, but that did no good; he'd break loose and run to wherever the refuse was most plentiful. The second acted curiously, too, rubbed his eyes, and said to the other, "Friend, what's the matter? These aren't my eyes, I really can't see anything. Will one of you please lead me so that I shan't fall." They walked on with difficulty till evening, when they reached another tavern. As they entered the inn parlor together, a wealthy gentleman was sitting at the table in a corner, counting money. The one with the thief's hand walked around him; his arm twitched a couple of times, and when the gentleman turned around, he reached into the pile and took out a handful of gold. One of the other surgeons saw it and said, "Friend, what are you doing? You mustn't steal. Shame on you!" "Oh, dear," he said, "what can I do about it? My hand twitches, and I have to snatch willy-nilly." Afterward they lay down to sleep, and where they were lying, it was so dark that one couldn't see one's hand before one's face. Suddenly the one with the cat's eyes awoke, roused the others, and said, "Just look, brothers! Do you see the little white mice running about there?" The other two sat up in bed but could see nothing. Then he said, "There's something wrong with us—we didn't get our own parts back. We must return to the innkeeper—he cheated us." Accordingly, the next morning they went there and told the innkeeper that they hadn't got their right parts back: one had a thief's hand, the other cat's eyes, and the third a pig's heart. The innkeeper said that it must be the maid's fault and was about to call her. However, when she'd seen the three coming, she'd run out the back gate and didn't come back. Then the three said he must give them a lot of money, other-

wise they'd burn the inn down over his head. Then he gave them what he had and could possibly raise, and the three went off with it. It was enough for them as long as they lived. Just the same, they'd rather have had their right parts.

119 The Seven Swabians

Die sieben Schwaben

SEVEN SWABIANS once met up. The first was Mr. Schulz, the second Jim, the third Marty, the fourth Georgie, the fifth Michael, the sixth Jack, the seventh Guy. All seven had decided to travel through the world in search of adventure and to perform great deeds. In order to proceed suitably armed and secure, they thought it a good idea to have made for themselves a single, though very strong and long spear. This spear all seven took hold of together. The boldest and manliest went in front, and that could only be Mr. Schulz; the others followed in order, Guy being the last.

One July day it happened, when they had gone a long way and were still some distance from the village where they had planned to spend the night, that in the dusk a big beetle or a hornet flew by, not far from them behind a bush in a meadow, buzzing in a hostile manner. Mr. Schulz got so frightened that he almost dropped the spear, and from fright sweat broke out all over him. "Listen, listen!" he cried to his companions. "My gracious! I hear a drum." Jim, who had hold of the spear behind Mr. Schulz and who smelt goodness knows what, said, "No doubt there's something there, for I smell the powder and the fuse." At these words Mr. Schulz took flight and in a flash jumped over a fence. But because he jumped right on the teeth of a rake left there from the haying, the handle went into his face and dealt him a dirty blow. "Ouch, ouch!" cried Mr. Schulz. "Take me prisoner! I surrender, I surrender!" The other six came skipping

up, all of them one after the other crying, "If you're surrendering, I'll surrender, too." Finally, since no enemy was there to tie them up and lead them off, they saw that they had been deceived, and to keep the story from getting around and themselves from being made fools of and mocked, they swore among themselves to keep quiet about it until someone should unexpectedly blurt it out. Thereupon they moved on.

The second peril they encountered can't really be compared to the first. Some days later their way took them over fallow land. A hare was sitting there asleep in the sun with ears pricked and its big glassy eyes staring wide open. At the sight of the fierce and wild animal they all got frightened and took council as to what would be the least dangerous thing to do. For, should they flee, there was the risk that the monster might go after them and swallow them all, skin and bones. So they said, "We'll have to fight a great and perilous battle. Boldly ventured is half won!" All seven took hold of the spear, Mr. Schulz at the front, Guy in the rear. Mr. Schulz still wanted to hold back with the spear, but Guy in the rear had got quite bold, wanted to cut loose, and shouted,

"In the name of all Swabians, thrust away!
else I wish you'd get lame."

But Jack knew how to cap him and said,

"By Jove, you've chattered well;
you're always the last in the dragon hunt."

Mike cried out:

"It's a near thing
To being the Devil, indeed."

Now it was Georgie's turn; he said,

"If it's not the Devil, then it's his mother,
or the Devil's stepbrother."

Then Marty had a good idea and said to Guy,

"Go, Guy, you go ahead;
I'll stand in front of you behind."

Guy, however, didn't listen to that, and Jim said,

"Schulz, indeed, must be the first,
to him alone the honor's due."

Then Mr. Schulz took heart and said solemnly,

"Advance then boldly into battle;
here one will see which one is brave."

Then they all went for the dragon. Mr. Schulz crossed himself and called on God for aid, but when all that did no good and he got nearer and nearer the enemy, in great dread he cried out, "Smite well! smite well!" The hare was awakened by the noise, got frightened, and hopped quickly away. When Mr. Schulz saw it deserting like that, he cried out joyfully,

"Good gracious, Guy! look! look! what's that?
The monster is a hare."

The Swabian League, however, sought further adventures and came to the Mosel, a mucky, quiet, deep river. There aren't many bridges across it, and at a number of points one must be ferried over in boats. Uninformed on this matter, the seven Swabians called out to a man working on the other side of the river and asked how on earth one could get across. Because of the distance and because of their accent the man didn't understand what they wanted and in his Trier dialect asked, "What? what?" Mr. Schulz thought he was just saying, "Wadel! Wade through the water!" and because he was in the lead, he got under way and started into the Mosel. Before long he sank into the mud and under the deep onrushing waves; the wind, however, blew his hat over to the other bank, and a frog sat down by it and croaked, "Wat! wat! wat!" The other six heard that and said, "Our comrade, Mr. Schulz, is calling us. If he can wade across, why can't we, too?" Accordingly, they all jumped quickly into the river and drowned.

Thus one frog was the death of the six of them, and no member of the Swabian League got back home.

120 The Three Journeymen

Die drei Handwerksburschen

THERE WERE THREE JOURNEYMEN who'd agreed to stay together on their travels and always to work in the very same town. On one occasion, however, they got no more wages from their masters, so that finally they were quite in rags and had nothing to live on. Then one of them said, "What shall we do? We can't stay here any longer. Let's get under way again, and if we find no work in the town we come to, we'll arrange with the innkeeper to write him where we're stopping, so that one can get news of the other. Then let's split up." That seemed best to the others, too.

They set out and on the way met a handsomely dressed man who asked who they were. "We're journeymen and are looking for work. Up to now we've stayed together, but if we don't find any work, we'll split up." "There's no need for that," said the man. "If you'll do what I tell you, you'll lack neither money nor work. Indeed, you'll become fine gentlemen and ride in coaches." One of them said, "If it doesn't jeopardize our souls, we'll do it, of course." "No," answered the man, "I have no share in you." One of the others had, however, looked at his feet, and when he saw one horse's hoof and one human foot, he didn't want to get involved with him. But the Devil said, "Don't worry, I have no designs on you, rather on the soul of another person who's half mine already and whose cup has merely to be filled to overflowing." Now being safe, they agreed, and the Devil told them what he required. In answer to every question the first was to say, "All three of us"; the second, "For the money"; and the third, "And that was right." They were always to say this one after the other and beyond this must not say a single word. If they violated this order, then all the money would instantly vanish, but as long as they carried this out, their pockets would always be full. Furthermore, at the outset he also gave them straight off as much money

as they could carry and ordered them to go into such and such a tavern in the town. They entered, and the host came to meet them, asking, "Do you wish something to eat?" The first answered, "All three of us." "Yes," said the host, "I assume so." The second said, "For the money." "That's a matter of course," said the host. The third said, "And that was right." "Of course it was right," said the host.

Now they were brought good food and drink and were well served. After the meal the matter of paying was bound to come up. When the host handed one of them the bill, the latter said, "All three of us"; the second, "For the money"; the third, "And that was right." "Of course it's right," said the host. "All three pay; I can't give you anything without money." They paid even more than he had asked. The guests watched this and said, "Those people must be mad." "Yes, they certainly are," said the host. "They are a little off." Thus for a time they stayed at the tavern and said nothing but "All three of us—for the money—and that was right." But they saw everything and knew everything that went on there.

It so happened that a great merchant arrived with a lot of money; he said, "Innkeeper, put my money away for me. There are the three mad journeymen here; they might steal it from me." The host did so. As he was carrying the merchant's portmanteau to his room, he felt that it was heavy with gold. Thereupon he gave the three journeymen quarters downstairs, putting the merchant upstairs in a special room. When it was midnight and the innkeeper thought that everybody was asleep, he and his wife went with an ax and beat the rich merchant to death. After committing the murder they went back to bed. When it was day, there was a great hue and cry: the merchant was lying dead in his bed and swimming in his own blood. All the guests assembled in a hurry, and the innkeeper said, "The three mad journeymen did it." The guests confirmed this, saying, "It can't have been anybody else." The host had them summoned and said, "Did you kill the merchant?" "All three of us," said the first; "For the money," said the second; "And that was right," said the third. "Now, there you hear it," said the innkeeper. "They admit it themselves." So they were put into prison and were to be tried.

When they saw that things were taking so serious a turn, they got really frightened, but in the night the Devil came and said,

"Just hold out one day more and don't throw your good luck away. It won't hurt a hair of your heads." The next morning they were brought into court. "Are you the murderers?" said the judge. "All three of us." "Why did you kill the merchant?" "For the money." "You scoundrels!" said the judge, "weren't you in dread because of your sin?" "And that was right." "They've confessed and are stubborn, to boot!" said the judge. "Lead them to death at once." So they were led out, and the innkeeper had to join the circle.

Now as the executioner's assistants took hold of them and they were being led up onto the scaffolding, where the executioner was standing with a naked sword, all at once there came a coach, drawn by bright bay horses and going so fast that sparks flew from the pavement—and out of the window someone was waving a white cloth. "Pardon is coming," said the executioner, and at the same moment out of the coach came a cry, "Pardon, pardon!" Then the Devil in the guise of a distinguished gentleman, splendidly dressed, stepped out and said, "You three are innocent. Now you may talk; speak up and say what you've seen and heard." Then the eldest said, "We didn't kill the merchant; the murderer is standing there in the circle," and pointed to the innkeeper. "And to prove our statement go into his cellar where many more people are hanging whom he has killed." The judge sent the executioner's assistants there, who found it as had been stated, and when they reported this to the judge, he had the innkeeper led up and his head struck off.

Then the Devil said to the three, "Now I have the soul I was after, but you are free and have money for as long as you live."

121 The King's Son Who is Afraid of Nothing

Der Königssohn, der sich vor nichts fürchtet

THERE WAS ONCE A KING'S SON who got tired of it at home in his father's house and, being afraid of nothing, thought, "I'll go out

into the wide world where time will pass quickly for me and I'll see plenty of remarkable things." So he took leave of his parents and set out, going on and on from morning till evening, and it was all one to him where his way led him. By chance he came to the house of a giant and, because he was tired, he sat down outside the door and rested.

As he let his eyes wander here and there, he saw a game lying in the giant's courtyard: it was a set of huge bowls, with ninepins as big as a man. After a while he got a longing to play and set up the pins; he rolled the bowls at them, cried and shouted when the pins fell, and was in high spirits. The giant heard the noise, put his head out the window, and spied a human who was no bigger than other humans, yet was playing with his ninepins. "You little worm," he cried, "why are you bowling with my ninepins? Who gave you the strength to do it?" The king's son looked up and, seeing the giant, said, "O you clumsy lout! So you think you're the only one with strong arms. I can do whatever I like." The giant came down, in great amazement watched the bowling, and said, "Man alive! If you're that good, go get me an apple from the Tree of Life." "What do you want with it?" said the king's son. "I don't want the apple for myself," answered the giant, "but I have a bride-to-be who is asking for it. I've traveled far and wide in the world and can't find the tree." "I'll find it all right," said the king's son, "and I don't know what will stop me from fetching down the apple." "Then you think it's so easy?" said the giant. "The garden the tree is in is surrounded by an iron paling and outside the paling and lying side by side are wild animals that keep watch and let nobody in." "They'll let me in all right," said the king's son. "Yes, but even if you get into the garden and see the apple hanging on the tree, it still isn't yours. Before it hangs a ring through which one must put one's hand if one wants to get at the apple and pick it, and thus far no one has succeeded." "I'll succeed all right," said the king's son.

Then he took leave of the giant, went away over hill and dale, through forest and field, till at last he found the wonderful garden. The animals were lying around about, but they had their heads down, were asleep, and didn't even wake up when he approached. He stepped over them, climbed the paling, and got into the garden safe and sound. There in the middle stood the Tree of Life, and the red apples gleamed on the branches. He climbed

up the trunk and, as he was about to reach for an apple, he saw a ring hanging in front of it. Nevertheless, he put his hand through it without difficulty and picked the apple. The ring closed tight on his arm, and he felt as if a tremendous strength were suddenly streaming through his veins. After climbing back down the tree he didn't want to climb over the paling but seized the great gate and had to shake it only once before it burst open with a loud noise. He went out, and the lion that had been lying outside the gate waked up and hurried after him, though not furiously and fiercely; on the contrary, it followed him humbly as its master.

The king's son brought the giant the promised apple and said, "See, I fetched it without difficulty." The giant was delighted his wish had been fulfilled so quickly, hurried to his bride-to-be and gave her the apple she'd asked for. She was a beautiful and clever maiden and, not seeing the ring on his arm, said, "I shan't believe that you fetched the apple until I see the ring on your arm." "All I have to do is go home and get it," said the giant, thinking it would be easy to take by force whatever the weak human wouldn't give up voluntarily. So he demanded the ring of him, but the king's son refused. "Wherever the apple is, the ring must also be," said the giant. "If you don't surrender it voluntarily, you'll have to fight with me for it." They wrestled together a long time, but the giant couldn't get the better of the king's son, who was strengthened by the magic power of the ring. Then the giant thought of a trick and said, "I've got hot fighting, and so have you. Let's bathe in the river and cool off before we begin again." The king's son, who understood nothing of treachery, went with him to the river, stripped off his clothes, also the ring from his arm, and jumped in. The giant immediately grabbed for the ring and ran off with it. The lion, however, who had observed the theft, went for the giant, tore the ring from his hand, and brought it back to its master. Then the giant took up a position behind an oak tree, and when the king's son was busy putting on his clothes again, he attacked him and put out both his eyes.

Now the poor king's son stood there, blind and not knowing what to do. Again the giant came along, took him by the hand like someone who was going to lead him, and led him to the top of a high cliff. He left him standing there, thinking, "Just a few

steps farther and he'll pitch to his death, and I can take the ring off him." But the faithful lion had not abandoned its master, held onto his clothes and gradually drew him back. When the giant came to rob the dead man, he saw that his trick had failed. "Is there no way of killing one of those weak human beings?" he said angrily to himself, took hold of the king's son and by another road led him again to the precipice. But the lion, noticing the evil intent, here, too, helped its master out of danger. When they got near the edge, the giant let go of the blind man's hand, intending to leave him alone there, but the lion gave the giant a push so that he pitched down and in falling was smashed at the bottom. Again the faithful animal drew its master back from the precipice and led him to a tree by which ran a clear brook. There the king's son sat down, but the lion lay down and with its paw splashed water into his face. No sooner had a few drops wet the sockets of his eyes than the king's son was again able to see a little and noticed a bird flying just past him and then hit a tree trunk. Thereupon it went down into the water, bathed in it, and then flew up in the air, speeding away through the trees without hitting them as if it had regained its sight. The king's son realized that this was a hint from God, bent over the water, and washed and bathed his face in it. When he got up, his eyes were again as clear as ever. The king's son thanked God for His great mercy and with his lion went on his way through the world.

Now by chance he came to an enchanted castle. A maiden, beautiful of form and fair of face, was standing in the gateway, but she was quite black. She addressed him and said, "Alas! could you free me from the evil spell that has been cast upon me?" "What am I to do?" said the king's son. The maiden answered, "You must spend three nights in the great hall of the enchanted castle, but no fear must enter your heart. If they torture you in the worst way and you endure it without uttering a sound, I shall be disenchanting. They won't be allowed to take your life." "I'm not afraid and with God's help I'll try to do it," said the king's son. He went gaily into the castle and when it got quite dark, sat down in the great hall and waited. Until midnight it was still, then suddenly a great noise started, and little devils appeared from every nook and corner. They acted as if they didn't see him, sat down in the middle of the room, made a fire, and began to gamble. When one would lose, he'd say, "Things aren't right.

Someone is here who is not one of us; it's his fault that I'm losing." "Just wait, you over there behind the stove, I'll get you yet," another would say. The shrieking got louder and louder, so that no one could have listened to it without feeling frightened. The king's son just sat there very quietly and felt no fear. Finally, however, the devils jumped up from the floor and attacked him and there were so many that he couldn't defend himself against them. They pulled him about on the floor, tweaked him, stabbed him, beat him, and tortured him, but he didn't utter a sound. Toward morning they disappeared, and he was so exhausted that he could scarcely move his limbs. When day broke, the black maiden came in to him. In her hand she was carrying a little phial and in it the Water of Life with which she washed him. Straightway he felt all his aches and pains disappear, and fresh strength streamed into his veins. "You've survived one night luckily," she said, "but two more are ahead of you." Again she went away, and as she was leaving, he noticed that her feet had become white. The following night the devils came and began their game anew: they fell upon the king's son and beat him much harder than the night before, so that his body was covered with wounds. Nevertheless, since he stood it all in silence, they had to release him, and when day broke, the maiden came and healed him with the Water of Life. As she was leaving, to his joy he saw that she had already got white to the tips of her fingers. Now he had only to endure one more night, but that was the worst. The devils' frolic resumed. "Are you still there?" they cried. "You're going to be tortured till you stop breathing." They stabbed him and beat him, threw him hither and thither, and pulled his arms and legs as if to tear him to pieces. He endured it all, however, and didn't utter a sound. Finally the devils vanished, but he lay there unconscious and motionless; he couldn't even raise his eyes to see the maiden who came in and sprinkled him with the Water of Life and poured it on him. Yet suddenly he was free of all pain and felt as fresh and well as if he'd waked up from a sleep.

On opening his eyes he saw the maiden standing beside him; she was as white as snow and as beautiful as the day. "Get up," she said, "and brandish your sword three times over the stairs. Then everything will be disenchanted." When he had done so, the whole castle was free of the spell, and the maiden turned out to be a wealthy king's daughter. The servants came and said that

the table was already set in the great hall and the food served. Then they sat down, ate and drank together, and in the evening the wedding was celebrated amid great rejoicing.

122 The Lettuce-Donkey

Der Krautesel

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG HUNTSMAN who went shooting in the forest. He was gay and merry-hearted, and as he was walking along and whistling in a leaf, there came an ugly old granny who addressed him and said, "Good day, dear huntsman. You're certainly jolly and gay, but I'm suffering from hunger and thirst. Please give me alms." The huntsman took pity on the poor woman, reached into his pocket, and according to his means gave her something. He was about to continue on his way, but the old woman stopped him and said, "Dear huntsman, listen to what I tell you: for your kindness of heart I'm going to give you a present. Just keep going, and in a little while you'll come to a tree in which nine birds are sitting; they'll have a cloak in their claws and will be tussling over it. Aim your gun and shoot into the middle of them: they'll surely drop the cloak down on you, and one of the birds, too, will be hit and drop down dead. Take the cloak along with you. It's a wishing cloak: if you throw it over your shoulders, you need only wish yourself somewhere and in an instant you'll be there. Take the heart out of the dead bird and swallow it whole: then each and every morning you'll find a gold piece under your pillow when you get up."

The huntsman thanked the wise woman and thought to himself, "Those are fair promises she'd made me—if only it would all come true!" However, when he'd gone about a hundred paces, he heard such a noise and a twittering in the branches above him that he looked up. There he saw a lot of birds tugging at a piece of cloth with their bills and claws, uttering cries, tussling and scuffling with one another as if each wanted it for itself. "Well," said

the huntsman, "this is extraordinary! It's happening just as granny said." Taking his gun from his shoulder, he aimed it and sent his shot right into their midst, so that the feathers flew about. With loud cries the creatures at once took flight, but one dropped down dead, and the cloak, too, floated down. Then the huntsman did as the old woman had ordered, cut the bird open, looked for the heart, swallowed it, and brought the cloak home with him. The next morning on awakening he remembered the promise and wanted to see whether it had really come true. When he lifted up his pillow, there was the gold piece gleaming before his eyes. The following morning he again found one, and so on every time he got up. He collected a pile of gold and at last thought, "What good does all my gold do me if I stay here at home? I'll set out and have a look about the world."

He took leave of his parents, shouldered his knapsack and gun, and went out in the world. One day he happened to be going through a dense forest, and when it came to an end, there stood an imposing manor house on the plain before him. In one of the windows an old woman and a marvelously beautiful maiden were standing looking down. Now the old woman was a witch and said to the girl, "There comes someone from the forest with a wonderful treasure inside him. We must trick him out of it, my darling daughter; it's more fitting for us than for him. He has a bird's heart with him and that's why there's a gold piece under his pillow every morning." She told her the details and what her game was to be to get hold of it. Finally she threatened her, saying with anger in her eyes, "And if you don't mind me, you'll be sorry." Now when the huntsman got nearer, he saw the girl and said to himself, "I've been going about for such a long time that for once I'll take a rest and turn into this fine mansion. Money I have aplenty." The real reason, however, was that he had his eye on the beautiful girl.

He stepped into the house, was received in friendly fashion and was courteously entertained. Before long he was so in love with the witch-girl that he no longer thought of anything else, did nothing but look into her eyes, and gladly did whatever she asked. Then the old woman said, "Now we must have the bird's heart; he won't notice anything if it's missing." She brewed a drink, and when it was ready, put it in a tumbler and gave it to

the girl who had to offer it to the huntsman. "Now, my beloved," she said, "drink to me." He took the tumbler and after drinking the potion vomited out the bird's heart. The girl had to remove it secretly and then swallow it herself, for that was the old woman's wish. From now on he found no more gold under his pillow; instead, it was under the girl's pillow, whence the old woman removed it every morning. But he was so in love and so infatuated that his only thought was to spend his time with the girl.

Then the old witch said, "We've got the bird's heart, but we must also take the wishing-cloak from him." The girl answered, "Let's leave him that; after all he's lost his fortune." Then the old woman got angry and said, "A cloak like that is a wonderful object rarely found here on earth. I shall and must have it." She suggested ways and means to the girl and said if she didn't mind her, that it would go hard for her. Then she did as the old woman bade. On one occasion she took up a position by the window and looked into the distance as if she were very sad. "Why are you standing there so sad," asked the huntsman. "Oh, my dear," she answered, "over yonder is the Jewel Mountain where precious stones grow. I have such a great longing for them that, whenever I think of them, I'm quite sad. But who can fetch them? Only the birds, who have wings, get there, never a human being!" "If that's all you have to complain about," said the huntsman, "I'll soon remove that trouble from your heart." Thereupon he took her under his cloak and wished himself over to the Jewel Mountain, and the same instant they were both sitting on top of it. Jewels were gleaming on all sides and it was a joy to look at them; the most beautiful and most valuable they gathered up. Now through her witch's art the old woman had so contrived it that the huntsman's eyes grew heavy, and he said to the girl, "Let's sit down for a bit and rest. I'm so tired that I can't stay on my feet any longer." They sat down, and he laid his head in her lap and went to sleep. When he'd gone to sleep, she undid his cloak from his shoulders, draped it around herself, picked up the jewels and precious stones, and wished herself home with them.

When the huntsman had had his sleep and waked up, he saw that his beloved had deceived him and left him alone on the wild mountain. "Oh," he said, "how much treachery there is in the

world!", sat there sorrowful and sad of heart, and didn't know what to do. The mountain belonged to fierce and monstrous giants who had their abode up there and were up to their tricks. He'd not been sitting there long before he saw three of them striding toward him. He lay down as if plunged in a deep sleep. The giants came up, and the first gave him a kick and said, "What kind of an earthworm is lying there and inwardly contemplating itself?" The second said, "Stamp it to death!" But the third said scornfully, "That wouldn't be worth doing! Just let it live. It can't stay here, and if it climbs higher up onto the peak, the clouds will get it and carry it away." Talking thus they walked by, but the huntsman heard what they had said and, as soon as they were gone, got up and climbed the peak. After he'd been sitting there a while, a cloud drifted up, seized him, carried him off, and for a long time floated about in the sky. Then it came lower and settled down on a big walled vegetable garden, so that he landed gently among cabbages and other vegetables.

The huntsman looked about and said, "If I only had something to eat! I'm so hungry, and it's going to be hard to proceed farther. Yet here I see not an apple or a pear or any kind of fruit—everywhere just vegetables!" Finally he thought, "In an emergency I can eat some of the lettuce; it doesn't taste especially good but it will refresh me." Accordingly, he picked out a nice head and ate some. Scarcely had he swallowed a few mouthfuls when he had an extraordinary sensation and felt quite changed: he grew four legs, a fat head, and two long ears. To his horror he saw that he was changed into a donkey, but because he still at the same time felt very hungry and the succulent lettuce appealed to his present nature, he kept eating it greedily. At last he got to another kind of lettuce. No sooner had he swallowed some of this than he again felt a transformation and returned to his human form.

Now the huntsman lay down and slept off his weariness. When he awoke the following morning, he picked one head of the bad and one of the good lettuce, thinking, "This ought to help me get back my beloved and punish her treachery." Then he put the heads of lettuce in his bag, climbed over the wall, and went in search of his sweetheart's mansion. After roaming about for a few days, he fortunately found it again. Then he quickly dyed his face brown, so that his own mother wouldn't have known him,

entered the mansion, and asked for lodgings. "I'm very tired," he said, "and can go no farther." "Fellow-countryman, who are you and what is your business?" asked the witch. He answered, "I'm the king's messenger and was dispatched in search of the most delicious lettuce that grows under the sun. I've also been lucky enough to find it and am carrying it on me. The sun, however, is far too hot, so that the delicate lettuce threatens to wilt, and I don't know whether I'll get it any farther." When the old woman heard about the delicious lettuce, she greatly longed for some and said, "Dear fellow-countryman, please let me try the wonderful lettuce." "Why not?" he answered. "I brought two heads along and will give you one," opened his bag and handed her the bad head. The witch suspected no harm, and her mouth watered so for the novel dish that she went into the kitchen herself and prepared it. When it was ready, she couldn't wait for it to be on the table but straightway took a couple of leaves and put them in her mouth. No sooner, however, had she swallowed them than she, too, lost her human form and in the shape of a donkey ran down into the courtyard. The servant girl came into the kitchen, saw the lettuce all prepared there, and was going to serve it, but on the way the desire to try things got the better of her—an old habit of hers—and she ate a couple of the leaves. Forthwith the magic power manifested itself, and she, too, was turned into a donkey and ran out to join the old woman. The bowl of lettuce fell to the floor. Meanwhile, the messenger was sitting with the beautiful maiden, and when no one came with the lettuce and she, too, really very much longed for some, she said, "I can't imagine what's become of the lettuce." Then the huntsman thought, "The lettuce has probably already worked," and said, "I'll go to the kitchen and find out." When he got down there, he saw two donkeys running about in the yard and the lettuce lying on the floor. "Quite right," he said. "The two have had their share." He picked up the rest of the leaves, put them in the bowl, and taking them to the girl said, "I'm bringing you the delicious food myself, so you won't have to wait any longer." She ate some and as quickly as the others was robbed of her human shape and ran into the courtyard in the form of a donkey.

When the huntsman had washed his face so that the transformed women could recognize him, he went down into the yard and said, "Now you're to receive the reward for your treachery." He tied all three to a rope and drove them on till he came

to a mill. He rapped on the window and the miller put his head out and asked what he wanted. "I have three bad animals," he answered, "that I don't want to keep any longer. If you're willing to take them, give them fodder and a stall, and treat them as I tell you, I'll pay you what you want." "Why not?" said the miller. "But how am I to treat them?" Then the huntsman said that the old donkey—that was the witch—should get three beatings a day and one feeding; the younger—that was the servant—one beating and three feedings, and the youngest—that was the girl—no beatings and three feedings, for he really didn't have the heart to have the girl beaten. Thereupon he went back to the mansion and found there everything he needed.

A few days later the miller came and said he had to report that the old donkey, who'd got so many beatings and only one feeding a day, had died. "The other two," he went on to say, "haven't, to be sure, died and get, furthermore, three feedings a day; still, they're so downcast that they can't last long." Then the huntsman was moved to pity, let his anger pass, and told the miller to drive them back. When they arrived, he gave them some of the good lettuce to eat so that they became human again. Then the beautiful girl fell on her knees before him and said, "Oh, my beloved, forgive me for any evil I've done you! My mother forced me to do it. It happened against my will, for I love you dearly. Your wishing-cloak is hanging in a wardrobe, and I'll take an emetic to get up the bird's heart." Then he felt quite differently and said, "Just keep it. It really makes no difference, because I want to take you as my faithful wife." Then the wedding was celebrated, and they lived happily together until they died.

123 The Old Woman in the Forest

Die Alte im Wald

A POOR SERVANT GIRL and the gentry she worked for were once driving through a great forest, and when they were in the middle of it, robbers came out of a thicket and murdered whoever they

found. All perished except the girl, who in her fright had jumped out of the carriage and hidden behind a tree. When the robbers had gone off with their booty, she went to the carriage and saw the terrible misfortune. She began to weep bitterly and said, "What shall I, poor girl, do now? I don't know how to find my way out of the forest; there's not a soul living in it, so I'm surely bound to starve to death." She walked about looking for a path but couldn't find one. When it was evening, she sat down under a tree and commended herself to God, planning to stay there and not go away, come what might. When she'd been sitting there a while, a white dove came flying to her with a little gold key in its bill. It put the key in her hand and said, "Do you see the big tree there? On it is a little lock which the key opens, and there you will find plenty of food and will no longer suffer from hunger." She went to the tree and opened it and found milk in a little bowl and beside it white bread to crumble into it, so that she was able to eat her fill. When she'd had enough, she said, "Now is the time when at home the chickens go to roost; I'm so tired that I, too, should like to lie down in my bed." Then the dove came flying back and brought another gold key in its bill and said, "Open the tree over there, and you'll find a bed." She opened it and found a lovely soft bed; she prayed our dear Lord to keep her during the night, lay down, and went to sleep. In the morning the dove came a third time, again brought a little key and said, "Open the tree over there and you'll find clothes," and when she opened it, she found clothes embroidered with gold and jewels, more splendid than any king's daughter's. Thus she lived for a time, and the dove came every day and looked out for all her wants, and that was a quiet and good life.

On one occasion the dove came and said, "Will you do me a favor?" "Gladly, indeed," said the girl. Then the dove said, "I shall lead you to a little cottage, then you go in; in it by the hearth an old woman will be sitting and will say 'Good day.' However, under no circumstances answer her, no matter what she does, but go on past her on the right. There is a door there; open it, and you'll come into a room where a lot of rings of every sort and description are lying on the table. Among these are magnificent rings with glittering stones, but leave them alone and pick out a simple ring that must also be among them and bring it here to me as quick as you can." The girl went to the cottage

and stepped in the door. An old woman was sitting there, who showed great surprise on seeing the girl and said, "Good day, my child." The girl didn't answer her and went to the door. "Where are you going?" she cried, seizing her by the skirt and intending to hold her. "This is my house and no one may come in if I don't want them to." But the girl kept still, got away from her, and went straight into the living room. There on the table lay a huge number of rings that glistened and gleamed before her eyes. She turned them over and looked for the simple ring but couldn't find it. As she was looking for it, she saw the old woman sneaking along with a bird cage in her hand and about to make off with it. The girl went up to her and took the cage out of her hand, and when she lifted it up and looked in, there was sitting a bird with the simple ring in its bill. She took the ring and very joyously ran out of the house with it, thinking that the white dove would come and get the ring. But it didn't come.

Then she leaned against a tree and was going to wait for the dove, and as she was standing thus, the tree seemed to become soft and pliable and lowered its branches. All at once the branches wrapped themselves about her and were two arms, and when she looked around, the tree was a handsome man who embraced her and kissed her affectionately, saying, "You've disenchanted me and freed me from the power of the old woman, who is a wicked witch. She changed me into a tree, and for a few hours every day I was a white dove. As long as she possessed the ring, I couldn't resume my human form." Then all his servants and horses, whom she had likewise turned into trees, were also freed of the spell and stood beside him. Then they drove off to his kingdom, for he was a king's son, and they got married and lived happily.

124 The Three Brothers

Die drei Brüder

THERE WAS A MAN who had three sons and nothing in the way of property beyond the house he lived in. Now each of the sons would very much have liked their father's house after his death, but the father was as fond of one as of the other. He didn't know how to avoid hurting any of their feelings nor did he want to sell the house, for it had been his forebears'. Otherwise he'd have sold it and divided the money among them. Finally he hit on a plan and said to his sons, "Go out in the world and test yourselves. Let each learn a trade, and then when you come back, the one who puts on the best performance shall have the house."

The sons were satisfied with that. The eldest wanted to become a farrier, the second a barber, and the third a fencing-master. They fixed on a time to meet back home and went their ways. It happened that each found an excellent master from whom he learned something good and useful. The smith had to shoe the king's horses and thought, "Now you can't fail to get the house." The barber shaved only elegant gentlemen and likewise thought that the house was already his. The fencing-master received many a stroke, yet gritted his teeth and didn't let himself get discouraged, for he thought to himself, "If you're afraid of a blow, you'll never get the house." When the appointed time came round, they met again at their father's, but they didn't know how to get the best opportunity to display their skill, sat down together and took council. As they were sitting thus, a hare suddenly came running across the field. "My!" said the barber, "it comes at just the right moment," took his basin and soap, worked up a lather until the hare got near, then lathered it on the run and on the run shaved a turned-up moustache on it. While doing this he didn't cut it and didn't hurt one of its hairs. "I like that," said the father. "Unless the others go after it awfully hard, the house is yours." Before long a gentleman in a carriage came racing by at top speed.

"Now, father, you'll see what I can do," said the farrier, rushed after the carriage, ripped the shoes off the horse that was tearing along, and also on the tear put four new shoes on it. "You're an accomplished chap," said the father. "You do your job as well as your brother does his. I don't know whom I ought to give the house to." Then the third said, "Father, just give me a chance, too," and because it was beginning to rain, he drew his sword and made cross-cuts over his head so that not a drop fell on him. And as it began to rain harder and finally was pouring cats and dogs, he brandished his sword faster and faster and thus kept as dry as if he were sitting under cover. When the father saw that, he was astonished and said, "You've put up the best performance; the house is yours."

The two other brothers accepted the decision, as they had previously promised, and because they were very fond of one another, all three stayed together in the house and practised their trades. And since they were so well trained and so skillful, they earned a great deal of money. Thus they lived happily together to a ripe old age, and when one fell sick and died, the other two grieved so much over it that they, too, fell sick and soon died. Then, because they had been so skillful and so fond of each other, all three were laid together in one grave.

125 The Devil and His Grandmother

Der Teufel und seine Grossmutter

A GREAT WAR WAS ON, and the king had many soldiers but gave them such small pay that they couldn't live on it. Then three soldiers got together and planned to desert. One said to the other, "If we're caught, they'll hang us on the gallows. How shall we manage it?" The other said, "See the big rye field over there. If we hide in it, nobody in the world will find us. The army mayn't enter it and must move on tomorrow." They crept into the rye; the army, however, didn't move on but stayed encamped round

about it. For two days and two nights they sat in the rye and got so hungry that they almost died. Yet if they went out into the open, it was sure death for them. So they said, "Of what good is our deserting? We'll have to die here miserably." As they were speaking, a fiery dragon came flying through the air; it came down where they were and asked why they'd hidden there. They answered, "We're three soldiers and have deserted because our pay was small. If we stay here, we're bound to die, to dangle on the gallows if we leave the field." "If you'll serve me seven years," said the dragon, "I'll take you right through the army so that no one will catch you." "We have no choice and must accept your offer," they answered. Then the dragon took them in its claws, carried them off through the air over the army and set them down again on the ground far away.

The dragon, however, was none other than the Devil. He gave them a little whip and said, "If you snap and crack it, as much money as you want will dance about before you. Then you can live like great lords, keep horses, and drive in carriages; but when seven years are up, you'll be mine." Then he held out a book to them, in which all three had to sign their names. "However," he said, "before the time is up I shall in addition propound you a riddle; if you can guess it, you'll be free and released from my power." Then the dragon flew away, and they journeyed on with their little whip, had plenty of money, had themselves made gentlemen's clothes, and moved about in the world. Wherever they were, they lived in joy and splendor, drove with horses and carriages, ate and drank, but did no evil. Time passed quickly for them.

When the seven years were drawing to an end, two of them got very anxious and frightened, but the third took it lightly, saying, "Brothers, don't worry. There's nothing the matter with my head; I'll guess the riddle." They went out into the country, sat down there, and the two pulled long faces. Then an old woman came along who asked why they were so sad. "Oh, what business is it of yours? You can't help us anyhow." "Who knows?" she answered. "Just confide your trouble in me." Then they told her they'd been the Devil's servants for almost seven years. He'd provided them with money like nothing at all, but they'd signed themselves over to him and would become his if after the seven years they couldn't solve the riddle. "If you're to

be helped," said the old woman, "one of you must go into the forest, where he'll come to the caved-in side of a cliff that looks like a hut. He must go in and then he'll find help." The two gloomy fellows thought, "That won't save us either," and remained seated, but the third, the jolly chap, got up and went into the forest until he found the cliff-hut.

In the hut was sitting a very old woman: she was the Devil's grandmother and she asked him where he came from and what he wanted there. He told her everything that had happened, and because she took a great liking to him, she took pity and said she'd help him. She lifted up a big stone that lay over a cellar and said, "Hide there and you'll be able to hear everything that's said here. Just sit still and don't stir. When the dragon comes, I'll ask him about the riddle. He tells me everything. Then pay attention to what he answers." At twelve midnight the dragon came flying in and asked for his meal. His grandmother set the table and served him food and drink to his heart's content, and they ate and drank together. In the course of the conversation she then asked him how it had gone today and how many souls he'd got. "Things didn't go very well for me today," he answered. "However, I've bagged three soldiers; they're mine for certain." "O yes, three soldiers," she said. "They're cleverer than ordinary people; they may still get away from you." "They're mine," said the Devil scornfully. "I'm going to propound them a riddle which they'll never be able to guess." "What kind of a riddle?" she said. "I'll tell you: in the big North Sea is a dead monkey, that shall be their roast; a whale's rib shall be their silver spoon; and an old hollow horse-hoof shall be their wine glass." When the Devil had gone to bed, the old grandmother lifted up the stone and let the soldier out. "Did you pay close attention to everything?" "Yes," he said. "I know enough and shall manage quite all right." Thereupon he had to go out a different way—secretly through the window—and return with all speed to his companions.

He told them how the Devil had been tricked by his old grandmother and how he had heard from him the solution of the riddle. All were happy and in high spirits, took the whip, and whipped themselves up so much money that it danced about on the ground. When the seven years were quite up, the Devil came with the book, showed them their signatures, and said, "I'm going to take you with me to Hell, where you're to have a meal.

If you can guess what kind of a roast you're going to get, you'll be free and may also keep the little whip." Then the first soldier began, "In the big North Sea is a dead monkey; that will probably be our roast." The Devil was annoyed, went hm! hm! hm! and asked the second, "What's your spoon going to be?" "A whale's rib—that shall be our silver spoon." The Devil made a face, again growled hm! hm! hm! three times, and said to the third, "Do you, too, know what your wine glass is to be?" "An old horse-hoof." Then with a loud howl the Devil flew away and had no further power over them.

But the three soldiers kept the whip, whipped up as much money as they wanted, and lived happily until their end.

126 Loyal Ferdinand and Disloyal Ferdinand

Ferenand getrü und Ferenand ungetrü

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN and a woman who, as long as they were rich, had no children, but when they got poor, had a little boy. When they couldn't get a godfather for him, the husband said he'd go to the next town and see if he could get one there. As he was walking along, he met a poor man who asked him where he was going. He said he was going to see about getting a godfather: he was poor, and nobody was willing to stand sponsor for his child. "Oh," said the poor man, "you're poor and I'm poor. I'll stand sponsor, but I'm so poor that I can't give the child anything. Go tell the midwife just to come to the church with the child." When they all reached the church, the beggar was already there; he gave the child the name Loyal Ferdinand.

As he was leaving the church, the beggar said, "Now just go home; I can't give you anything, and you're not to give me anything, either." Nevertheless, he gave the midwife a key and told her to give it to the father when she got home, and that he should keep it until the child was fourteen years old. Then the child should go out on the heath; there'd be a royal mansion

there which the key would fit, and what was in it would belong to him. When the child was seven and had grown big and strong, he once went to play with some other boys; each had received more from his godfather than the next. The child, however, couldn't say anything, wept and went home and said to his father, "Didn't I get anything at all from my godfather?" "O yes," said the father. "You got a key. If there's a royal mansion out on the heath, just go and open it." He went there, but there was no sign of a mansion. Again seven years later, when he was fourteen, he went there a second time and on the heath stood a mansion. When he had opened it, there was nothing in it but a horse, a white horse. The boy was so happy to have the horse that he mounted it and raced to his father. "Now I've got a white horse, too," he said, "and now I, too, am going to travel about."

Then he set out and as he was riding along, there lay a quill on the road. First he was going to pick it up, but then bethought himself, "Oh, you'd better leave it. If you need to write, you'll certainly find a quill where you're going." As he was going on, a voice called out behind him, "Loyal Ferdinand, take it with you." He looked around but saw no one, then went back and picked it up. After riding on again for a while, he passed a body of water. A fish was lying on the bank gasping and panting for air; then he said, "Just a minute, my dear fish! I'll help you get into the water," picked it up by the tail and threw it into the water. Then the fish stuck its head out and said, "Because you helped me out of the muck, I'll give you a flute, and if at any time you drop something into the water, just play it and I'll hand it out to you." Now he rode away. Then a man came toward him who asked him where he was going. "Oh, to the next village." "What's your name?" "Loyal Ferdinand." "Why, we have almost the same name! Mine's Disloyal Ferdinand." They both went to the next village and into the tavern.

Now the bad thing was that Disloyal Ferdinand knew everything that anybody had thought and was going to do; he knew this through all kinds of evil arts. In the tavern there was a very fine girl who had an open countenance and such pleasant manners. She fell in love with Loyal Ferdinand because he was a handsome man and asked him where he was going. "Oh, I'm just traveling about." Then she said he really ought to stay right there: there was a king in that country who very much wanted

to engage a servant or an outrider and he ought to enter his service. He answered that he couldn't very well go to a person and offer his services. Then the girl said, "Oh, I'll do that, of course." Accordingly, she went straight to the king and told him that she knew of a fine servant for him. The king was delighted at that and had him come to him and wanted to make him a servant. Loyal Ferdinand preferred, however, to be an outrider, because where his horse was he had to be, too. So the king made him an outrider. When Disloyal Ferdinand learned of this, he said to the girl, "Just a minute! Are you going to help him along and not me?" "Oh," said the girl, "I'll help you along, too," thinking, "You must keep him as a friend, for he's not to be trusted." So she went before the king and offered him as a servant. The king was pleased with that.

Now in the morning when Disloyal Ferdinand used to dress his master, the latter would keep complaining, "Oh, if I only had my beloved with me!" Disloyal Ferdinand, however, always had a grudge against Loyal Ferdinand, and so once when the king was again complaining, he said, "Well, you've got your outrider. Send him there. He'll have to fetch her, and if he doesn't he'll have to be beheaded." Then the king had Loyal Ferdinand come to him and told him that in such and such a place he had a beloved; he was to fetch her for him, and if he didn't do it, he'd have to die. Loyal Ferdinand went into the stable to his white horse and wept and wailed, "Oh, what an unlucky person I am!" Then a voice called out behind him, "Loyal Ferdinand, why are you weeping?" He looked around but saw no one and kept on wailing, "Oh, my dear white horse, now I must leave you! Now I must die!" Then the voice again called, "Loyal Ferdinand, why are you weeping?" Then for the first time he noticed that it was his horse that was asking the question. "Are you doing that, horse? Can you talk?" and repeated, "I've got to go to such and such a place and fetch the bride. Do you perhaps know how I'm to do it?" Then the horse answered, "Go to the king and say, if he'll give you what you must have, then you'll get her for him: if he'll give you a shipload of meat and a shipload of bread, it will work. There will be big giants on the water: if you don't bring meat along for them, they'll tear you to pieces. And there will be big birds: they'd peck the eyes out of your head if you didn't have any bread for them."

Then the king had all the butchers in the land slaughter and all the bakers bake, so that the ships were filled. When they were full, the horse said to Loyal Ferdinand, "Now just mount me and go aboard with me. When the giants come, say;

'Easy, easy! my dear giants,
I've made good provision for you,
I've brought along something for you.'

And when the birds come, repeat,

'Easy, easy! my dear giants,
I've made good provision for you,
I've brought along something for you.'

Then they won't do anything to you, and when you come to the royal mansion, the giants will help you. Go up to the mansion and take a few giants with you. The princess will be lying there asleep, but you mustn't wake her up. Rather, the giants must pick her up along with the bed and carry her aboard."

Everything happened as the horse had said, and Loyal Ferdinand gave the giants and the birds what he had brought along for them. In return the giants were obliging and carried the princess in her bed to the king. On entering the king's presence, she said she couldn't love him; she'd have to have her papers that were still left in her mansion. Then at Disloyal Ferdinand's suggestion Loyal Ferdinand was summoned and the king commanded him on pain of death to fetch the papers from the royal mansion. Again he went to the stable and wept and said, "Oh, my dear white horse, now once more I must go away! How shall we do it?" Then the white horse said that they should again load the ship full, and it went as before, and the giants and the birds had their fill of meat and were appeased. When they reached the mansion, the horse told him to go into the princess' bedchamber and that the papers would be lying on the table. Loyal Ferdinand went and got them. When they were at sea, he dropped his quill in the water; then the horse said, "Now I can't help you." Then he remembered the flute and began to play it; then the fish came with the quill in its mouth and brought it to him. He brought the papers to the palace where the wedding was to be held.

The queen, however, couldn't love the king because he had no nose, but she could love Loyal Ferdinand very much. So once

when all the gentlemen of the court were assembled, the queen said that she, too, could do tricks, that she could cut off a person's head and put it back on, and that someone really ought to try it. Nobody wanted to be the first, so Loyal Ferdinand, again at Disloyal Ferdinand's suggestion, had to be the one. She cut off his head and put it back on him; it healed up immediately, so that it looked as if he had a red thread around his neck. Then the king said to her, "My dear, where did you learn that?" "Oh," she said, "I understand the trick. Shall I try it once on you, too?" "Yes, indeed," he said. Then she cut off his head and didn't put it back on, pretended she couldn't get it on and that it wouldn't stay put. Then the king was buried and she married Loyal Ferdinand.

But he always rode his white horse. Once when he was sitting on it, it told him to go to another heath which it would show him and then to race it around it three times. When he'd done that, the white horse stood up on its hind legs and changed into a king's son.

127 The Iron Stove

Der Eisenofen

IN THE DAYS when wishing still did some good, a king's son was enchanted by an old witch, so that he had to sit in a big iron stove in the forest. He spent many years there, and no one was able to disenchant him. Once a king's daughter came into the forest: she'd got lost and couldn't find the way back to her father's kingdom. She'd been wandering about like that for nine days and finally was standing in front of the iron box. Then a voice came out of it, asking her, "Where do you come from and where are you going?" "I've lost the way to my father's kingdom," she answered, "and can't get back home." Then the voice spoke from out of the iron stove, "I'll help you get back home, and in short order at that, if you'll agree in writing to do what I ask. I am the son of a greater king than he whose daughter you are, and I

want to marry you." She got frightened and thought, "Dear Lord, what shall I do with the iron stove!" But because she was so eager to get back home to her father, she agreed in writing to do what it demanded. Then he said, "You're to come back here, bring a knife with you, and scrape a hole in the iron." He gave her someone as an escort who walked beside her and didn't speak, and brought her home in two hours.

Now there was great rejoicing in the palace when the king's daughter returned, and the old king fell on her neck and kissed her. She was, however, very downcast and said, "Father dear, what a time I had! I shouldn't have got back home from out of the big wild forest if I hadn't walked past an iron stove. In return I had to agree in writing to come back to it, disenchant it and marry it." Then the old king was so frightened that he almost fell in a faint, for he had only the one daughter. Accordingly, they took council and planned to send in her place the miller's daughter who was considered to be beautiful. They brought her out there, gave her a knife, and told her to scrape away at the iron stove. She actually scraped for twenty-four hours but couldn't get the least bit of iron off. At daybreak, the voice in the iron stove called, "It seems to me it's day outside." Then she answered, "It seems so to me, too; I think I hear my father's mill clattering." "So you're a miller's daughter! Then get out of the forest at once and have the king's daughter come." She went away and told the old king that the thing out there didn't want her, that it wanted his daughter.

Then the old king was frightened, and the daughter wept. However, they still had a swineherd's daughter who was even more beautiful than the miller's daughter. They were willing to give her a good deal of money if she'd go to the iron stove in place of the king's daughter. So she was brought out there and she, too, had to scrape for twenty-four hours; but she didn't get any iron off. At daybreak, a voice in the stove cried, "It seems to me it's day outside." Then she answered, "It seems so to me, too; I seem to hear my father's horn blowing." "So you're a swineherd's daughter. Go away at once and have the king's daughter come. And tell her that what I promised her will happen to her: if she doesn't come, everything in the whole realm will fall to pieces and collapse, and not one stone will remain on top of another."

When the king's daughter heard that, she began to weep, but now there was nothing else to do, so she had to keep her promise. She said good-bye to her father, put a knife in her bag, and went to the iron stove out in the forest. When she got there, she began to scrape, and the iron yielded, and in two hours she'd already scraped a little hole. Then she peeked in and saw such a fine-looking young man—my! he was glistening with gold and jewels—that she fell straight in love with him. Now she kept on scraping and made the hole big enough for him to get out. Then he said, "You're mine and I'm thine. You're my bride and have disenchanted me."

He wanted to take her with him to his kingdom, but she begged to be allowed to go once again to her father. The king's son granted her this, but she wasn't to say more than three words to her father and then was to come back. So she went home, but she spoke more than three words. Then the iron stove forthwith disappeared and was moved far away over glass mountains and sharp swords; the king's son, however, was disenchanted and was no longer shut up in it. Then she said good-bye to her father and took some money with her, though not much, and went back into the big forest and looked for the iron stove. But it was not to be found. She searched for nine days, then she got so hungry that she didn't know what to do because she had nothing more to live on. When it was evening, she sat down up in a little tree, planning to spend the night there, because she was afraid of the wild animals. When midnight came, she saw from afar a little light and thought, "Oh, I'd surely be saved there," climbed down the tree, and walked toward the light. On the way she said her prayers.

She came to a little old cottage; a lot of grass had grown up around it, and there was a little pile of wood outside. "Alas!" she thought, "where have you got to?" looked in through the window and saw only fat little toads; but there was also a table prettily laid with wine and a roast, and the plates and tumblers were of silver. Then she plucked up courage and knocked. Immediately the fat toad cried,

"Maiden green and small,
Hop-toad,
Hop-toad's puppy!

Hop back and forth,
Look quick and see who's outside."

Then a little toad came along and opened the door for her. When she stepped in, all bade her welcome, and she had to take a seat. They asked, "Where do you come from? Where are you going?" Then she told everything that had happened to her and said, because she had disobeyed the command to say not more than three words, the stove had gone and the king's son as well. Now she was going to wander over hill and dale and search until she found him. Then the old fat toad said,

"Maiden green and small,
Hop-toad,
Hop-toad's puppy!
Hop back and forth,
Bring me the big box."

The little toad went and brought along the box. Afterward they gave her food and drink and took her to a nicely made bed that was like silk and velvet. She lay down in it and slept the sleep of the just. When day came, she got up, and the old toad gave her three pins from the big box. She was to take them along with her; she'd need them, because she had to pass over a high glass mountain and over three sharp swords, and across a large body of water. If she contrived that, she'd recover her beloved. In addition the toad gave her three objects which she was to guard well, namely, three big pins, a plough-wheel, and three nuts.

Thereupon she set out and, on reaching the glass mountain which was very slippery, stuck the three pins first behind her feet and then in front, and in that way got over it. When she was across, she put them in a place which she noted carefully. Next she came to the three sharp swords; there she got on her plough-wheel and coasted across. Finally she came to a large body of water and when she'd crossed that, found herself in a beautiful big mansion. She entered and applied for a job: she was a poor girl and very much wanted to hire out. (But she knew that the king's son was there, whom she had freed from the iron stove in the big forest.) She was engaged at a low wage as a kitchen maid.

Now the king's son already had another girl in mind whom he wanted to marry, for he thought that his former bride had

long since died. In the evening after she'd finished washing up and was through work, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts the old toad had given her. She bit one open and was going to eat the kernel—and lo and behold! there was a magnificent royal gown in it. When the bride heard about this, she begged for the gown and wanted to buy it, saying, "This is no dress for a servant girl." But the latter said no, she wouldn't sell it, but that she might have it if she'd let her do one thing, namely, sleep for one night in her bridegroom's chamber. The bride let her do this, for the gown was very beautiful, and she had none to compare with it. When it was evening, she said to her bridegroom, "The foolish maid wants to sleep in your room." "If you don't mind, I don't either," he said. Nevertheless, she gave the man a glass of wine in which she put a sleeping potion. Thus they both went to sleep in the chamber, and he slept so soundly that she couldn't wake him up. She wept all night and cried out, "I released you from the wild forest and an iron stove, I searched for you and went over a glass mountain, over three sharp swords, and across a big body of water before I found you, and even so you won't listen to me." The servants were sitting outside the chamber door and heard her weeping all night and in the morning told their master.

The next evening after finishing washing up, she bit the second nut open, and there was another and far more beautiful gown in it. When the bride saw that, she wanted to buy it, too, but the girl didn't want money and stipulated that she be allowed to sleep once more in the bridegroom's chamber. But the bride gave him a sleeping potion, and he slept so soundly that he couldn't hear anything. The kitchen maid, however, wept the whole night, crying out, "I released you from a forest and an iron stove, I searched for you and went over a glass mountain, over three sharp swords, and across a big body of water before I found you, and even so you won't listen to me." The servants were sitting outside the chamber door and heard her weeping all night and in the morning told their master.

On the third evening after finishing washing up, she bit the third nut open, and there was an even more beautiful dress in it, covered with pure gold. When the bride saw that, she wanted to have it, but the girl only surrendered it on the condition that she might sleep a third time in the bridegroom's chamber. The king's

son was now on his guard and passed up the drink. When she began to weep and cry out, "Dearest love, I freed you from the cruel wild forest and from an iron stove," the king's son jumped up and said, "You are the true bride; you're mine and I'm thine." Thereupon that very night he got into a carriage with her, and they took the false bride's clothes away, so that she couldn't get up. When they came to the great body of water, they ferried across and when they reached the three sharp swords, they got on the plough-wheel, and at the glass mountain they stuck the three pins in. Thus they finally reached the little old cottage. But when they went in, it was a great mansion: the toads were all disenchanted and were all king's children and were very happy. Then the wedding was celebrated, and they stayed on in the mansion, which was much bigger than her father's. But because the old king complained of having to live alone, they went and brought him to their place and had two kingdoms and led a happy married life.

Then a mouse came,
And the tale was finished.

128 The Lazy Spinning Woman

Die faule Spinnerin

IN A VILLAGE lived a man and his wife, and the wife was so lazy that she never wanted to do any work. Whatever her husband gave her to spin, she failed to finish, and whatever she did spin, she didn't reel off but left it wound up on the bobbin. When her husband scolded her, she always had a ready answer and would say, "My goodness, how can I reel when I haven't got a reel. You go first into the forest and get me one." "If that's what's the matter," said her husband, "I'll go into the forest and get some wood for one." Then the wife was afraid that if he had the wood, he'd make a reel and that she'd have to reel off the yarn and then start spinning afresh.

She reflected a bit, then a happy thought struck her and she followed her husband secretly into the forest. When he'd climbed a tree to select the wood and cut it, she crept into the bushes below where he could not see her and called up,

"Whoever cuts wood for a reel will die;
Whoever reels yarn on it will come to grief."

The man listened, laid down his ax for a moment and reflected on what that might possibly mean. "O well," he said finally, "what can it have been? You were just hearing things. Don't let yourself be needlessly frightened." Accordingly he took up his ax again and was about to start chopping when the voice again called up from below,

"Whoever cuts wood for a reel will die;
Whoever reels yarn on it will come to grief."

He stopped, got frightened and scared and thought about the matter. However, after a few minutes he plucked up courage again, reached for the ax for the third time, and was about to start chopping. But for the third time a voice called out and said loudly,

"Whoever cuts wood for a reel will die;
Whoever reels yarn on it will come to grief."

Then he'd had enough of it and lost all enthusiasm and hurriedly climbed down the tree and set out for home. His wife ran as fast as she could through the bypaths in order to get home first. When he stepped into the living room, she was all innocence—as if nothing had happened—and said, "Well, have you brought a good stick for a reel?" "No," he said, "it's clear to me we must give up the idea of your reeling," told her what had happened to him in the forest, and from then on left her in peace about it.

Soon after, however, the husband again began to get annoyed at the mess in the house. "Woman," he said, "it's a perfect disgrace to leave your spun yarn there on the bobbin. 'Do you know what?' she said. 'Since we haven't managed to contrive a reel, you get up in the loft and I'll stand down below. Then I'll throw the bobbin up to you and you throw it down and that way there'll be a skein just the same.'" "Yes, that will be all right," said her husband. So they did this. When they had finished, he said, "Now

the yarn is skeined; now it must be scoured as well." Again the wife got alarmed and said, "Yes, we'll scour it the first thing tomorrow morning." Nevertheless, she thought up a new trick. Early in the morning she got up, made a fire, and put the kettle on, but instead of yarn she put in a lump of tow and let it boil. Then she went to her husband who was still in bed and said to him, "I've got to go out for a bit. While I'm out, you get up and look to the yarn that's in the kettle on the fire. But you must do it in time—now pay attention!—for if the cock crows and you haven't attended to it, the yarn will turn into tow." Not wanting to leave anything undone the husband was prompt, got up as quick as he could and went into the kitchen. But when he reached the kettle and looked in, to his alarm he saw only a lump of tow. Then the poor husband kept as still as a mouse, thought that he'd blundered and was to blame in the matter, and in the future said nothing about yarn or spinning.

But you yourself must admit that she was a horrid woman.

129 The Four Skillful Brothers

Die vier kunstreichen Brüder

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR MAN who had four sons. When they grew up, he said to them, "Dear children, now you must go out in the world. I have nothing to give you. Set out and go abroad, learn a trade and see how you fare." Then the four brothers got ready for their journey, said good-bye to their father, and went out the gate together. When they'd been traveling for some time, they came to a crossroads which led in four different directions. "Here we must part," said the eldest, "but four years from today let's meet again at this spot and in the meanwhile try our luck."

Each went his way, and the eldest met a man who asked him where he was going and what he intended to do. "I want to learn a trade," he answered. Then the man said, "Come with me and become a thief." "No," he answered, "that's no longer consid-

ered a reputable trade, and the end of the story is that one swings for it." "Oh," said the man, "you needn't be afraid of the gallows: I'll simply teach you how to fetch what nobody else can get, and where no one will get on your track." He let himself be persuaded, under the man's schooling became an expert thief, and acquired such skill that once he really wanted it, nothing was safe from him. The second brother met a man who put the same question to him: what did he want to learn abroad. "I don't know yet," he answered. "Well, come with me and become an astronomer. There's nothing better than that; nothing stays hidden from one." He accepted the proposal and became so skilled an astronomer that when he was through studying and was going to move on, his master gave him a telescope and said to him, "With this you can see what goes on on earth and in the heavens, and nothing can stay hidden from you." The third brother was taken as an apprentice by a huntsman who gave him such good instruction in everything that had to do with huntsmanship that he became an expert huntsman. On parting, the master made him a present of a gun, saying, "It doesn't miss. Whatever you train the bead on, you're sure to hit." The youngest brother, likewise, met a man who spoke to him and asked him his plans. "Don't you want to become a tailor?" "I don't know," said the boy. "Sitting cross-legged from morning to night, sweeping back and forth with the needle, and using the goose doesn't appeal to me." "My goodness!" answered the man, "you talk according to your lights. You'll learn a very different kind of tailoring from me, one that's respectable and proper, in a way quite reputable." He let himself be persuaded, went along with him, and learned the man's trade from the bottom up. On parting, the latter gave him a needle, saying, "With this you can sew up whatever you're faced with, be it soft as an egg or hard as steel. It will become all one piece and not a stitch will show."

When the four years agreed upon were up, the four brothers met at the same time at the crossroad, embraced and kissed one another, and returned home to their father. "Well," said the latter, "what wind blew you all back here to me at once?" They told him how they'd fared and that each had learned his trade. One afternoon they were sitting outside the house under a big tree, when their father said, "Now I'm going to test you and see

what you can do." Looking up, he said to the second son, "Up there in the top of this tree between two branches is a chaffinch's nest. Tell me how many eggs are in it." The astronomer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five." To the eldest the father said, "Fetch down the eggs without disturbing the broody bird that's sitting on them." The skillful thief climbed up and took the five eggs from under the bird, which noticed nothing and remained quietly sitting there, and brought them down to his father. His father took them, placed one at each corner of the table and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "Shoot the five eggs in two in the middle with one shot." The huntsman aimed his gun and shot the eggs as his father requested—all five, and actually with one shot. (He must certainly have had some of that gunpowder that shoots around a corner.) "Now it's your turn," said the father to the fourth son. "You sew the eggs together again, also the young birds that are in them, and in just such a way that the shot will have done them no harm." The tailor got his needle and sewed as his father had requested. When he'd finished, the thief had to carry the eggs back up the tree into the nest and put them under the bird again without its noticing anything. The little creature sat her full time, and a few days later the chicks crept out of the eggs and where the tailor had sewed them together had a red line around their necks. "Yes," said the father to his sons, "I can't but praise you to the skies. You've improved your time and learned something useful and good. I can't say which of you deserves the palm. If you only get a chance soon to apply your skill, it will become apparent enough."

Not long after there was a great commotion in the country: the king's daughter had been carried off by a dragon. The king grieved over this night and day and announced that whoever brought her back should have her in marriage. Amongst themselves the four brothers said, "That would be a chance to show off our skills," and wanted to set out together and free the king's daughter. "I'll soon find out where she is," said the astronomer, who, looking through his telescope, said, "I already see her; she's sitting far away from here on a rock in the sea, and beside her is the dragon who is guarding her." Then he went to the king and begged for a ship for himself and his brothers, and with them journeyed across the sea until they came to the rock.

The king's daughter was sitting there, but the dragon was lying asleep in her lap. "I mustn't shoot," said the huntsman. "I'd kill the beautiful maiden at the same time." "Then I'll try my luck," said the thief, crept up and stole her from under the dragon but so quietly and deftly that the monster noticed nothing and just snored on. Joyfully they hurried with her aboard the ship and headed for the open sea. The dragon, however, who on waking up missed the king's daughter, came after them, snorting furiously through the air. When it was hovering right over the ship and was about to pounce upon it, the huntsman aimed his gun and shot it through the heart. The monster dropped dead but it was so terribly big that in its fall it smashed the whole ship to bits. Luckily they got hold of a few planks and swam about in the open sea. Thus they were again in dire straits, but the tailor, never slow on the job, took his marvelous needle, hastily basted the planks together with a few big stitches, got on them and gathered up all the pieces of the ship. These, too, he sewed together so skillfully that in short order the ship was again ready to sail, and they were able to travel home safely.

When the king saw his daughter again, there was great rejoicing. He said to the four brothers, "One of you shall have her in marriage, but settle among yourselves which it's to be." Then a violent argument arose among them, for each advanced his claims. The astronomer said, "If I hadn't seen the king's daughter, all your arts would have been in vain: therefore she's mine." The thief said, "What good would seeing her have done if I hadn't got her out from under the dragon? Therefore she's mine." The huntsman said, "You and the king's daughter would have been torn to pieces by the monster if my bullet hadn't hit it: therefore she's mine." The tailor said, "And if I hadn't patched up the ship for you with my skill, you would all have drowned miserably: therefore she's mine." Then the king made the award: "Each of you has an equal claim, and because you can't all have the maiden, none of you shall have her. However, as a reward I shall give each one half a kingdom." This decision pleased the brothers, and they said, "It's better so than that we should fall at odds." Then each received half a kingdom, and they lived very happily with their father as long as it pleased God.

130 One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three-Eyes

Einäuglein, Zweiäuglein und Dreiäuglein

THERE WAS A WOMAN who had three daughters. The eldest was called One-Eye because she only had a single eye in the middle of her forehead, the middle daughter was called Two-Eyes because she had two eyes like other human beings, and the youngest was called Three-Eyes because she had three eyes; in her case, too, the third eye was right in the middle of her forehead. But because Two-Eyes didn't look any different from other people, her sisters and her mother couldn't abide her. "You with your two eyes!" they'd say to her. "You're no better than the common run of people. You don't belong to us." They pushed her about, threw her poor cast-off clothes, only gave her their left-overs to eat, and hurt her in every way they could.

Once Two-Eyes had to go out in the fields and tend the goat, but she was still very hungry because her sisters had given her so little to eat. She sat down on a balk and began to weep and wept so hard that two little brooks flowed from her eyes. When once in her distress she looked up, a woman was standing beside her, who asked, "Two-Eyes, why are you weeping?" Two-Eyes answered, "I have good reason to weep. Because I have two eyes like other people, my sisters and my mother can't abide me, push me from corner to corner, throw me old cast-off clothes, and only give me their left-overs to eat. Today they gave me so little that I'm still very hungry." The wise woman said, "Two-Eyes, dry your face. I'll tell you something so you won't be hungry any more. Just say to your goat,

'Goat, bleat!
Table, be set.'

Then a nicely set table will be standing before you with the finest food upon it, so that you can eat to your heart's content.

When you've eaten your fill and don't need the table any longer, just say,

'Goat, bleat!
Table, be gone!'

Then it will disappear again before your eyes." Thereupon the wise woman went away. Now Two-Eyes thought, "I must try at once and see if what she said is true, for I'm far too hungry," and said,

"Goat, bleat!
Table, be set!"

Scarcely had she uttered the words when a table was standing there, covered with a white cloth, on it a plate and knife and fork and silver spoon. On it were the finest dishes, steaming and still warm, as if they'd just come from the kitchen. Then Two-Eyes repeated the shortest grace she knew, "Lord God, be our guest at all times. Amen," helped herself and enjoyed it greatly. And when she'd had her fill, she said, as the wise woman had taught her,

"Goat, bleat!
Table, be gone!"

Immediately the table and everything on it vanished again. "That's a fine way to keep house," thought Two-Eyes and was very happy and in good spirits. In the evening when she came home with the goat, she found an earthenware bowl with food that her sisters had put out for her. She didn't touch it, however. The next day she again went out with her goat and left untouched the few scraps that had been offered her. The first time and the second time the sisters didn't notice it at all, but when it happened every time, they did take notice and said, "Things aren't right with Two-Eyes. She leaves the food untouched every time, and yet she used to eat up everything that was offered her. She must have found other ways and means."

To get at the truth of the matter, when Two-Eyes drove the goat to pasture, One-Eye was to go along and see what she did out there, and whether anyone brought her any food or drink. Now when Two-Eyes set out again, One-Eye went to her and

said, "I'm going along into the fields to see that the goat is properly tended and driven to where the grass is good." Two-Eyes saw, however, what One-Eye had in mind and, driving the goat out to the tall grass, said, "Come, One-Eye, let's sit down. I'll sing you something." One-Eye sat down and was tired from the unaccustomed walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-Eyes kept singing,

"One-Eye, are you awake?
One-Eye, are you asleep?"

Then One-Eye shut her one eye and fell asleep. When Two-Eyes saw that One-Eye was fast asleep and couldn't reveal anything, she said,

"Goat, bleat!
Table, be set!"

sat down at her table, and ate and drank her fill. Then again she called out,

"Goat, bleat!
Table, be gone!"

and everything at once vanished. Two-Eyes now woke One-Eye up and said, "One-Eye, you want to tend the goat and fall asleep doing it! Come, let's go home." They went home, and Two-Eyes again left her bowl untouched, and One-Eye was unable to reveal to her mother why she wouldn't eat, saying by way of excuse, "I fell asleep out there."

The next day the mother said to Three-Eyes, "This time you're to go and find out whether Two-Eyes eats out there, and if anybody brings her food and drink, because she must be eating and drinking on the sly." Then Three-Eyes went to Two-Eyes and said, "I'm going along to see whether the goat's properly tended and driven to where the grass is good." But Two-Eyes saw what Three-Eyes had in mind and, driving the goat out to the tall grass, said, "Let's sit down here, Three-Eyes. I'll sing you something." Three-Eyes sat down and was tired from the walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-Eyes again began the song she'd sung before and sang,

"Three-Eyes, are you awake?"

but instead of now singing, as she should have done,

"Three-Eyes, are you asleep?"

she inadvertently sang,

"Two-Eyes, are you asleep?"

and kept singing,

"Three-Eyes, are you awake?"

Two-Eyes, are you asleep?"

Then two of 'Three-Eyes' eyes closed and went to sleep, but the third eye, because it wasn't addressed by the little rhyme, didn't go to sleep. To be sure, Three-Eyes closed it, but only as a trick, just as if it had gone to sleep with the others. Nevertheless, it blinked and could see everything very well indeed. When Two-Eyes thought that Three-Eyes was fast asleep, she said her little rhyme,

"Goat, bleat!

Table, be set!"

ate and drank to her heart's content and then bade the table be gone again, saying,

"Goat, bleat!

Table, be gone!"

Three-Eyes had seen everything. Then Two-Eyes went to her, woke her up and said, "My, Three-Eyes! Did you fall asleep? You're a good goatherd! Come, let's go home." When they got home, again Two-Eyes ate nothing, and Three-Eyes said to her mother, "Now I know why the proud creature doesn't eat. When she says to the goat out there,

'Goat, bleat!

Table, be set!"

then a table stands before her set with the best food, much better than what we have here. And when she's eaten her fill, she says,

'Goat, bleat!

Table, begone!"

and everything vanishes. I saw it all quite clearly. She put two of my eyes to sleep with a little rhyme, but the one in my forehead luckily stayed awake." Then the envious mother cried, "Do you think you're going to live better than we? You'll lose your taste for that!" fetched a butcher's knife and stuck it into the goat's heart so that it dropped dead.

When Two-Eyes saw that, she went sadly out, sat down on a balk in the field, and wept bitter tears. Suddenly the wise woman was again standing beside her and said, "Two-Eyes, why are you weeping?" "I have good reason to weep," she answered. "My mother stabbed to death the goat which set my table so beautifully every day when I recited your little rhyme. Now I'll have to suffer from hunger and sorrow again." "Two-Eyes," said the wise woman, "I'll give you a good piece of advice: ask your sisters to give you the entrails of the slaughtered goat and bury them in the earth outside the front door. It will bring you luck." She disappeared, and Two-Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, please give me some part of my goat. I don't ask for anything that's any good; just give me the entrails." Then they laughed and said, "You may have them if that's all you want." Two-Eyes took the entrails and in the evening, according to the wise woman's instructions, buried them secretly outside the front door.

The next morning when they were all awake and stepped outside the front door, there stood a wonderful and splendid tree with leaves of silver, and hanging among them fruit of gold more beautiful and more delicious than anything in the whole wide world. They didn't know how the tree had got there in the night, but Two-Eyes saw that it had grown out of the goat's entrails, for it was standing on the exact spot where she'd buried them in the earth. Then the mother said to One-Eye, "Climb up, my child, and pick the fruit for us." One-Eye climbed up, but as she was about to take hold of one of the gold apples, the branch flew out of her hands. That happened every time, so that she wasn't able to pick a single apple, no matter how she stood. Then the mother said, "Three-Eyes, you climb up. With your three eyes you can look about better than One-Eye." One-Eye slid down and Three-Eyes climbed up, but she was no more skillful, and watch as sharp as she might, the gold apples always drew away. Finally the

mother grew impatient and herself climbed up but could get hold of the fruit no better than One-Eye and Three-Eyes and just kept reaching into space. Then Two-Eyes said, "I'll go up. Perhaps I'll be more successful." "You with your two eyes!" cried the sisters. "What do you think you can do?" Nevertheless, Two-Eyes climbed up, and the gold apples didn't draw away from her but of their own accord lowered themselves into her hand so that she was able to pick one after another, and brought down a whole apron full. Her mother took them away from her, and instead of treating poor Two-Eyes any better on this account, as they should have done, her mother and One-Eye and Three-Eyes were merely jealous that she alone was able to get the fruit and were only the harsher with her.

Once when they were standing together by the tree, a young knight happened to come by. "Quick, Two-Eyes! creep under there, so we won't have to be ashamed of you," and in all haste tipped an empty cask that was right by the tree over poor Two-Eyes and also shoved under it the gold apples which she had picked. When the knight got nearer, he turned out to be a handsome gentleman who stopped, admired the splendid gold and silver tree, and said to the two sisters, "Who does this beautiful tree belong to? Whoever will give me a branch from it may in return ask for what they want." Then One-Eye and Three-Eyes answered that the tree was theirs and that, of course, they'd break off a branch for him. They both worked hard at it but couldn't do it, for every time the branches and fruit drew away from them. Then the knight said, "It's certainly strange that the tree belongs to you and yet you haven't got the power to break anything off it." They insisted that the tree was theirs. While they were talking thus, Two-Eyes pushed a few gold apples out from under the cask so that they rolled to the feet of the knight, for Two-Eyes was angry that One-Eye and Three-Eyes weren't telling the truth. When the knight saw the apples, he was astonished and asked where they came from. One-Eye and Three-Eyes answered that they had another sister who wasn't, however, allowed to appear because she had only two eyes like other ordinary people. But the knight demanded to see her and cried, "Two-Eyes, come out!" Then Two-Eyes came quite happily out from under the cask, and the knight marveled at her great beauty and said,

"You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a branch of the tree for me." "Yes," answered Two-Eyes, "of course I can do that, for the tree belongs to me." She climbed up and with next to no trouble broke off a branch with fine silver leaves and gold fruit and handed it to the knight. Then the knight said, "Two-Eyes, what shall I give you in return?" "Alas," answered Two-Eyes, "from early morning till late at night I suffer from hunger and thirst, trouble and distress. If you'll take me with you and free me, I'd be happy." Then the knight lifted her onto his horse and took her to his father's mansion. There he gave her fine clothes, food and drink to her heart's content, and because he loved her so, he had the marriage benediction said over them, and the wedding was celebrated amid great rejoicing.

When Two-Eyes was carried off this way by the handsome knight, the two sisters at first very much envied her her luck. "However, the wonderful tree remains in our hands," they thought. "Even if we can't pick any fruit from it, just the same everybody will stop in front of it, come to us, and praise it. Who knows where our luck may yet lie!" But the next morning the tree had vanished and with it their hopes, and when Two-Eyes looked out of her chamber, there to her great joy it was standing outside and thus had followed her.

Two-Eyes lived happily for a long time. Once two poor women came to her at the mansion and begged for alms. Two-Eyes looked at them closely and recognized her sisters One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had got so poor that they were wandering about and had to beg for bread from door to door. Two-Eyes bade them welcome, however, was kind to them and looked after them, so that both regretted deeply the wrong they had done to their sister in their youth.

131 Pretty Katy and Pif-Paf-Poltrie

Die schöne Katrinelje und Pif Paf Poltrie

"GOOD DAY, Father Elder-Tea." "Thanks so much, Pif-Paf-Poltrie." "Might I possibly marry your daughter?" "O yes, you may if Mother Milch-Cow, Brother Haughty-Proud, Sister Cheese-Deer, and pretty Katy are willing."

"Where is Mother Milch-Cow?"

"She's in the barn milking the cow."

"Good day, Mother Milch-Cow." "Thanks so much, Pif-Paf-Poltrie." "Might I possibly marry your daughter?" "O yes, you may if Father Elder-Tea, Brother Haughty-Proud, Sister Cheese-Deer, and pretty Katy are willing."

"Where is Brother Haughty-Proud?"

"He's in the shed chopping wood."

"Good day, Brother Haughty-Proud." "Thanks so much, Pif-Paf-Poltrie." "Might I possibly marry your sister?" "O yes, you may if Father Elder-Tea, Mother Milch-Cow, Sister Cheese-Deer, and pretty Katy are willing."

"Where is Sister Cheese-Deer?"

"She's in the garden cutting herbs."

"Good day, Sister Cheese-Deer." "Thanks so much, Pif-Paf-Poltrie." "Might I possibly marry your sister?" "O yes, you may if Father Elder-Tea, Mother Milch-Cow, Brother Haughty-Proud, and pretty Katy are willing."

"Where is pretty Katy?"

"She's in her room counting her pennies."

"Good day, pretty Katy." "Thanks so much, Pif-Paf-Poltrie." "Will you be my sweetheart?" "O yes, I will if Father Elder-Tea, Mother Milch-Cow, Brother Haughty-Proud, and Sister

Cheese-Dear are willing." "Pretty Katy, how much dowry have you got?" "Fourteen pennies in cash, two and a half farthings due me, half a pound of dried fruit, a handful of pretzels, a handful of roots.

And so it was:
Isn't that a good dowry?"

"Pif-Paf-Poltrie, what trade do you know? Are you a tailor?" "Much better than that." "A shoemaker?" "Much better than that." "A plowman?" "Much better than that." "A joiner?" "Much better than that." "A smith?" "Much better than that." "A miller?" "Much better than that." "A broommaker, perhaps?" "Yes, that's what I am. Isn't that a fine trade?"

132 The Fox and the Horse

Der Fuchs und das Pferd

A FARMER had a faithful horse that had grown old and could no longer do its work. Its master didn't want to feed it any more and said, "I certainly can't use you any longer. Just the same, I have your interest at heart: show that you're still strong enough to bring me a lion, and I'll keep you, but for the present get out of my stable." Thereupon he chased it out into the fields.

The horse was sad and went to the forest to seek a little shelter from the weather. There he met a fox who said, "Why are you hanging your head and walking about in so solitary a fashion?" "Alas," answered the horse, "greed and loyalty do not live together in one dwelling. My master has forgotten the services I rendered him for so many years, and because I really can't plow any more, he will no longer feed me and has chased me away." "Without a word of consolation?" asked the fox. "The consolation was cold: he said if I was still strong enough to bring him a lion, he'd keep me, but he knows well enough that I can't do that." "I'll help you out of this," said the fox. "Just lie down,

stretch out, and don't move—as if you were dead.” The horse did what the fox ordered.

The fox, however, went to a lion whose den was not far off and said, “There’s a dead horse out there. Just come with me and you can have a big meal.” The lion went with the fox, and as they were standing by the horse, the fox said, “It really isn’t very convenient for you here. Do you know what? I’ll tie it to you by its tail so that you can drag it into your den and consume it in perfect peace and quiet.” The lion liked the idea, took up its position, and kept very quiet so the fox could tie the horse to it. But the fox tied the lion’s legs together with the horse’s tail and twisted and laced it all so thoroughly and firmly that it couldn’t possibly be pulled apart by force. When the fox had finished its work, it tapped the horse on the shoulder and said, “Pull, horse, pull!” Then the horse gave a sudden jump and dragged the lion away with it. The lion began to roar so loud that all the birds in the forest flew up in the air in terror, but the horse let it roar, pulled and dragged it over the fields to its master’s door. When the master saw that, he thought better of himself and said to the horse, “You’re to stay with me and live comfortably,” and gave it all it wanted to eat until it died.

133 The Worn-Out Dancing-Slippers

Die zertanzten Schuhe

THERE WAS ONCE A KING who had twelve daughters, each more beautiful than the other. They slept together in a big room where their beds stood side by side, and at night when they were in bed, the king would shut the door and bolt it. But when he’d open the door in the morning, he’d see that their slippers were worn out from dancing, and no one could discover how that had happened. Then the king had it proclaimed that whoever could find out where they danced during the night might choose one of them as his bride and be king after him. If, however, anybody

presented himself and didn't find out after three days and three nights, his life would be forfeit.

It wasn't long before a king's son presented himself and offered to undertake the venture. He was well received and at night was conducted to a room adjoining the maidens' bed-chamber. His bed was set up there, and he was to watch out and see where they went and danced. In order that they might do nothing secretly or go out anywhere else, the chamber door, too, was left open. Nevertheless, the eyes of the king's son got as heavy as lead, and he fell asleep. When he woke up in the morning, all twelve had been to the dance, for their slippers were there and had holes in the soles. It went no differently the second and the third night, and then his head was struck off without mercy. Many more came after that and presented themselves for the venture, but all were fated to lose their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who was suffering from a wound and could no longer do military service, found himself on the way to the city where the king dwelt. There he met an old woman who asked him where he was going. "I really don't know myself," he said and added jokingly, "I'd like to find out where the king's daughters wear out their slippers dancing, and thus become king." "That's not so hard," said the old woman. "You mustn't drink the wine that will be brought you at night, and you must pretend to have gone fast asleep." Thereupon she gave him a little cloak and said, "When you put that on, you'll be invisible and can then stalk the twelve maidens."

When the soldier got this good advice, he took the matter seriously, plucked up courage, went before the king and presented himself as a suitor. He was received as well as the others had been and was dressed in royal clothes. That evening at bedtime he was led to the anteroom and when he was going to bed, the eldest daughter came and brought him a tumbler of wine. He had, however, tied a sponge under his chin, let the wine run into it, and didn't drink a drop. Then he lay down and after lying there a while, began to snore as if he were sleeping very soundly. The king's twelve daughters heard it and laughed, and the eldest said, "He, too, might have saved his life." Then they got up, opened wardrobes, chests, and boxes, and got out splendid clothes. They decked themselves out before the mirrors, skipped about, and looked forward joyfully to the dance. But the

youngest said, "I don't know. You're happy, but I have a strange feeling: a misfortune is surely going to befall us." "You're a perfect goose," said the eldest, "always scared! Have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already been here in vain? I really needn't have given the soldier a potion; the lout wouldn't have waked up anyway."

When they were all ready, they first took a look at the soldier, but he had his eyes shut, neither moved nor stirred, and they believed that they were now quite safe. Then the eldest went to her bed and knocked on it. Immediately it sank into the floor, and they climbed down through the opening, one after the other, the eldest leading the way. The soldier, who had seen the whole thing, didn't hesitate long, threw on his cloak, and climbed down with them, following the youngest. Halfway down the stairs he stepped slightly on her dress. Then she got frightened and cried, "What's that? Who's holding my dress?" "Don't be so silly," said the eldest. "You caught on a hook." They went all the way down and when they were at the bottom, found themselves in a most splendid avenue of trees; all the leaves were of silver and glistened and shone. "You'd better take a token along with you," thought the soldier and broke off a branch. Then a tremendous crackling noise issued from the tree, and again the youngest cried, "Things aren't right! Did you hear the report?" But the eldest said, "Those are shots of joyful celebration because we shall soon have freed our princes." Next they came to an avenue of trees where all the leaves were of gold, and finally to a third where they were of clear diamonds. From both these he broke off a branch, and each time there was a report, so that the youngest started in terror. The eldest, however, maintained that they were shots of joyful celebration. They went on and came to a big body of water; on it were twelve skiffs and in each skiff was sitting a handsome prince. They had been waiting for the twelve maidens, and each took one to himself, while the soldier got in with the youngest. Then the prince said, "I don't know! The boat's much heavier today, and I have to row as hard as I can to make any headway." "What can be the cause of that but the warm weather?" said the youngest. "I feel quite warm, too." On the other side of the water stood a beautiful mansion, brightly lighted, from which came a jolly sound of drums and trumpets. They rowed across, went in, and each prince danced with his

beloved, and the soldier danced along invisibly. Whenever one of the maidens was holding a tumbler of wine, he'd drain it dry by the time she got it to her mouth. The youngest was worried about that, too, but the eldest kept silencing her. They danced there till three the next morning; then all the slippers were worn through from dancing, and they had to stop. The princes brought them back across the water, and this time the soldier sat up front by the eldest. On the shore they took leave of their princes and promised to come back the following night. When they got to the stairs, the soldier ran ahead and lay down in his bed, and when the twelve came tripping slowly and wearily in, he was already again snoring so loud that they could all hear it. "We're safe as far as he's concerned," they said. Then they took off their fine clothes, put them away, placed the worn-out dancing slippers under their beds and lay down.

The next morning the soldier decided not to say anything but rather to observe the strange business some more, and went again on the second and third nights. It was all like the first time, and each time they danced until their slippers were in shreds. The third time he took along a tumbler as a token.

When the hour arrived when he was to answer up, he took the three branches and the tumbler and went before the king while the twelve maidens stood behind the door and listened to what he might say. When the king put the question, "Where did my daughters wear out their dancing slippers during the night?" he answered, "With twelve princes in an underground mansion," reported how it happened and took out the tokens. Then the king had his daughters come and asked them if the soldier had told the truth. When they saw that they were betrayed and that there was no use denying it, they had to confess everything. Then the king asked him which one he wanted to marry. "I'm no longer young," he answered, "so give me the eldest." The wedding was celebrated that very same day, and the kingdom was promised him after the king's death.

The princes were again enchanted for as many days as the number of nights they had danced with the twelve maidens.

134 The Six Servants

Die sechs Diener

LONG, LONG AGO there lived an old queen. She was an enchantress, and her daughter was the most beautiful maiden under the sun. But the old woman thought only of how she might lure people to their destruction, and whenever a suitor turned up, she said that whoever wanted to marry her daughter would first have to perform a certain task or die. Many were dazzled by the maiden's beauty and indeed took the risk, but they couldn't carry out the task the old woman assigned them. Then no favor was shown: they had to kneel down, and their heads were struck off.

There was a king's son who also had heard of the maiden's great beauty and said to his father, "Let me go there. I want to sue for her hand." "Never in the world," answered the king. "If you go, it will be your death." Then the son took to his bed and became mortally ill and lay there for seven years, and no doctor could help him. When the father saw that there was no more hope, sad of heart he said to him, "Go and try your luck. I know of no other way to help you." When the son heard this, he rose from his bed, got well, and set out joyfully.

As he was riding across a heath, it happened that he saw from afar something like a big hay pile on the ground, and as he got nearer, he was able to make out that it was the belly of a man who had stretched out there. The belly, however, looked like a small mountain. When the fat man saw the traveler, he straightened up and said, "If you need someone, take me in your service." The king's son answered, "What can I do with such an unwieldy man?" "Oh," said the fat man, "that's just nothing. When I really stretch myself out, I'm three thousand times as fat." "If that's the way it is," said the king's son, "I can use you. Come along with me."

Then the fat man walked along behind the king's son, and

after a while they found another man, lying on the ground with his ear to the grass. "What are you doing there?" asked the king's son. "I'm listening," answered the man. "What are you listening to so attentively?" "I'm listening to what's going on in the world right now, for nothing escapes my ear. I even hear the grass grow." The king's son asked, "Tell me, what do you hear at the court of the old queen who has the beautiful daughter?" "I hear the swish of the sword that's striking off a suitor's head," he answered. "I can use you," said the king's son. "Come along with me."

They went on and by and by saw a pair of feet lying there, also part of the legs, but they couldn't see where they ended. After going on quite a way, they came to the body and finally reached the head, too. "Myl!" said the king's son, "what a long string-bean you are!" "Oh," answered the tall man, "that's nothing. When I stretch my limbs out properly, I'm three thousand times as long and taller than the highest mountain in the world. I'll gladly serve you if you will take me on." "Come along," said the king's son. "I can use you."

They went on and found a man sitting by the wayside with his eyes blindfolded. The king's son said to him, "Are your eyes so weak that you can't look into the light?" "No," answered the man. "I mustn't take off the bandage, because my look is so powerful that whatever I look at with my eyes bursts to pieces. If that can be of any use to you, I'll gladly serve you." "Come along," answered the king's son. "I can use you."

They went on and found a man lying in the hot sun, and his whole body was freezing cold and shaking so that not a limb was still. "How can you be freezing in this warm sunshine?" said the king's son. "Oh," answered the man, "my nature is of quite a different sort: the hotter it is, the more I freeze, and the frost pierces my very marrow. And the colder it is, the hotter I get; in the midst of ice I can't stand it for the heat, nor in the midst of fire for the cold." "You're a strange fellow," said the king's son, "but if you're willing to serve me, then come along."

Now they went on and saw a man stretching his neck way out, looking about and out over all the mountains. "What are you looking at so eagerly?" said the king's son. The man answered, "My eyes are so keen that I can see over all forests and fields, val-

leys and mountains, and throughout the whole world." "If you want to," said the king's son, "then come with me, for I'm still one short."

With his six servants the king's son now went into the city where the old queen lived. He didn't tell who he was but said, "If you will give me your beautiful daughter in marriage, I'll carry out whatever task you set me." The enchantress was delighted that such a handsome young man had again fallen into her snares and said, "I'll set you three tasks; if you accomplish all three, you will become my daughter's lord and master."

"What may the first be?" he asked. "That you fetch me a ring that I dropped into the Red Sea." Then the king's son went back to his servants and said, "The first task isn't easy: a ring has to be fetched out of the Red Sea. Now for some advice!" Then the man with the keen eyes said, "I'll see where it is," looked down into the sea and said, "It's caught there on a pointed rock." The tall man carried them there and said, "I'd easily get it out if only I could see it." "Is that all there's to it!" cried the fat man, lay down, and put his mouth to the water. Then the waves flowed into it as into an abyss and he drank up the whole sea so that it got as dry as a meadow. The tall man bent over a little and took the ring out with his hand. Now when he had the ring, the king's son was happy and brought it to the old queen. She was astonished and said, "Yes, that's the right ring."

"You've accomplished the first task successfully, but now comes the second. You see the meadow over there in front of my palace? Three hundred fat oxen are grazing on it: you must consume them hide and hair, bones and horns. And down in the cellar are three hundred casks of wine that you must also drink up. If one hair is left from the oxen or one single drop of wine, your life will be forfeited to me." "Can't I invite any guests? A meal without company has no taste." The old woman laughed maliciously and answered, "You may invite one person to keep you company, but not another one." Then going to his servants the king's son said to the fat man, "Today you shall be my guest and for once in your life eat your fill." Then the fat man extended himself and ate the three hundred oxen so that not a hair was left and asked if there wasn't going to be anything but breakfast. He drank the wine right out of the casks without needing a glass, and swallowed down the last drop.

When the meal was over, the king's son went to the old woman and told her that the second task was accomplished. She marveled, saying, "Up to now nobody has got that far, but there's still one task left," thinking, "You won't escape me and won't keep your head on." "This evening," she said, "I shall bring my daughter to you in your room, and you're to put your arms about her, and while you're sitting there together, watch out not to fall asleep. I shall come at the stroke of twelve, and if then she's no longer in your arms, you've lost out." "That task is easy," thought the king's son. "Of course I'll keep my eyes open." Nevertheless, he called his servants, related to them what the old woman had told him, and said, "Who knows what trick lies behind this! Caution is advisable: you keep watch and see to it that the maiden doesn't get out of my room again." When evening came, the old woman brought her daughter and put her in the arms of the king's son. Then the tall man coiled himself around the two of them, while the fat man took up a position outside the door so that not a living soul could get in. There they both sat, and the maiden didn't say a word, but the moon shone through the window on her face so that he could see her marvelous beauty. He did nothing but look at her, was filled with joy and love, and no weariness fell upon his eyes. That lasted till eleven, then the old woman cast a spell over them all so that they fell asleep, and at that moment, too, the maiden was spirited away. They slept soundly till a quarter to twelve, then the magic lost its power and they all woke up again. "Oh, alack, alas!" cried the king's son. "Now I am lost!" The faithful servants, too, began to lament, but the Listener said, "Be still! I'm going to listen," listened a minute then said, "She's sitting in a rocky crag three hundred hours' walk from here and is lamenting her fate. Tall Man, you alone can help us. If you stand up at full length, you'll be there in a couple of strides." "Yes," answered the tall man, "but the man with the keen eyes has got to come along with me so that we can get the crag out of the way." Then the tall man took the blindfolded man on his back, and in no time at all they were in front of the enchanted crag. As soon as the tall man took the bandage off the other's eyes and the latter looked about, the crag burst into a thousand pieces. Then the tall man took the maiden in his arms, carried her back in a trice, fetched his companion just as quickly, and before it struck twelve, they were all

seated again as before and were merry and in high spirits. When twelve struck, the old enchantress came creeping up, made a mocking face as if to say, "Now he's mine," and thought that her daughter was sitting in the crag three hundred hours away. But when she saw her daughter in the arms of the king's son, she was terrified and said, "There is one who is mightier than I." However, she could raise no objection and had to concede the maiden to him.

Then she whispered in the maiden's ear, "Disgraceful you have to obey common people and are not allowed to pick a husband to your liking!" Then the maiden's proud heart was filled with anger and she plotted revenge. The next morning she had three hundred cords of wood brought, said to the king's son that the three tasks had been accomplished, but that she wouldn't become his wife until someone was willing to sit in the middle of the pile of wood and endure the fire. She didn't suppose that any of his servants would burn themselves up for him, and that for love of her he himself would sit down in it, and that then she'd be free. But the servants said, "We've all done something except the frosty man. Now he, too, must do something." They put him in the middle of the pile of wood and lighted it. The fire began to burn and burned for three days until all the wood was consumed, and when the flames died down, the frosty man was standing in the middle of the ashes, shaking like an aspen leaf and saying, "I've never endured such a frost in my life, and if it had lasted any longer, I'd have been frozen stiff."

Now there was no escaping it, and the beautiful maiden had to marry the unknown youth. But as they were driving to church, the old woman said, "I can't stand the disgrace!" and dispatched her soldiers after them: they were to lay everything low that came in their path and bring her back her daughter. The Listener, however, had pricked up his ears and heard the old woman's secret words. "What shall we do?" he said to the fat man. The latter had a plan and once or twice spit out behind the carriage part of the Red Sea water that he'd drunk. Then a big lake was formed, through which the soldiers couldn't advance and in which they drowned. When the enchantress learned of this, she sent her mailed riders, but the Listener heard the rattle of their mail and unbandaged the other man's eyes. The latter looked a bit hard at the enemy, and then they burst to pieces like so much glass.

Now they drove on undisturbed. When the couple received the blessing in the church, the six servants took their leave, saying to their master, "Your wishes are fulfilled, you no longer need us, so we shall go along and seek our fortune."

A half an hour's walk from the royal residence was a village, outside of which a swineherd was tending his pigs. On arriving there the king's son said to his wife, "Do you really know who I am? I'm not a king's son but a swineherd, and the man over there with the herd is my father. You and I must get to work, too, and help him tend the pigs." They put up at the inn, and he secretly told the inn-people to take away her royal clothes during the night. When she woke up in the morning, she had nothing to put on, and the inn-keeper's wife gave her an old skirt and a pair of old woolen stockings, at the same time acting as if it were a great present and saying, "If it wasn't for your husband, I shouldn't have given you the things at all." Then she believed he really was a swineherd, tended the herd with him, and thought, "I've deserved it on account of my arrogance and pride." That lasted for a week, then she could stand it no longer for her feet had got sore. Then some people came and asked if she knew who her husband was. "Yes," she answered, "he's a swineherd and has just gone out to do a little business with ribbons and laces." "Well, come along with us," they said. "We're going to take you to him," and brought her up to the royal mansion. When she entered the great hall, there stood her husband in royal clothes. She didn't recognize him, however, until he fell on her neck and kissed her, saying, "I suffered so much for you. It was right that you, too, should suffer for me."

Only now was the wedding celebrated, and the person who told the story wished he'd been there, too.

135 The White and the Black Bride

Die weisse und die schwarze Braut

A WOMAN was walking across the fields with her daughter and stepdaughter to cut fodder. Then the dear Lord came toward them in the guise of a poor man and asked, "Which is the way to the village?" "If you want to know," said the mother, "look for it yourself," and her daughter added, "If you're worried about not finding it, take along a signpost." But the stepdaughter said, "Poor man, I'll take you. Come with me." Then the dear Lord got angry at the mother and daughter, turned His back on them and enchanted them so that they turned black as night and as ugly as sin. But the Lord was gracious to the poor stepdaughter and went with her, and when they were near the village, He uttered a blessing over her and said, "Choose three things for yourself; I'll grant them to you." Then the girl said, "I'd very much like to become as beautiful and pure as the sun," and forthwith she was white and beautiful like the day. "Then I'd like to have a purse that would never get empty." The dear Lord gave her that, too, but said, "Don't forget the best thing." "As the third thing," she said, "I wish for myself the Eternal Kingdom of Heaven after my death." That, too, was granted her, and thus the dear Lord parted from her.

When the stepmother and her daughter got home and saw that they were both coal-black and ugly, while the stepdaughter was white and beautiful, the stepmother's malice rose even higher in her heart and she thought of nothing but how she might in some way harm the girl. Now the stepdaughter had a brother named Reginer, whom she loved very much, and she told him everything that had happened. On one occasion Reginer said to her, "Dear sister, I want to paint a picture of you so that I can always see you before my eyes, for my love for you is so great that I should like to look at you always." Then she answered, "But please don't let anybody see the picture." He made a painting of his

sister and hung the picture in his room; he lived in the king's palace because he served the latter as coachman. Every day he used to go and stand before the picture and thanked God for his dear sister's good fortune.

Now the wife of the king whom he served had just died, and she had been so beautiful that it wasn't possible to find her equal, and the king grieved deeply over this. The court servants noticed, however, that the coachman used to stand every day before the beautiful picture, begrudged him it, and reported the matter to the king. Then the latter had the picture brought to him, and when he saw that it was in every particular like his deceased wife, though even more beautiful, he fell violently in love with it. He had the coachman come before him and asked whose picture it was. The coachman said it was his sister. Then the king decided to marry no other woman than her, gave him a carriage and horses and splendid gold-adorned clothes and dispatched him to fetch his chosen bride. When Reginer arrived with the message, his sister rejoiced, but the black girl was envious of this good fortune, was vexed beyond measure, and said to her mother, "What's the use of all your arts if you can't contrive similar good luck for me?" "Be still!" said the woman. "I'll turn it your way, of course." By her witch's craft she bleared the coachman's eyes so that he was half blind and stopped up the white girl's ears so that she was half deaf. Then they got into the carriage, first the bride in the splendid royal clothes, then the stepmother and her daughter, while Reginer sat on the box and drove. When they'd been going a while, the coachman cried,

"Cover yourself, sister dear,
so the rain won't wet you,
the wind not make you dusty,
so you'll reach the king in fine style."

"What is my dear brother saying?" asked the bride-to-be. "Oh," said the old woman, "he said you were to take off your gold dress and give it to your stepsister." She took it off and put it on the black sister, who gave her a wretched grey smock in its place. Thus they drove on farther. After a little while her brother again cried out,

"Cover yourself, sister dear,
so the rain won't wet you,

the wind not make you dusty,
so you'll reach the king in fine style."

"What is my dear brother saying?" asked the bride. "Oh," said the old woman, "he said you were to take off your gold head-dress and give it to your sister." She took off her headdress and put it on the black sister and sat with nothing on her hair. Thus they drove on farther. After a little while her brother again cried,

"Cover yourself, sister dear,
so the rain won't wet you,
the wind not make you dusty,
so you'll reach the king in fine style."

"What is my dear brother saying?" asked the bride. "Oh," said the old woman, "he said you should just take a look out of the carriage." At that very moment they were driving across a bridge over a deep stream. Now as the bride stood up and leaned out of the carriage, they both pushed her out, so that she pitched right into the water. The very instant she sank out of sight, a snow-white duck rose on the surface of the water and swam downstream. The brother hadn't noticed any of this and drove the carriage on till they reached the court. There he brought the black girl to the king as his sister and thought she really was his sister, because he was blear-eyed and yet saw the gold clothes gleaming. When the king saw the complete hideousness of his intended bride, he got very angry and ordered the coachman thrown into a pit full of adders and snakes. Nevertheless, the old witch knew how to captivate the king and by her arts blear his eyes so that he kept her and her daughter, indeed, so that she seemed quite tolerable to him and he really married her.

One evening when the black bride was sitting on the king's lap, a white duck came swimming into the kitchen through the drain and said to the scullery boy,

"Little boy, kindle a fire
so that I may warm my feathers."

The scullery boy did so and made a fire for it on the hearth. Then the duck came and sat down by it, shook itself, and preened its feathers with its bill. As it was thus sitting and making itself comfortable, it asked,

"What's my brother Reginer doing?"

The scullery boy answered,

"He's prisoner in the pit
among adders and snakes."

It enquired further,

"What's the black witch doing in the house?"

The scullery boy answered,

"She's sitting nice and cozy
in the king's arms."

Said the duck,

"God have mercy!"

and swam out the drain.

The next evening it came again and put the same questions, and again the third evening. Then the scullery boy could bear it no longer, went to the king, and revealed all to him. The king wanted to see it for himself, went there the next evening, and when the duck stuck its head in through the drain, took his sword and cut its neck through. Then it suddenly turned into a most beautiful girl just like the picture her brother had made of her. The king rejoiced, and because she was standing there all wet, had splendid clothes brought and put on her. Then she told him how she'd been tricked by guile and duplicity and finally thrown into the river. Her first request was that her brother be taken out of the snake-pit. After the king had fulfilled this request, he went into the room where the old witch was sitting and asked, "What does a woman deserve who does thus and so?" and related what had happened. She was so beguiled that she didn't notice anything and said, "She deserves to be stripped naked and put in a barrel studded with nails, and that a horse be hitched to the barrel and turned loose." All that happened to her and to her black daughter. But the king married the white and beautiful bride and rewarded the loyal brother by making him a wealthy and distinguished man.

136 Iron John

Der Eisenhans

THERE WAS ONCE A KING by whose castle was a big forest in which roamed all kinds of game. On one occasion he sent out a huntsman to shoot a roedeer, but he didn't come back. "Perhaps he's met with an accident," said the king and on the following day sent out two other huntsmen to look for him. But they, too, remained away. On the third day he summoned all his huntsmen and said, "Range through the whole forest and don't stop until you've found all three." But not one of these came home, either, nor was there a sign of a single one of the pack of hounds they'd taken with them. From then on no one was any longer willing to venture into the forest, and it lay there in deep silence and solitude, and only from time to time did one see an eagle or a hawk flying over it. That went on for many years.

Then a foreign huntsman presented himself to the king, sought a position, and offered to go into the perilous forest. The king, however, was unwilling to give his consent, saying, "The forest is haunted. I'm afraid you'll fare no better than the others and won't get out of it again." "Sir," replied the huntsman, "I'm willing to do it at my own risk; I don't know the meaning of fear." So with his dog the huntsman betook himself into the forest. Before long the dog got on the trail of a deer and was going to chase it, but scarcely had it run a few paces when it was standing before a deep pool and could go no farther. Then a naked arm reached out of the water, seized it, and dragged it down. When the huntsman saw that, he went back and fetched three men who had to come with pails and ladle out the water. When they could see bottom, a wild man was lying there whose body was as brown as rusty iron and whose hair hung down over his face and reached to his knees. They bound him with cords and led

him away to the palace. Everybody marveled greatly at the wild man, and the king had him put in an iron cage in his courtyard and on pain of death forbade the door of the cage to be opened. The queen herself had to take charge of the key. From now on everybody could again go safely into the forest.

The king had an eight-year-old son. Once he was playing in the courtyard, and while at play his gold ball fell into the cage. The boy ran up and said, "Hand me out my ball." "Not till you've opened the door for me," answered the man. "No, I won't do that; the king's forbidden it," said the boy and ran off. The next day he came back and demanded his ball. The wild man said, "Open my door," but the boy wouldn't. On the third day when the king had gone hunting, the boy came again and said, "Even if I was willing to, I couldn't open the door. I haven't the key." Then the wild man said, "It's under your mother's pillow; you can get it there." The boy, who wanted to have his ball back, threw all scruples to the winds and brought the key. The door opened hard, and the boy jammed his finger. When it was open, the wild man stepped out, gave him the gold ball, and hurried away. The boy got frightened, shouted and called after him, "Oh, wild man, don't go away. If you do, I'll get a beating." The wild man turned around, picked him up, put him on his shoulders, and with swift strides went into the forest. On returning home the king noticed the empty cage and asked the queen how that had happened. She knew nothing about it, looked for the key, but it was gone. She called the boy, but no one answered. The king sent out people to look for him in the fields, but they didn't find him. Then he had no trouble guessing what had taken place, and great grief reigned at the royal court.

When the wild man reached the dark forest again, he set the boy down from his shoulders and said to him, "You'll not see your father and mother again, but I'll keep you with me because you freed me and I'm sorry for you. If you do everything I tell, you'll get along all right. I have plenty of treasures and gold, more, indeed, than anybody in the world." He made the boy a bed of moss on which he went to sleep. The next morning the man led him to a well and said, "Look, the gold well is bright and clear as crystal. You're to sit there and see that nothing falls in; otherwise it will be

defiled. Every evening I'll come and see if you've obeyed my command." The boy sat down on the edge of the well, saw how sometimes a gold fish, sometimes a gold snake appeared there, and watched out that nothing fell in. As he was sitting thus, his finger once hurt him so that he involuntarily stuck it in the water. He drew it out again quickly but saw that it was completely gilded over, and no matter how hard he tried to wipe the gold off again, it was all in vain. In the evening Iron John came back, looked at the boy and said, "What happened to the well?" "Nothing, nothing," he answered and kept his finger behind his back so that Iron John shouldn't see it. But the man said, "You dipped your finger in the water. This time we'll let it go, but watch out that you don't let anything fall in again." At the crack of dawn the boy was already sitting by the well and guarding it. Again his finger hurt him and he rubbed it on his head; then unluckily a hair fell into the well. He took it quickly out, but it was already completely gilded. Iron John arrived and already knew what had happened. "You let a hair drop into the well," he said. "I'll overlook it in you once more, but if it happens a third time, the well will be dishonored, and you can no longer stay with me." On the third day the boy was sitting by the well and didn't move his finger, however much it still hurt him. Time passed slowly for him, and he looked at the reflection of his face in the water, and as at the same time he kept leaning farther and farther over and wanted to look himself straight in the eye, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the water. He straightened up quickly, but his whole shock of hair was already gilded and shone like the sun. You can imagine how frightened the poor boy was. He took his handkerchief and tied it around his head so that the man shouldn't see it. When Iron John arrived, he already knew everything and said, "Untie the handkerchief!" Then the gold hair welled out, and however much the boy apologized, it did no good. "You've not stood the test and you can't stay here any longer. Go out in the world where you'll find out what poverty is like. But because at heart you are not bad and I have only good intentions toward you, I'll grant you one thing: if you get into trouble, go to the forest and call 'Iron

John.' Then I'll come and help you. My power is great, greater than you imagine, and I have gold and silver to spare."

Then the king's son left the forest and kept following beaten and unbeaten trails until he finally came to a big city. There he looked for work but couldn't find any and had, besides, learned nothing to earn his living by. Finally he went to the palace and asked if they would keep him. The court people didn't know what they could use him for, but they took a fancy to him and bade him stay. Finally the chef took him in service and said he might carry wood and water and sweep up the ashes. Once when no one else was on hand, the chef ordered him to carry the dishes to the royal board, but since he didn't want to let his gold hair be seen, he kept his cap on. Nothing like that had ever happened to the king before, and he said, "When you come to royal board, you must take off your hat." "Alas, sir," he answered, "I can't. I have a bad scab on my head." Then the king had the chef summoned, scolded him and asked how he could have engaged such a boy: he was to dismiss him at once. The chef felt sorry for him, however, and exchanged him for the gardener's boy.

Now the boy had to plant and water the garden, hoe and dig, and put up with wind and bad weather. Once in the summer when he was working alone in the garden, the day was so hot that he took off his cap to let the breeze cool him off. When the sun shone on his hair, it gleamed and sparkled so that the rays fell in the bedchamber of the king's daughter and she jumped up to see what it was. She spied the boy and called to him, "Boy, bring me a bunch of flowers." In all haste he put on his cap, picked wild flowers and tied them together. As he was going up the stairs with them, he met the gardener, who said, "How can you be bringing the king's daughter a bunch of poor flowers? Hurry up and get others and pick out the fairest and rarest." "O no," answered the boy, "the wild flowers smell stronger and will please her better." When he entered her room, the king's daughter said, "Take off your cap; it's not proper for you to keep it on in my presence." Again he answered, "I mustn't; my head's scabby." But she grabbed for the cap and pulled it off. Then his gold

hair rolled down on his shoulders and was a magnificent sight. He was about to run away, but she held him by the arm and gave him a handful of ducats. He went off with them, thought nothing, however, of the gold, but brought it to the gardener, saying, "I'm making your children a present of it; they can play with it." The next day the king's daughter again called to him to bring her a bunch of wild flowers, and as he came in with it, she immediately grabbed for his cap and was going to take it away from him. But he held it tight with both hands. Again she gave him a handful of ducats, but he wouldn't keep them and gave them to the gardener as playthings for his children. The third day was no different: she couldn't get his cap away from him, and he didn't want her gold.

Not long after, a war swept over the land. The king assembled his forces and didn't know whether he'd be able to resist the enemy, who was superior in power and had a big army. Then the gardener's boy said, "I'm grown up and want to go along to the war; just give me a horse." The others laughed and said, "When we're gone, look for one for yourself. We'll leave you one in the stable." When they'd gone, he went into the stable and took out the horse; it was lame in one foot and hobbled along plunk-plunk. Nevertheless, he mounted it and rode off into the dark forest. On reaching the edge of the forest he called out "Iron John!" three times so loud that it rang through the trees. The wild man appeared immediately and said, "What do you demand?" "I demand a strong steed, because I want to go to the war." "You shall have that and even more than you demand." The wild man went back into the forest, and before long a groom came out of the forest leading a steed that snorted through its nostrils and could hardly be held in check. And behind followed a great warrior band, all in iron armor and their swords gleaming in the sun. The boy turned his three-legged horse over to the groom, mounted the other and rode at the head of the troop. As he drew near the battle field, a large part of the king's people had already fallen and the others were on the point of having to give way. Then the youth raced up with his iron troop, overrode the enemy like a storm, and struck down everybody who resisted him. They wanted to

flee, but the youth had the upper hand and didn't stop until not a single man was left. However, instead of returning to the king, he led his troop by roundabout ways back to the forest and summoned Iron John. "What do you demand?" the wild man asked. "Take back your steed and your troop and give me my three-legged horse again." Everything he demanded was done, and he rode home on his three-legged horse. When the king returned to his palace, his daughter went to meet him and congratulated him on his victory. "It's not I who gained the victory," he said, "but a foreign knight who came to my aid with his troop." The daughter wanted to know who the foreign knight might be, but the king didn't know and said, "He pursued the enemy, and I haven't seen him since." She enquired of the gardener for his boy, but the former laughed and said, "He's just come home on his three-legged horse. The others have been making fun of him and calling out, 'Here comes our Plunk-Plunk again back.' They also asked, 'Behind which hedge have you been lying asleep all the while?' But he said, 'I did the best thing and without me things would have gone badly.' Then they laughed at him more than ever."

The king said to his daughter, "I'm going to have a great festival announced: it's to last three days, and you are to throw a gold apple. Perhaps the unknown man will come along." When the festival was announced, the youth went out to the forest and called Iron John. "What do you demand?" he asked. "To catch the princess' gold apple." "You've as good as caught it already," said Iron John. "In addition you shall also have a red outfit and ride on a fine bay." When the day arrived, the boy galloped up, took his place among the knights and was recognized by no one. The king's daughter stepped forward and threw a gold apple to the knights, but he alone caught it. However, as soon as he had it, he raced away. For the second day Iron John had him fitted out as a white knight and given a white horse. Again he alone caught the apple, didn't stop a minute, however, but raced away with it. The king grew angry and said, "That mustn't be! He must appear before me and give his name." He ordered, if the knight who caught the apple again made off, that they should set out after him and, if he didn't turn back of his own accord, to hit him

and stab at him. On the third day he received a black outfit from Iron John and a black horse, and he also again caught the apple. When he raced away with it, the king's people pursued him, and one got so near him that he wounded his leg with the point of his sword. Nevertheless, he escaped, but his horse jumped so violently that his helmet fell off his head, and they could see that he had gold hair. They rode back and reported everything to the king.

The following day the king's daughter asked the gardener about his boy. "He's working in the garden. The queer chap was at the festival, too, and didn't get back till yesterday evening. He also showed my children three gold apples he'd won." The king ordered him into his presence. He appeared and again had his cap on his head, but the king's daughter went up to him and took it off him. Then his gold hair fell over his shoulders, and he was so handsome that everybody was astonished. "Are you the knight who came to the festival every day, always in a different color, and who caught the three apples?" asked the king. "Yes," he answered, "and there are the apples," took them out of his pocket and handed them to the king. "If you want further proof, you can see the wound that your people inflicted on me when they pursued me. And I am also the knight who helped you to victory over your enemies." "If you can perform such deeds, you're no gardener's boy. Tell me, who is your father?" "My father is a mighty king, and I have gold aplenty and as much as I simply ask for." "I plainly see," said the king, "that I owe you a debt of gratitude. Can I do you any favor?" "Yes," he answered, "indeed you can. Give me your daughter in marriage." Then the maiden laughed and said, "He doesn't stand on ceremony! But I've already seen from his gold hair that he's no gardener's boy." Then she went up and kissed him. His mother and father came to the wedding and were very happy, for they had already given up hope of seeing their dear son again. When they sat down at the wedding table, the music suddenly stopped, the doors opened, and a proud king stepped in with a great retinue. He went up to the boy and embraced him, saying, "I am Iron John and was turned into a wild man by witchcraft, but you have disenchanted me. All the treasures I possess shall be your property."

137 The Three Black Princesses

De drei schwatten Prinzessinnen

THE TOWN OF EAST INDIA was under siege by an enemy who wouldn't leave it before receiving six hundred dollars. Then they had it publicly announced that whoever could raise the amount should become mayor. There was a poor fisherman who with his son was fishing on the sea. The enemy came and captured the son and gave his father six hundred dollars compensation. Then the father went and gave it to the lords of the city. The enemy withdrew and the fisherman became mayor. Then it was proclaimed that whoever failed to address the mayor with "Your Honor" should be executed on the gallows.

The son got out of the hands of the enemy again and came to a great forest on a high mountain. The mountain opened, and he went into a big enchanted mansion where chairs, tables, and benches were all draped in black. Then came three princesses clad entirely in black and with only a little white in their faces. They told him not to be frightened, that they wouldn't do anything to him, and that he could free them. He said he'd gladly do that if he only knew how. Then they said that for a whole year he wasn't to speak to them nor should he look at them. Anything he very much wanted he should just mention; if they were permitted to give an answer, they'd do so.

After he'd been there for a time, he said he'd like to go to his father's. Then they said he should do as follows: take along this purse of money, put on these clothes, and that he'd have to be back there in a week. Then he was picked up and was at once in East India. He could no longer find his father in the fishing hut and asked the people where the poor fisherman was. They told him he mustn't say that or he'd find himself on the gallows. He got to his father and said, "Fisherman, where have you risen to?" Then his father said,

"You mustn't say that. If the lords of the city hear it, you'll find yourself on the gallows." But he simply wouldn't stop and was taken to the gallows. When he got there, he said, "Oh, my lords, please grant me leave to go once again to the old fishing hut." Then he put on his old smock and, coming back to the lords, said, "Now just look carefully! Am I not a poor fisherman's son? In this garb I earned my mother's and father's daily bread." Then they recognized him and begged his forgiveness and took him along to his house. He told them everything as it had happened to him: how he'd gone into the forest on a high mountain, then the mountain had opened, then he'd entered an enchanted mansion where everything was black, and three princesses had come there who were black except for a little white in their faces. They had told him not to be frightened and that he could free them. Then his mother said it mightn't be safe, that he should take a consecrated taper along and let some hot wax drip in their faces.

He went back and felt very shivery and dripped some wax in their faces while they were asleep, and they were already half white. Then all three princesses jumped up and said, "The cursed dog! Our blood will cry out for revenge. Now there is no man born on earth, or will be born, who can free us. We still have three brothers who are bound in seven chains; they'll tear you to pieces." Then there was a screeching noise in the whole mansion, and he managed to jump out the window and broke his leg.

The mansion sank back into the earth, the mountain was closed again, and no one knows where it used to be.

138 Knoest and His Three Sons

Knoist un sine dre Sühne

BETWEEN WERREL AND SOEST [in Westphalia] there lived a man called Knoest. He had three sons: one was blind, the other

lame, and the third stark naked. Once they were walking across the fields and saw a hare. The blind son shot it, the lame son caught it, and the naked son put it in his pocket. Then they came to a great tremendous body of water on which were three boats: one was leaky, the other sank, and the third had no bottom. They all went aboard the boat with no bottom. Then they came to a great tremendous forest in which was a great tremendous tree. In the tree was a tremendously big chapel; in the chapel was a hornbeam sexton and a boxwood parson, who sprinkled the holy water with cudgels.

"Lucky is the man
Who can dodge the holy water."

139 The Girl from Brakel

Dat Mäken von Brakel

A GIRL FROM BRAKEL [near Paderborn] once went to the chapel of St. Anne below Hindenburg, and because she very much wanted a husband and thought that there was no one else in the chapel, she sang:

"O holy Saint Anne,
Help me get a husband quick!
You know him, of course;
He lives outside the Suttmer Gate,
Has yellow hair.
You know him, of course."

But the sexton was standing behind the altar and heard that and cried in a squeaky voice, "You won't get him, you won't get him." The girl thought that the little Mary, who was beside Mother Anne, had called out that. Then she got angry and cried, "Nonsense, stupid brat! Keep your mouth shut and let your mother talk."

140 The Domestic Servants

Das Hausgesinde

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" "To Woelpe [near Nienburg on the Weser]." "I'm going to Woelpe, you're going to Woelpe; then let's go together."

"Have you a husband, too? What's your husband's name?" "Cham." "My husband is Cham, yours is Cham; I'm going to Woelpe, you're going to Woelpe; then let's go together."

"Have you a child, too? What's your child's name?" "Scab." "Mine is Scab, yours is Scab; my husband is Cham, yours is Cham; I'm going to Woelpe, you're going to Woelpe; then let's go together."

"Have you a cradle, too? What's your cradle's name?" "Hippodeige." "My cradle is Hippodeige, your cradle is Hippodeige; my child is Scab, your child is Scab; my husband is Cham, your husband is Cham; I'm going to Woelpe, you're going to Woelpe; then let's go together."

"Have you a servant? What's your servant's name?" "Fix-It-Up." "My servant is Fix-It-Up, your servant is Fix-It-Up; my cradle is Hippodeige, your cradle is Hippodeige; my child is Scab, your child is Scab; my husband is Cham, your husband is Cham; I'm going to Woelpe, you're going to Woelpe; then let's go together."

141 The Lamb and the Fish

Das Lämmchen und Fischchen

THERE WAS ONCE A BROTHER and a sister. They loved each other dearly, but their real mother was dead and they had a step-mother who wasn't kind to them and secretly hurt them in every way. It happened that the two were playing with other children on a meadow before the house, and in the meadow was a pond which came up to one side of the house. The children were running around it, catching each other, and playing a counting-out game:

"Eenie, meenie, let me live
And I'll give you my bird;
Bird will get me straw,
Straw I'll give the cow;
Cow will give me milk,
Milk I'll give the baker;
Baker will bake me a cake,
Cake I'll give the cat;
Cat will catch me mice,
Mice I'll hang up and smoke
and cut them up."

While doing this they'd stand in a circle and on whomever the word "up" fell, he had to run off and the others would chase him and catch him. As they were thus happily skipping about, the stepmother watched from the window and was vexed. Since she understood witchcraft, she transformed them both, the brother into a fish, the sister into a lamb. Then the fish swam about in the pond and was sad, and the lamb walked about in the meadow and was sad, ate nothing and didn't touch so much as a blade of grass. Thus a long time passed, and then strangers came as guests to the mansion. The false-hearted stepmother thought, "Now is the right moment," called the chef, and said to him, "Go get the lamb from the meadow and

slaughter it; we have nothing else for the guests." Then the chef went and got the lamb and led it into the kitchen and tied its feet; it bore it all patiently. When the chef had got out his knife and was sharpening it on the sill in order to kill the lamb, it saw a fish swimming back and forth in the water outside the kitchen drain and looking up at it. That was the brother; for, when the fish had seen the chef leading the lamb away, it had swum along in the pond up to the house. Then the lamb called down,

"O brother in the deep lake,
How, indeed, my heart does ache!
The chef is sharpening his knife
To pierce me through the heart."

The fish answered,

"O little sister way up there,
How, indeed, my heart does ache
In this deep lake!"

When the chef heard that the lamb could talk and was calling such sad words down to the fish, he got frightened and thought it couldn't be any ordinary lamb but that it must have been bewitched by the evil mistress of the house. Then he said, "Don't worry! I shan't slaughter you," took another animal and prepared it for the guests and, taking the lamb to a good farmer's wife, told her everything he'd seen and heard. Now the farmer's wife happened to have been the little sister's nurse, and guessing at once who it probably was, went with the lamb to a wise woman. Then the wise woman said a blessing over the lamb and the fish, by which means they recovered their human forms. Afterward she took them both to a little hut in a big forest, where they lived in solitude but were happy and content.

142 Mount Seseli

Simeliberg

THERE WERE TWO BROTHERS, one rich, the other poor. But the rich brother gave the poor brother nothing, and he had to eke out a wretched living dealing in grain. Things often went so badly for him that he had no bread for his wife and children. Once he was going through a forest with his wheelbarrow and noticed to one side a big bald mountain, and because he had never seen it before, he stopped and looked at it with amazement. As he was standing thus, he saw twelve big wild men arrive and, supposing that they were robbers, he pushed his wheelbarrow into the bushes, climbed a tree, and waited to see what would happen. Then the twelve walked up to the mountain and called out, "Mount Sesame, Mount Sesame, open up!" Forthwith the bald mountain opened in the middle and the twelve went in; once they were inside, it shut. After a short time, however, it opened again, and the men came out carrying heavy sacks on their backs. When they were all out again in the daylight, they said, "Mount Sesame, Mount Sesame, close up!" Then the mountain closed and the entrance was no longer visible and the twelve went away.

When they were quite out of sight, the poor man climbed down the tree and was curious to know what secret things were really hidden in the mountain. So he walked up to it and said, "Mount Sesame, Mount Sesame, open up!" and the mountain opened before him, too. Then he stepped inside and the whole mountain was a cavern filled with gold and silver and in back were great piles of pearls and sparkling gems heaped up like so much grain. The poor man had no idea what to do and whether he might take any of the treasure for himself. Finally, he filled his pockets with gold, leaving the pearls and precious stones. On coming out again he likewise

said, "Mount Sesame, Mount Sesame, close up!" Then the mountain closed, and he went back home with his wheelbarrow.

Now he had no further need to worry and with his gold could buy bread and wine, too, for his wife and child; he lived happily and decently, gave to the poor, and was kind to everyone. But when the gold was used up, he went to his brother, borrowed a bushel measure, and got some more. Just the same, he touched no part of the really great treasures.

When for the third time he wanted to get some gold, he again borrowed the measure from his brother. But the rich brother had long been envious of his wealth and of the fine establishment which he had set up for himself and couldn't imagine where the wealth came from and what his brother was up to with the measure. Then he thought of a trick and coated the bottom of the measure with pitch, and when he got it back, a gold piece was sticking there. He at once went to his brother and asked, "What have you been measuring with the measure?" "Rye and barley," said the other. Then he showed him the gold piece and threatened to hale him into court unless he told the truth. Then the latter told him everything that had happened.

Immediately the rich man had a wagon hitched up, drove out to the mountain with the idea of making better use of the occasion and of bringing back quite other treasures. When he got outside the mountain, he cried, "Mount Sesame, Mount Sesame, open up!" The mountain opened, and he went in. There lay all the riches before him, and for a long time he couldn't make up his mind what to take first, finally loading up as many precious stones as he could carry. He wanted to get his load out, but because his heart and mind were full of the treasure, he had forgotten the name of the mountain and cried, "Mount Seseli, Mount Seseli, open up!" But that wasn't the right name, and the mountain didn't stir and remained shut. Then he got frightened, but the longer he reflected, the more confused grew his thoughts, and none of the treasure helped him at all. That evening the mountain opened and the twelve robbers came in. When they saw him, they laughed and cried out, "Now at last we have you, my fine bird! Do you think we hadn't noticed that you'd got in here twice before? But we weren't able to catch you. You won't

get out again the third time." Then he cried, "It wasn't me, it was my brother!" But beg for his life as he would and say what he might, they struck off his head.

143 Going Traveling

Up Reisen gohn

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR WOMAN who had a son who very much wanted to travel. "How can you go on a journey," said his mother. "We have no money at all for you to take with you." Then the son said, "I'll get along all right; I'll keep saying, 'Not much, not much, not much.'"

He walked on for quite a while and kept saying, "Not much, not much, not much." Then he came to a crowd of fishermen and said, "God help you! Not much, not much, not much." "What are you saying, rascal? Not much?" And really when they cast their nets, they didn't catch much fish and fell on the boy with a stick saying, "Haven't you seen me thresh?" "But what *shall* I say?" said the boy. "You should say 'Catch a lot, catch a lot.'"

Again he walked on for quite a while, saying, "Catch a lot, catch a lot," until he came to a gallows where they had a poor sinner whom they were about to hang. Then he said, "Good morning, catch a lot, catch a lot." "Why are you saying 'Catch a lot,' fellow? Should there be even more wicked people in the world? Isn't this enough?" Again he caught it across his shoulders. "But what *shall* I say?" "You should say 'God comfort the poor soul.'"

Again the boy walked on for quite a while, saying, "God comfort the poor soul." Then he came to a ditch where a skinner stood skinning a horse. "Good morning," said the boy; "God comfort the poor soul." "What are you saying, you wretched fellow?" said the skinner and struck him about the ears with his skinner's hook so that he couldn't see out of his

eyes. "But what *shall* I say?" "You should say, 'Lie there in the ditch, you carcass!'"

Then he walked on and kept saying. "Lie there in the ditch, you carcass! lie there in the ditch, you carcass!" Then he passed a stagecoach full of people and said, "Good morning, may you lie in the ditch, you carcass!" Then the coach tipped over in the ditch, and the driver took his whip and gave the boy such a crack that he had to go crawling back to his mother. And he never went traveling again as long as he lived.

144 The Donkey

Das Eselein

THERE ONCE LIVED A KING and a queen who were rich and had everything they wanted except children. This the queen lamented day and night, saying, "I am like a field in which nothing grows." Finally God fulfilled her wishes, but when the child came into the world, it didn't look like a human child but was a young donkey. When the mother saw it, she began really to lament, crying out that she would rather have had no child at all than a donkey, and said that it should be thrown into the water so the fish might eat it up. The king, however, said, "No, God has given him to us and so he shall be my son and heir and after my death sit on the royal throne and wear the royal crown." Accordingly, the donkey was reared. It grew big and its ears grew quite long and straight. In other respects it was of a happy disposition, capered about, played, and was especially fond of music. So he went to a famous minstrel and said, "Teach me your art so that I can play the lute as well as you." "Alas, my dear young lord," answered the minstrel, "that's likely to be hard for you; your fingers certainly aren't made for it and are altogether too big. I'm afraid the strings won't stand it." No pretext availed: the donkey wanted to and was bound to play the lute, was

persevering and diligent, and in the end learned to play as well as the master himself.

Once the young lord was walking along reflectively and, coming to a spring, looked in it and saw his donkey form mirrored in the water. He was so distressed about it that he went abroad, taking only one trusted companion with him. They went here and there, finally coming to a kingdom ruled by an old king who had only one daughter, though she was wondrously fair. "Let's stop here," said the donkey, knocked at the gate and cried, "There's a guest outside; open the gate so that he may enter." When the gate wasn't opened, he sat down, took his lute and with his two forefeet played it most beautifully. Then the porter opened his eyes wide and, running to the king, said, "A young donkey is sitting outside the gate; it plays the lute as well as a trained expert." "Then let the musician come in," said the king. However, when the donkey entered, everybody began to laugh at the lute-player.

Now the donkey was to be seated and fed at the lower end of the table with the servants, but it got indignant and said, "I'm no common barnyard donkey, I'm a high-born donkey." Then they said, "If that's what you are, sit down with the warriors." "No," it said, "I'll sit by the king." The king laughed and said good-humoredly, "Yes, it will be as you insist, donkey; come here by me," afterward asking, "Donkey, how do you like my daughter?" The donkey turned its head toward her, looked at her, nodded and said, "Exceptionally well. She's more beautiful than any woman I've yet seen." "Well, then you shall sit by her, too," said the king. "That's just what I'd like," said the donkey and sat down beside her, ate and drank, and knew how to behave itself properly and mannerly.

When the noble animal had been at the king's court for quite a time, it thought, "What's the good of all this? You've got to go back home," dropped its head sadly, went to the king and asked to take its leave. The king, however, had grown fond of it and said, "Donkey, what's the matter with you? You look as sour as a vinegar-cruet. Stay on with me and I'll give you what you ask. Do you want gold?" "No," said the donkey, shaking its head. "Do you want valuables and finery?" "No." "Do you want half my kingdom?" "Oh, no!"

Then the king said, "If I only knew what might satisfy you! Do you want to marry my beautiful daughter?" "Oh, yes," said the donkey, "I'd love to marry her," and all at once was quite cheerful and in good spirits, for that was exactly what it had wanted.

Accordingly, a great and splendid wedding was celebrated. In the evening when the bride and bridegroom were escorted to their bedchamber, the king wanted to find out whether the donkey would conduct itself in a mannerly and polite fashion and ordered a servant to hide in the room. Now once they were both in there, the bridegroom shot the bolt in the door, looked around and, thinking that they were quite alone, suddenly cast off his donkey hide and stood there a handsome royal youth. "Now you see," he said, "who I am, and you see, too, that I was not unworthy of you." Then the bride became happy, kissed him, and loved him dearly. But when morning came, he jumped up, pulled on his donkey hide again, and no human being would have suspected what kind of a person was inside it. Soon the old king came along. "My!" he cried, "the donkey's already awake!" To his daughter he said, "You are surely sad that you didn't marry a regular human being?" "Oh, no, father dear, I love him as if he were the very handsomest man, and I want to keep him as long as I live."

The king was surprised, but the servant who had hidden himself came and revealed all to him. "That can't possibly be true!" said the king. "Well, keep watch yourself tonight; you'll see it with your own eyes, and, do you know what, Sir King, if you take the hide away from him and throw it in the fire, he'll certainly have to show himself in his true form." "That's good advice of yours," said the king, and that night, when they were asleep, he crept in and as he got to the bed, saw a fine youth lying there in the moonlight with the hide which he had stripped off lying on the floor. Then he took it away and had a huge fire built outdoors and the hide thrown in while he himself stood by until it was entirely burned to ashes. But because he wanted to see how the victim of the robbery would act, he stayed awake all night and listened. When the youth had slept himself out, at the first crack of dawn he got up and wanted to put on the donkey hide. But it was not to be found. Then he got frightened and, full of

grief and dread, said, "Now I must see about getting away." As he stepped out of the room, the king, however, was standing there and said, "My son, where are you going in such a hurry? What have you in mind? Stay on here; you're such a handsome man that you mustn't leave me again. I'll give you half my kingdom now and after my death you'll get all of it." "I hope then," said the youth, "that this good beginning may also have a good end. I'll stay on with you." Then the old king gave him half his kingdom, and when the king died a year later, he had all of it, and after his father's death still another kingdom, and he lived in great splendor.

145 The Ungrateful Son

Der undankbare Sohn

ONCE A MAN AND HIS WIFE were sitting outside the front door with a roast chicken before them which they were going to eat between them. Then the man saw his old father coming along and quickly took the chicken and hid it, for he begrudged him any of it. The old man came, had a drink, and went away. Now the son was about to put the roast chicken back on the table, but when he reached for it, it had turned into a big toad that jumped in his face and stayed there and didn't go away again. And if anybody tried to take it away, it would give them a poisonous look, as if about to jump in their faces, so that no one dared touch it. And the ungrateful son had to feed the toad every day, otherwise it would eat part of his face. And thus he went ceaselessly hither and yon about in the world.

146 The Turnip

Die Rübe

ONCE THERE WERE TWO BROTHERS, both serving as soldiers, and one was rich, the other poor. Then the poor brother wanted to get out of his difficulties, doffed his soldier's tunic and became a farmer. In this way he dug and hoed his bit of land and planted turnip seed. The seed sprouted, and a turnip grew there that got big and strong and noticeably fatter and just wouldn't stop growing, so that one might call it a queen of all turnips, for never had such a one been seen nor ever will be seen again. At last he thought, "If you sell it, what will you really get for it? And if you want to eat it yourself, the small turnips will be just as good. The best thing is to take it to the king as an act of homage." So he loaded it on the cart, hitched up two oxen, brought it to court, and presented it to the king. "What sort of a rarity is that?" said the king. "I've seen many strange things but never before such a monstrosity. From what kind of seed can it have grown? Or is it unique with you and you are fortune's favored?" "Alas, no!" said the farmer. "I'm no fortune's favored. I'm a poor soldier who, because he could no longer support himself, hung up my uniform and tilled the soil. But I have a brother who is rich and well known to you, Sir, too. I, however, who have nothing, am forgotten by everybody." Then the king took pity on him and said, "You shall be relieved of your poverty, and I shall give you such fine presents that you will be your rich brother's equal." Then he gave him a lot of gold, fields, meadows, and herds, and made him so frightfully rich that the other brother's wealth was simply not to be compared with it.

When the latter heard what his brother had acquired with a single turnip, he envied him and pondered this way and that how he, too, could turn such good luck in his direction. He planned, moreover, to do it much more cleverly, took

gold and horses, and brought them to the king, imagining, of course, that the latter would give him a far bigger present in return; for, if his brother received so much for a turnip, what all wouldn't he get for such fine things! The king accepted the gift and said he couldn't think of anything to give him in return that would be rarer and better than the big turnip. So the rich man had to put his brother's turnip on a cart and have it driven home.

Once back home he didn't know on whom to vent his rage and vexation, until evil thoughts entered his mind and he decided to kill his brother. He got hold of some assassins who were to take up a position in an ambush; then he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I know of a secret treasure; let's dig it up and divide it between us." The other took to the idea and unsuspectingly went along. But when they got out there, the assassins fell upon him, tied him up, and were about to hang him on a tree. Just as they were doing that, singing and hoofbeats sounded in the distance so that they got frightened, and putting their prisoner head over heels into a sack, hoisted it up onto a branch and took flight. But up there he worked away until he had made a hole in the sack big enough to put his head through.

The person who came along, however, was only a wandering student, a young chap riding along the road through the forest and singing merrily. Now when the man up in the tree noticed that somebody was going by beneath him, he cried out, "Bless me! just in the nick of time!" The student looked all around, didn't know where the voice came from, and finally said, "Who's calling me?" Then an answer came from the treetop, "Raise your eyes. I'm up here in the Sack of Wisdom; in a short while I have learned great things, compared to which all schools offer nothing. In no time at all I shall have mastered everything, will come down, and shall be wiser than everybody. I understand the constellations and the signs of the zodiac, the blowing of all winds, the sand in the sea, the curing of illness, the power of herbs, birds, and stones. Once you were in it, you'd feel what glory flows from the Sack of Wisdom!" When the student heard all that, he marveled and said, "Blessed be the hour in which I have found you! Couldn't I, too, get into the sack for a bit?" The

man up in the tree answered as if he didn't very much like the idea. "I'll let you get in for a short while for pay and kind words, but you've got to wait another hour because there's one more thing I must learn first."

When the student had waited a bit, time passed too slowly for him, and he begged, might he please be let in, saying that his thirst for wisdom was far too great. Then the man up there finally pretended to accede and said, "In order that I may get out of the House of Wisdom, you must lower the sack on the cord; then you may get in." So the student let it down, untied the sack, and released him. Then he in turn cried out, "Now pull me up as quick as you can!" and was about to step into the sack feet first. "Stop!" said the other, "that's not the way," seized him by the head, stuck him into the sack headfirst, tied it up, and pulled the disciple of wisdom up the tree on the cord, then swung him to and fro in the air, saying, "How goes it, my dear fellow? See, you already feel wisdom flowing into you and are having a fine experience! Just keep good and still until you get wiser." Then he mounted the student's horse and rode away. An hour later, however, he sent someone to let the student down again.

147 The Little Old Man Made Young by Fire

Das jungeglühete Männlein

WHEN OUR LORD was still walking on earth, He and St. Peter turned one evening into a blacksmith's and readily obtained lodgings. Now a poor beggar, weighed down with old age and illness, happened to enter the same house and asked the smith for alms. Peter took pity on him and said, "Lord and Master, if You will, please cure his illness so that he may earn his own living." Our Lord said meekly to the smith, "Smith, lend me your forge and put in coals for me; I want to make the sick old man young again right now." The smith

was quite willing, and St. Peter pumped the bellows, and when the fire was blazing up big and high and sending out sparks, Our Lord took the little old man, pushed him into the forge right in the middle of the glowing fire, so that in there he got as red as a rose bush and praised God in a loud voice. Afterward Our Lord stepped to the tank, put the red-hot little man into it, so that the water closed over him, and when he was properly cooled off, He gave him His blessing. Lo! the little man jumped right out, slender, straight, hale, and hearty, and like a twenty-year-old. The smith, who had been paying very careful attention, invited them all to the evening meal.

Now he had an old, half-blind, hunchbacked mother-in-law who went up to the lad and earnestly enquired whether the fire had burned him badly. He'd never felt better, answered the latter; he'd sat there in the glow of the fire as in cool dew. What the boy said rang all night in the old woman's ears, and when early in the morning Our Lord had gone His way and had, of course, thanked the smith, the latter thought he could make his old mother-in-law young, too, since he had watched everything very carefully, and the business, furthermore, properly belonged to his trade. Accordingly, he called out and asked her if she'd like to go skipping along like an eighteen-year-old girl. Because it had been so easy for the lad, she said, "From the bottom of my heart." So the smith made a big fire and pushed the old woman in; she writhed around and let out terrible cries of "murder!" "Sit still! Why are you crying out and jumping around? Let me first blow the fire up good and strong." Then he pumped the bellows anew until all her tatters and rags were burning. The old woman shrieked unceasingly, and the smith thought, "The thing isn't working right," took her out and threw her into the tank. Then she screamed so terribly loud that the smith's wife and daughter-in-law heard it upstairs. Both came running down and saw the old woman howling and taking on and all curled up in the tank, with her face puckered and wrinkled and shapeless.

The two women, both being with child, were so horrified by this that they gave birth to two boys that very night. These were shaped not like human beings but like monkeys and ran into the forest. From them comes the race of monkeys.

148 Creatures of the Lord and of the Devil

Des Herrn und des Teufels Getier

THE LORD GOD had created all animals and had chosen the wolves to be His dogs; goats alone He'd forgotten. Then the Devil got ready and also wanted to create, and made goats with fine long tails. Now when they went out to graze, they usually caught their tails in the thorn hedges. Then the Devil had to go in and take a lot of trouble freeing them. That finally annoyed him and, beside himself, he bit the tail off every goat, as is still to be seen from the stumps to this very day.

Then, to be sure, he let them graze quite untended, but the Lord God happened to see them now gnawing at a fruit tree, now damaging the fine grape vines, now spoiling other tender plants. That moved God to pity, so that out of grace and goodness of heart He set on His wolves who soon tore to pieces the goats that were there. When the Devil heard that, he went before the Lord and said, "Your creation has torn mine to pieces." "Why did you create something to do harm?" answered the Lord. "I had to," said the Devil. "Just as my own thoughts run to harm, what I created could have no other nature, and You must pay me heavy damages." "I'll pay you! As soon as the leaves fall from the oaks, come to me and your money is as good as paid." When the leaves had fallen from the oaks, the Devil came and demanded his due, but the Lord said, "In the church in Constantinople there is a tall oak that still has all its leaves." Raging and cursing, the Devil vanished and set out to look for the oak, wandered about in the desert for six months before finding it, and when he got back, all the other oaks were in the meanwhile in full leaf again.

Then he had to let his debt go, but in his rage he put out the eyes of all the remaining goats and put his own in their place. For this reason all goats have the Devil's eyes and bitten-off tails, and the Devil likes to assume their form.

149 The Cock's Beam

Der Hahnenbalken

THERE WAS ONCE A MAGICIAN who was standing in the midst of a great crowd of people and performing his wonderful tricks. Among other things, he had a cock walk in which picked up a heavy beam and carried it as though it were as light as a feather. Now there was a girl, however, who had just found a four-leaf clover and had thus become so gifted that no deception could work in her presence. She saw that the beam was nothing but a straw. Then she cried out, "Don't you people see that what the cock is carrying there is just a straw and not a beam at all?" The magic delusion immediately vanished, and the people saw what it was and with jeers chased the wizard away ignominiously. However, full of suppressed rage he said, "I'll avenge myself all right!"

After a time the girl was getting married, was all dressed up and walking in a big procession across country to the village where the church was. Suddenly they came to a brook that was very swollen, and there was no bridge, big or small, to walk across on. Then the bride quickly lifted up her skirts and was about to wade through the brook. As she was thus standing right in the water, a man—and it was the magician—mockingly called out beside her, "My! where are your eyes that you think that that's a brook?" Then her eyes opened and she saw that she was standing with her skirts up in the middle of a flax field abloom with blue flowers. Then all the people saw it, too, and chased her away with jeers and laughter.

150 The Old Beggar-Woman

Die alte Bettelfrau

THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD WOMAN. Of course you've seen an old woman begging before now? This woman, too, was begging, and whenever she got anything, she would say, "God reward you!" The beggar-woman came to a door where a waggish boy was warming himself by the fire. To the poor old woman who was standing thus at the door and shivering the boy said in friendly fashion, "Come, granny, warm yourself." She came up but went too near the fire so that her old rags began to burn without her becoming aware of it. The boy was standing there and saw it. He ought to have put it out. Oughtn't he to have put it out? And if he didn't happen to have any water, then he should have wept all the water in his body out through his eyes. That would have provided two nice little brooks to put the fire out with.

151 The Three Lazy Sons

Die drei Faulen

A KING had three sons. They were all equally dear to him, and he didn't know which to name as king after his death. When the time came for him to die, he called them to his bedside and said, "Dear children, I have thought out something that I want to tell you: whichever of you is the laziest shall become king after me." The eldest said, "Father, then the kingdom belongs to me, for I'm so lazy that when I lie down and

want to sleep and a drop of rain falls in my eyes, I won't shut them in order to go to sleep." The second said, "Father, the kingdom belongs to me, for I'm so lazy that when I sit warming myself by the fire, I'd rather let my heels burn than draw back my legs." The third said, "Father, the kingdom is mine, for I'm so lazy that were I to be hanged and already had the rope about my neck and if someone put a sharp knife in my hand to cut the rope with, I'd let myself be hanged sooner than lift my hand to the rope." On hearing that the father said, "You've topped it and shall be king."

151^a The Twelve Lazy Servants

Die zwölf faulen Knechte

TWELVE SERVANTS who had done nothing all day didn't want to exert themselves even by evening but lay down in the grass and boasted about their laziness.

The first said, "What concern of mine is your laziness? I am busy with my own. My chief preoccupation is looking out for my bodily needs. I eat quite a bit and drink even more. When I've had four meals, I fast for a short time till I feel hungry again—that agrees with me best. I'm nothing for early rising; when it gets toward noon, I look for some place to rest, of course. If the master calls, I pretend I didn't hear, and if he calls a second time, I still wait a while before getting up and even then walk very slowly. That way life is bearable."

The second said, "I have a horse to look after but I leave the bit in its mouth, and if I don't want to, I don't feed it and say that it has already eaten. Instead, I lie down in the oatbin and sleep four hours. Afterward I stick out one foot and run it a few times over the horse's body; that's how it's curried and groomed. Who'd take much trouble over such business? Even so the job's too burdensome for me."

The third said, "Why be bothered with work? There's

nothing in it. Once I lay down in the sun and fell asleep. It began to drizzle, but why get up? I let it go on raining, and the deuce with it. Finally it came down cats and dogs and rained so hard that it tore the hair off my head and washed it away and I got a hole in my skull. I put a piece of court plaster on it and so it was fixed up. I've suffered other like injuries, to be sure."

The fourth said, "If I have to attack a piece of work, I first loaf around for an hour to save my strength. Then I take it very easy at the start and ask if there mightn't be others there who could help me. I let them do most of the work and really just look on. But even that's too much for me."

The fifth said, "What does all that amount to! Think of it! I'm supposed to take the manure out of the stable and load it on a cart. I let the work drag out, and when I have a little manure on the fork, I lift it only halfway up and then rest a quarter of an hour before tossing it all the way up. It's more than enough if I move out more than a cart-load a day. I have no desire to work myself to death."

The sixth said, "Shame on you! I'm not afraid of any work, but I lie down for three weeks at a time without once taking off my clothes. What's the use of buckles on one's shoes? For all I care the shoes may drop off my feet—that's no harm. If I want to go upstairs, I drag one foot slowly after the other onto the first step; then I count the remaining steps to see where I'll have to stop and rest."

The seventh said, "In my case that won't do: my master oversees my work, only he's away all day. Still I leave nothing undone; I run as fast as one can if one creeps. If I had to go on, it would take the strength of four sturdy men to push me along. I once came to where six men were lying side by side on a plank and sleeping; I lay down by them and slept, too. I couldn't be waked up again, and when they wanted to get me back home, they had to carry me off."

The eighth said, "I plainly see that I am the only one who is a wide-awake chap: if a stone is in my way, I don't bother to pick up my feet and step over it; I lie down on the ground. And if I get wet, muddy, and dirty, I stay there till the sun has dried me out again. At most I turn so it can shine on me."

The ninth said, "That's a lot! Today the bread was right in

front of me, but I was too lazy to reach for it and almost died of hunger. There was a pitcher there, too, but it was so big and heavy that I didn't want to lift it up and preferred to go thirsty. Just turning around was too much for me; I lay all day like a log."

The tenth said, "I once came to grief through my laziness, got a broken leg and a swollen calf. Three of us were lying in a cart track, and I had my legs stretched out. Then someone came along with a cart, and the wheels went over me. Of course, I might have drawn back my legs, but I didn't hear the cart coming: the midges were buzzing in my ears, crawling into my nose and out again through my mouth. Who'd take the trouble to chase the vermin away!"

The eleventh said, "I gave notice yesterday. I had no desire any longer to fetch heavy books for my master and take them away again. There was no end to it all day long. But to tell the truth, *he* dismissed *me* and didn't want to keep me any longer because his clothes that I had left lying in the dust were eaten up by moths—and quite right!"

The twelfth said, "I had to go across country today with the cart; I made a straw bed for myself in it and went properly to sleep. The reins slipped out of my hand, and when I woke up, the horse had almost got free: the harness was gone, crupper, collar, bridle, and bit. Besides, the cart had got into a slough and was stuck. I let it stay there and stretched out again on the straw. Finally my master himself came and pushed the cart out, and if he hadn't come, I shouldn't be lying here but out there sleeping in peace and quiet."

152 The Little Herdsboy

Das Hirtenbublein

THERE WAS ONCE A HERDSBOY who, because of the wise answers which he gave to all questions was famed far and wide. The king of the country also heard about it, didn't believe it and

had the boy summoned. Then he said to him, "If you can answer three questions which I shall put to you, I shall look upon you as my own child and you shall dwell with me in the royal palace." The boy said, "What are the three questions?"

The king spoke, "The first is: how many drops of water are there in the Great Ocean?" The herdsboy answered: "Sir King, have all the rivers of the world dammed up so that not a single little drop more flows out of them into the Ocean without my first counting it, and then I'll tell you how many drops there are in the Ocean."

The king spoke, "The second question is: how many stars are there in the heavens?" The herdsboy said, "Give me a big sheet of white paper." Then with a pen he made so many tiny dots on it that one could hardly see them and they were scarcely to be counted, and when one looked at them, one's vision blurred. Then he said, "There are as many stars in the heavens as there are dots on the paper here. Just count them!" But no one could do it.

The king spoke, "The third question is: how many seconds has eternity?" Then the herdsboy said, "In Farther Pomerania is the Diamond Mountain; it is four miles high, and at the base four miles through. Every hundred years a little bird comes and sharpens its bill on it, and when the whole mountain has thus been worn away, then the first second of eternity has passed."

"You have solved the three questions like a sage," said the king, "and henceforth you shall dwell with me in my royal palace, and I shall look upon you as my own child."

153 The Star Dollars

Die Sterntaler

THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE GIRL whose mother and father had died. She was so poor that she no longer had a room to live

in nor bed to sleep in and finally had nothing but the clothes on her back and in her hand a piece of bread that some kind soul had given her. But she was devout and good, and because she was so forsaken by the whole world, she went out into the country, trusting in the good Lord. There she met a poor man who said, "Oh, give me something to eat, I'm so hungry." She handed him the whole piece of bread, saying, "God bless you," and went on. Then came a child who cried and said, "My head is so cold, give me something to cover it with." Then she took off her hood and gave it to the child. When she had been walking a little while more, a second child came who had no bodice and was freezing; then she gave it hers. Still farther on a third child begged for a skirt and this she also gave up. At last she got into a forest, and it had already grown dark. Then came still a fourth child and begged for a shirt, and the devout little girl thought, "The night is dark and no one will see you; of course you can give away your shirt," and taking it off she gave even that to the child. As she was standing thus and had nothing at all more left, suddenly the stars fell from the sky and were just solid bright dollars, and although she had given her shirt away, she then had a new one on, and it was of the very finest linen. Then she gathered up the dollars and was rich as long as she lived.

154 The Stolen Farthing

Der gestohlene Heller

ONCE A FATHER was sitting at table at noon with his wife and children and a good friend who had come on a visit and was dining with them. As they were sitting thus and it struck twelve, the visitor saw the door open and a little child come in, clad in snow-white dress and very pale. It neither looked about nor said anything but went straight into the next room. Soon afterward it came back and just as quietly went

out the door again. On the second and third day it came in just the same way. Finally the visitor asked the father whose was the lovely child that went into the room every day at noon. "I haven't seen it," he answered, "and in any event I wouldn't know whose child it might be." When it came back the next day, the visitor pointed it out to the father, but the latter didn't see it, nor did the mother and the children see anything. Now the visitor got up, went to the door of the room, opened it a little, and looked in. There he saw the child sitting on the floor, busily picking and digging with its fingers in the cracks in the floor boards; on noticing the visitor, however, it vanished. Now he related what he had seen and described the child exactly. Then the mother recognized it and said, "Alas! it's my dear child that died four weeks ago."

They pulled up the flooring and found two farthings. The child had once got them from its mother to give to a poor man but had thought, "You can buy yourself a rusk with that," had kept the farthings and hidden them in the cracks in the floor. And then it had not rested in its grave and had come every day at noon to look for the farthings. Thereupon the parents at once gave the money to a poor man, and since then the child has not been seen again.

155 Choosing a Bride

Die Brautschau

THERE WAS A YOUNG HERDSBOY who very much wanted to get married and knew three sisters, each as fair as the other, so that it was hard for him to choose among them, and he couldn't decide which he preferred. Then he asked his mother for advice. "Invite all three here," she said, "and put some cheese before them and watch how they cut it." The boy did so. The first sister gobbled up the cheese along with the rind; the second cut the rind off the cheese hurriedly, doing it so

hastily that she left a lot of the good part, which she threw away with the rind; the third pared the rind properly, neither too much nor too little. The herdsboy told his mother the whole story. Then she said, "Marry the third." He did so and lived with her happily and contentedly.

156 The Cast-Off Remnants

Die Schickerlinge

THERE WAS ONCE A GIRL who was beautiful, though lazy and careless. When she was asked to spin, it so vexed her that if there was a tiny knot in the flax, she'd at once tear out a whole bunch along with the knot and discard it on the floor beside her. Now she had a maid who was industrious, gathered up the flax which she had thrown away, cleaned it, spun it fine, and had a pretty dress woven out of it.

A young man had been wooing the lazy girl, and the wedding was about to take place. The night before the wedding while the industrious maidservant was dancing merrily around in her pretty dress, the bride said,

"My! how the girl can hop around
In my discarded remnants!"

The bridegroom heard this and asked the bride what she meant by it. Then she told him that the maid was wearing a dress made from the flax she had thrown away. When the bridegroom heard that and noticed her laziness and the industry of the poor servant girl, he left her where she was, went to the other, and chose her as his wife.

157 The Sparrow and Its Four Children

Der Sperling und seine vier Kinder

A SPARROW had four little ones in a swallow's nest. Now when they were fledged, bad boys smashed up the nest, though all escaped in a gust of wind. Now, because his sons were out in the world, the old bird was sorry that he hadn't first warned them against all kinds of dangers and given them some good advice.

In the autumn lots of sparrows forgathered in a wheat-field, and there the old bird met his four boys, whom he joyfully took home with him. "Oh, my dear sons, how you've worried me during the summer by taking to the air without instruction from me. Listen to my words and follow your father and watch out carefully. Great are the dangers that young birds have to undergo!" Thereupon, he asked the eldest where he had stayed during the summer and how he had fed himself. "I stayed in gardens and looked for caterpillars and worms till the cherries were ripe." "Oh, my son," said the father, "those aren't bad delicacies, but there is great danger connected with them; therefore always be on the lookout and especially when people walk about a garden carrying long green poles that are hollow inside and have a little hole in the top." "Yes, father," said the son, "but supposing a green leaf were pasted over the hole with wax?" "Where did you see that?" "In a merchant's garden," said the son. "Oh, my son," said the father, "merchants! smart people! If you've been among worldlings, you've learned the ways of the world aplenty! See that you make good use of it and don't be over-confident."

Then he asked the second, "Where did you keep yourself?" "At court," says the son. "Sparrows and simple birds don't serve there where there's much gold, velvet, silks, weapons, equipment, sparrow hawks, owls, and lanner falcons. Stick to

a horse stable, where oats are winnowed and where there's threshing; there's where fortune can favor you with peace and quiet and your daily bit of grain." "Yes, father," said the second son, "but supposing the grooms make bird traps and lay their nets and snares in the straw; then many a bird gets caught and strangled." "Where did you see that?" said the old bird. "At court among the grooms." "Oh, my son, the court pages! bad boys! If you've been at court and round the gentry and have got away with your feathers, you've learned quite a bit and surely know how to get on in the world. Just the same, be cautious and watch out. Wolves often eat up smart little puppies, too."

The father had the third one up before him, too. "Where did you seek your fortune?" "I cast my line and bucket on the highways and byways and now and then caught a grain of rye or barley there." "That is certainly fine feed," said the father, "but at the same time be on the lookout against danger and watch out very carefully, especially if anybody bends down and is about to pick up a stone. Then it's no time to linger about." "That's right," said the son, "but supposing someone were carrying a stone or a rock in his bosom or in his pocket?" "Where did you see that?" "Among the miners, father dear. When they go to work, they generally take stones with them." "Miners! workmen! clever people! If you've been around miner boys, you've seen something and learned something."

Be off and look out all the same for your affairs;
Miner lads have killed many a sparrow with a piece of cobalt."

Finally the father came to the youngest son. "You, my dear little chatterbox, always were the stupidest and weakest. Stay with me. There are many coarse and bad birds in the world with crooked bills and long claws that are just lying in wait to gobble up poor little birds. Keep to your own kind and pick up spiders and caterpillars from trees or houses; in that way you will be happy for a long time." "Father dear, whoever supports himself without harming other people gets a long way, and no sparrow hawk, hawk, eagle, or kite will hurt him, especially if every evening and every morning he faithfully commends himself and his honestly earned daily bread to God, Creator and Preserver of all birds of forest or town,

to God Who even hearkens to the cry and prayer of young ravens. No sparrow or wren falls to the ground against His will." "Where did you learn this?" "When the big gust of wind tore me away from you," answered the son, "I got to a church where during the summer I garnered flies and spiders from the windows and heard this doctrine preached. There the Father of all sparrows fed me throughout the summer and guarded me from every misfortune and from fierce birds." "In truth, dear son, if you fly into churches and help clear away spiders and buzzing flies and chirp to God like the young ravens and commend yourself to the Eternal Creator, you will be all right, even if the whole world were full of fierce and wily birds,

For whoever commends his case to the Lord,
Is silent, patient, waits, prays, and is discreet and calm,
Keeps faith and keeps his conscience clear,
God will be a Protector and Helper."

158 A Tale of The Land of Cockaigne

Das Märchen vom Schlauraffenland

IN THE DAYS of the Land of Cockaigne I went and saw Rome and the Lateran hanging by a little silk thread and a footless man overtaking a fast horse and a keen-edged sword cutting through a bridge. I saw a young donkey with a silver nose chasing after two fast hares and a spreading linden that hot cakes were growing on. I saw an old dried-up goat carrying a good two hundred cartloads of lard and sixty of salt. Isn't that a big enough lie?

I saw a plough turning furrows without horse or ox, and a year-old child was throwing four millstones from Regensburg to Treves and from Treves into Strasbourg. And a hawk swam across the Rhine, as it had every right to. I heard fish start arguing so loud with one another that it sounded to high

heaven, while sweet honey flowed like water from a deep valley onto a high mountain. Strange tales these!

Two crows were mowing a meadow, and I saw two midges busily building a bridge, and two doves were picking a wolf to pieces and two children brought forth two kids, while two frogs were threshing grain. I saw two mice consecrating a bishop, two cats scratching out a bear's tongue. Then a snail came on the run and killed two wild lions. There was a barber there shaving off a woman's beard and two suckling babes were telling their mother to keep quiet. Then I saw two deerhounds carrying a mill out of the water, and an old nag was standing by, saying it was quite all right. And four horses were standing in the courtyard threshing grain as hard as they could, and two goats were heating up an oven and a red cow was sliding the bread into it. Then a cock crowed cock-a-doodle-do. That's the end of the tale: cock-a-doodle-do!

159 A Tall Tale from Ditmarsh

Das Dietmarsische Lügenmärchen

I WANT to tell you something. I saw two roast chickens flying: they flew fast and had their bellies turned toward Heaven, their backs toward Hell. And an anvil and a millstone swam very slowly and quietly across the Rhine, while at Whitsun a frog sat and ate up a ploughshare on the ice. There were three lads there who wanted to catch a hare: one was deaf, the second blind, the third dumb, while a fourth couldn't stir a foot. Would you like to know how it turned out? The blind lad was the first to see the hare trotting across the field, the dumb boy called to the lame chap, and the lame fellow seized it by the collar. Some people wanted to go sailing on land and set their sail in the wind and sailed away over the broad fields. Then they sailed over a high mountain, where they drowned miserably. A crab put a hare to flight, and way up on the

roof lay a cow that had climbed up there. In that region flies are as big as goats are here. Open the window and let the lies out!

160 A Riddling Tale

Rätselmärchen

THREE WOMEN were changed into flowers and were in a field. One of them, however, was allowed to be home nights. On one occasion as day was approaching and she had to get back to her playmates in the field and become a flower, she said to her husband, "If you come this forenoon and pluck me, I'll be freed from the spell and from then on may stay with you." So it was done.

Now the question is: How did her husband recognize her, since the flowers were all alike, with no difference among them? Answer: Since during the night she had been at home and not out in the field, no dew had fallen upon her as on the other two. That is how her husband recognized her.

161 Snow-White and Rose-Red

Schneeweichen und Rosenrot

A POOR WIDOW lived alone in a cottage, and before the cottage was a garden in which were two rose bushes: one of them bore white roses, the other red. And she had two children who were like the two rose bushes: one was called Snow-White, the other Rose-Red, and they were as devout and

good, as industrious and unspoiled, as ever two children in the world. Snow-White was, however, quieter and gentler than Rose-Red. Rose-Red liked rather to run about in the meadows and fields, look for flowers and catch butterflies, while Snow-White stayed home with her mother, helped her with the housework or read aloud to her when there was nothing else to do. The two children loved each other so, that whenever they went out together, they always walked hand in hand. And when Snow-White would say, "We'll never desert one another," Rose-Red would answer, "Not as long as we live," and their mother would add, "What one has, she must share with the other." Often they would run about alone in the forest and gather berries, but no animal did them any harm. On the contrary, they would come up in friendly fashion: hares would eat a cabbage leaf out of their hands, roes graze at their side, stags jump merrily past, and birds would stay perched on the branches and sing for all they were worth. No misfortune befell them: when they stayed out too late in the forest and night overtook them, they would lie down side by side on the moss and sleep until morning, and their mother knew that and didn't worry about them.

Once when they had spent the night in the forest and the dawn awakened them, they saw a lovely child in a shining white dress sitting beside their resting-place. It got up and looked at them in most kindly fashion, said nothing, however, and walked off into the forest. And when they looked about, there they had been sleeping right beside a precipice and would certainly have fallen over had they gone a few steps more in the dark. Their mother told them that it must have been the angel that watches over good children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to look into it. In summer Rose-Red took care of the house and every morning would put by her mother's bed before she woke up a bunch of flowers with a rose from each bush. In winter Snow-White would light the fire and hang the kettle on the hook; the kettle was of brass but shone like gold because it was scoured so clean. Evenings, when the flakes were falling, the mother would say, "Snow-White, go bolt the door," and then they would sit down by the hearth and their mother would take her glasses and

read aloud from a big book and the two girls would listen, sitting and spinning. On the floor beside them lay a lamb, and behind them on a perch sat a white dove with its head tucked under its wing.

One evening when they were thus cosily sitting together, someone knocked on the door as if to be let in. Then their mother said, "Quick, Rose-Red, open the door; it's probably a traveler seeking shelter." Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and thought it might be some poor man; but it wasn't, it was a bear, which stuck its big black head in the door. Rose-Red uttered a loud cry and jumped back: the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered up in the air, and Snow-White hid behind her mother's bed. However, the bear began to talk, saying, "Don't be afraid, I'll do you no harm. I'm half frozen and only want to warm myself a bit in your cottage." "You poor bear," said the mother, "lie down by the fire and just watch out that your fur doesn't catch fire." Then she called, "Snow-White! Rose-Red! come on out. The bear will do you no harm; it means well." Then they both drew near, and gradually the lamb and the dove approached, too, and weren't afraid of it. "Children," said the bear, "beat the snow a little out of my fur," and they fetched a broom and swept its coat clean while the bear stretched out by the fire and growled most contentedly and comfortably. Before long they got on the most friendly terms and had fun with the ungainly guest. They tugged at its coat with their hands, put their feet on its back and rolled it about. Or they would take a hazel-rod and beat away at it and laugh when it growled. The bear took it all in good part, though if they went too far, it would call out, "Spare my life, children."

Snow-White and Rose-Red

You're beating your suitor to death!"

When it was time to go to sleep and the others were going to bed, the mother said to the bear, "Of course you may stay there by the hearth; in that way you'll be sheltered from the cold and bad weather." In the first grey light to the dawn the two children let it out, and off it trotted over the snow into the forest. From now on the bear came every evening at the regular time, would lie down by the hearth and let the children

play with it as much as they liked. And they were so used to it that they didn't bolt the door till their black friend had come.

When spring came and outdoors everything was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-White, "Now I must go away and may not come back all summer." "Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-White. "I've got to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In winter when the ground is frozen hard, of course they have to stay underground and can't work their way through, but now that the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they can break through, climb up, and search and steal. Once anything gets into their hands and is in their caves, it's not discovered again so easily!" Snow-White was very sad to say good-bye, and when she had unbolted the door for it and the bear was squeezing its way out, it caught on the door hook and tore a piece of its skin. Then Snow-White thought she saw something like gold shining through, though she wasn't sure of it. The bear hurried off and soon disappeared behind the trees.

Some time later their mother sent the children into the forest to gather brushwood. Out there they found a big tree that was lying fallen to the ground, and beside the trunk something was jumping up and down in the grass, though they couldn't make out what it was. On coming nearer, they saw a dwarf with an old withered face and a snow-white beard over two feet long. The tip of the beard was caught in a cleft in the trunk and the little fellow was jumping about like a puppy on a leash and was quite helpless. He stared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and screamed, "Why are you standing there! Can't you come here and help me?" "What have you been up to, little dwarf?" asked Rose-Red. "Stupid, inquisitive goosel" answered the dwarf. "I was going to split the trunk to get some small kindling for the kitchen; with big chunks of wood the little food that one of us needs burns right up. We don't gobble down as much as you coarse greedy people. I had already driven the wedge in all right, and everything would have gone finely, but the cursed wood was too slippery so that the wedge unexpectedly flew out and the trunk snapped together so quickly that I no longer could pull my lovely white beard out. Now it's stuck in there and

I can't get away. There those flat stupid pasty faces are laughing! Shame on you! How disgusting you are!" The children worked as hard as they could but were unable to pull the beard out—it was in too tight. "I'll run and get help," said Rose-Red. "Crazy blockheads!" snarled the dwarf. "Think of calling for help straight off! Two of you are too many for me as it is. Can't you think of anything better?" "Don't be so impatient," said Snow-White. "I'll manage, of course," fetched her scissors from her bag and cut off the tip of the beard. As soon as the dwarf felt himself free, he seized the sack that was hidden among the roots of the tree and was filled with gold, lifted it out, growling to himself, "Crude people! Think of cutting off a piece of my fine beard! The deuce with you!" With those words he swung his sack onto his back and went off without another look at the children.

Some time later Snow-White and Rose-Red were going to catch a mess of fish. When they got near the brook, they saw something like a big grasshopper hopping toward the water as if it were going to jump in. They ran up and recognized the dwarf. "Where are you going?" said Rose-Red. "You surely don't want to get into the water." "I'm no such fool," screamed the dwarf. "Don't you see that the cursed fish is about to pull me in?" The little fellow had been sitting there fishing and unfortunately the wind had tangled his beard in the line. When immediately afterward a big fish had bitten, the weak creature lacked the strength to land it. The fish kept the upper hand and was dragging the dwarf toward itself. Of course he was holding onto every stalk and rush, but that wasn't doing much good; he had to follow the movements of the fish and was in imminent danger of being drawn into the water. The girls arrived in the nick of time, held him tight, and tried to get the beard free of the line, but in vain, for beard and line were tangled fast together. There was nothing to do but fetch the scissors and cut off some beard, as a result of which a little of it was lost. When the dwarf saw that, he screamed at them, "Is that good manners, you toads, to spoil a man's face? It wasn't enough to dock the tip of my beard! Now you go and cut off the best part of it! Why I can't show myself among my own people! May you be forced to run

without soles on your shoes!" Then he fetched a sack of pearls that was lying in the reeds and without another word dragged it away and vanished behind a rock.

Soon after it happened that the mother sent the two girls into town to buy thread, needles, bodice laces, and ribbons. The way took them across a heath on which big boulders lay scattered here and there and where they saw a big bird soaring in the air. It circled slowly above them, kept coming lower and lower, and finally pounced down by a boulder not far off. Immediately afterward they heard a piercing, piteous cry. They ran up and to their consternation saw that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the dwarf and was about to carry him off. The compassionate children held the dwarf fast and tussled about with the eagle so long that it finally let go its prey. When the dwarf had got over his first fright, he screamed out at them with his shrill voice, "Couldn't you have handled me more decently? You tugged at my thin little coat so that it's all in tatters and full of holes. Clumsy, awkward rowdies, that's what you are!" Then he took his sack of gems and again slipped under the boulder into his cave. By now the girls were used to his ingratitude and went about their business in town. When they got back onto the heath on their way home, they took the dwarf by surprise: he had emptied out his sack of precious stones on a clear spot, not thinking that anybody would be coming along so late. The afternoon sun was shining on the sparkling gems and they glistened and gleamed so magnificently in every color that the children stopped and looked at them. "Why are you standing there gaping?" cried the dwarf, his ashen face growing purple with rage. He was about to go on with his abuse when a loud growl was heard and a black bear trotted out of the forest. The dwarf jumped up in terror but couldn't reach his hiding place, for the bear was already close upon him. Then in anguish of heart he called, "Dear Mister Bear, spare me! I'll give you all my treasures. See the beautiful jewels that are lying there! Grant me my life. What have you got against me, weak little fellow that I am? You wouldn't notice me between your teeth. There! take the two bad girls; they'll be a tender morsel for you—fat as young quail. You're

welcome to eat them up." The bear took no notice of what he was saying, struck the malicious creature a single blow with its paw, and he stirred no more.

The girls had run off, but the bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, don't be afraid. Wait and I'll come with you." Then they recognized its voice and stopped. When the bear had caught up with them, its bear's skin suddenly dropped off and there he stood, a handsome man clad all in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and was enchanted by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen my treasures, so that I had to go about in the forest as a wild bear until I was freed from the spell by his death. Now he has received his well deserved punishment."

Snow-White married him, and Rose-Red his brother, and they shared the great treasures which the dwarf had collected in his cave. Their old mother lived quietly and happily with her children many years more. But she brought the two rose bushes along, and they stood outside her window and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

162 The Clever Servant

Der kluge Knecht

HOW LUCKY is the master and how well things go with his household when he has a clever servant who, to be sure, listens to his words but doesn't act accordingly and who prefers to follow his own counsel!

That kind of smart Johnny was once dispatched by his master to look for a lost cow. He stayed out a long time, and the master thought, "Faithful John, he spares no pains in his work." But when he didn't come back and didn't come back, his master was afraid that something might have happened to him, got ready to go himself and set out to look for him. He had to look for a long time; finally he spied the

servant running up and down a big field. "Now, dear John," said the master, once he had caught up with him, "did you find the cow I sent you out after?" "No, sir," he answered, "I didn't find the cow, but then I didn't look for it." "What did you look for, John?" "Something better, and I was lucky enough to find it." "What is it, John?" "Three blackbirds," answered the servant. "And where are they?" asked the master. "I see one, I hear the second, and I'm after the third," answered the clever servant.

Take example from this, pay no attention to your master and his orders. Do, rather, what occurs to you and do what you want; then you'll be acting just as wisely as clever John.

163 The Glass Coffin

Der gläserne Sarg

ONE SHOULD NEVER say that a poor tailor can't get ahead and attain high honors; all he has to do is to get on the right track and above all have good luck.

This kind of a good and smart tailor boy was once on his travels, came to a big forest and, not knowing the way, got lost. Night fell, and he could only look for a resting place in this scary solitude. He would, to be sure, have found a comfortable bed on the soft moss, but fear of wild animals gave him no rest, and finally he perforce decided to spend the night in a tree. He sought out a tall oak, climbed up to the top, and thanked God that he had kept his tailor's goose, for otherwise the wind that was sweeping through the treetops would have carried him away.

After he had spent some hours in the dark and not without fear and trembling, he spied a short way off the gleam of a light, and thinking it might be a human habitation where he would be better off than in the branches of a tree, he cautiously climbed down and went toward the light. It led him

to a little wattled cottage of reeds and rushes. He knocked boldly, the door opened, and by the light that streamed out he saw an old grey-haired dwarf who was wearing a garment made of patches of many colors. "Who are you and what do you want?" he asked in a snarling voice. "I am a poor tailor," he answered, "overtaken by night here in the wilderness, and I implore you to take me into your hut till morning." "Go away," replied the old man in a surly tone. "I'll have nothing to do with tramps. Look for shelter for yourself elsewhere." After these words he was about to slip back into his house, but the tailor held fast to his coattail and begged him so insistently that the old man, who was not as bad as he made himself out to be, finally gave in and took him into his cottage, where he gave him food and then assigned him a very good resting place in a corner.

The weary tailor didn't need to be rocked to sleep but slept peacefully till morning and even then would not have thought of getting up had he not been startled by a loud noise. A violent shrieking and roaring penetrated the thin walls of the house. The tailor, overcome by unexpected bravery, jumped up, put on his clothes in a hurry, and hastened out. There near the house he saw a big black bull and a beautiful stag engaged in the most violent combat. They were going for one another so furiously that the ground shook from the tramp of their hoofs and the air resounded with their cries. For a long time it was uncertain which of the two would carry off the victory. Finally the stag pierced its opponent with its antlers, whereupon the bull sank to the earth with a horrible roar and was finished off by a few blows from the stag.

The tailor, who had viewed the fight with amazement, was still standing there motionless when the stag rushed at him at full gallop and, before he could escape, forked him right up in his antlers. It took him a long time to collect his thoughts, for they went at great speed over sticks and stones, hill and dale, forest and field. He held on to the points of the antlers with both his hands and surrendered himself to his fate. All he realized was that he was flying away. Finally the stag stopped in front of the side of a cliff and let the tailor gently down. The latter, more dead than alive, needed quite some time to collect his thoughts. When he had more or less recovered, the stag, who had stayed beside him, thrust

its antlers so violently against a door that was in the cliff that it sprang open. Fiery flames shot out, then a great cloud of steam removed the stag from his view. The tailor didn't know what to do or where to turn in order to get out of this waste land and back among men. While he was thus standing undecided, a voice sounded from out of the cliff calling to him, "Have no fear and step in; no harm will befall you." He hesitated, to be sure, but, impelled by some occult power, he obeyed the voice and through the iron door got into a large and spacious hall whose ceilings, walls, and floors were made of polished, shining flags of square-cut stone, in each of which were cut designs unfamiliar to him. Marveling, he viewed it all and was just on the point of going out again when once more he heard the voice saying to him, "Step onto the stone that is in the middle of the hall and great good fortune awaits you."

His courage had now grown so that he followed the order. The stone began to give way under his feet and sank slowly down. When it had once again come solidly to rest and the tailor looked about, he found himself in a hall that in extent was like the other, though here there was more to look at and admire. In the wall were cut recesses in which stood vessels of clear glass filled with colored alcohol or a bluish smoke. On the floor of the hall stood facing one another two big glass cases which at once excited his curiosity. On stepping up to one of them he saw in it a beautiful building like a manor house, surrounded by outbuildings, stables, and barns, and a number of other pretty objects. Everything was small and extremely carefully and nicely wrought and seemed to have been cut out with the greatest precision by a skillful hand.

He wouldn't yet have turned his eyes from viewing these curiosities had not the voice again let itself be heard. It ordered him to turn around and look at the glass case opposite. How his admiration rose when in it he saw a maiden of surpassing beauty! She lay as if asleep and was wrapped in long blond hair as in a costly cloak. Her eyes were closed tight, but her fresh complexion and a ribbon that her breathing moved up and down left no doubt as to her being alive. With beating heart the tailor was looking at the beautiful girl, when suddenly she opened her eyes and, on seeing him, started with pleasurable fright. "Merciful heavens!" she cried,

"the hour of my deliverance is drawing near. Quick! quick! Help me out of my prison. If you slip the bolt on the glass coffin, I shall be disenchanted." Without hesitation the tailor obeyed. At once she raised the glass lid, climbed out and hurried to a corner of the hall where she wrapped herself in an ample cloak. Then she sat down on a stone, bade the young man come up and, after pressing a friendly kiss on his mouth, said, "My long longed-for deliverer, kind Heaven has led you to me and set a limit to my sufferings. On the very day they come to an end, your good fortune will begin. You are the spouse appointed by Heaven, and, loved by me and overwhelmed with all earthly good, you shall spend your life in untroubled joy. Sit down and hear the story of my fate."

"I am the daughter of a wealthy count. My parents died when I was still of tender age and in their last will and testament commended me to my elder brother, who brought me up. We loved one another so tenderly and accorded so in our way of thinking and our tastes that we both decided never to marry but to remain together to the end of our lives. In our home there was no lack of society: neighbors and friends visited us often and to everybody we extended hospitality in full measure. So, too, it happened one evening that a stranger came riding up to our manor and, on pretext of not being able to reach the next town, asked for a night's lodging. We granted his request with complete courtesy, and during the evening meal he entertained us most charmingly with his conversation, which he interspersed with stories. My brother took such a fancy to him that he asked him to spend a few days with us, to which invitation he agreed after some slight hesitation. We didn't leave the table until late in the evening; the stranger was shown a room, while I, being tired, made haste to repose my limbs in my soft feather bed. Scarcely had I dozed off a bit when the sounds of tender and lovely music awakened me. Since I couldn't imagine where the music came from, I was about to call my chambermaid, who slept in the adjoining room, but to my astonishment I found myself deprived of the power of speech by some unknown force that weighed on my breast like an incubus and discovered that I was unable to utter the slightest sound. At the same time, by the gleam of my night light, I saw the stranger step into my room, which

was shut off by two tightly locked doors. He drew near me and said that by magic powers at his command he had caused the lovely music to be played in order to wake me up and that he was now forcing his way through all locks to offer me his heart and hand. My abhorrence of his magic arts was, however, so great that I deigned him no answer. For quite a while he stood motionless, probably with a view to waiting for a favorable answer, but since I continued my silence, he said angrily that he would avenge himself and find a way to punish my pride. Whereupon he left the room. I spent a most restless night and fell asleep only toward morning. When I was awakened, I hurried to my brother to inform him of what had happened. But I didn't find him in his room, and the servant told me that he had gone hunting with the stranger at break of day.

"I at once felt that this boded no good. I got dressed quickly, had my favorite palfrey saddled and, accompanied by only one servant, rode at full speed toward the forest. The servant and his horse fell, and since the horse had broken its leg, he could not go on with me. I continued on my way without stopping and in a few minutes saw the stranger coming toward me, leading a fine stag by a rope. I asked him where he had left my brother and how he had got the stag, from whose great eyes I saw tears flowing. Instead of answering me he began to laugh aloud. At that I became exceedingly angry, drew a pistol, and fired at the monster; the bullet, however, rebounded from his chest and went into my horse's head. I fell to the ground and the stranger murmured some words that robbed me of consciousness.

"When I came to my senses again, I found myself in a glass coffin in this underground crypt. The sorcerer appeared once again and said that he had transformed my brother into a stag, reduced the size of my palace and its appurtenances, had enclosed it in the other glass case, imprisoned my followers in glass bottles, and changed them into smoke. Were I willing to accede now to his wish, it would be an easy matter for him to restore everything to its former state; he needed only to open the receptacles and everything would return to its natural form. I answered him no more than the first time. He vanished, leaving me lying in my prison, where a deep

sleep fell upon me. Among the visions that passed through my mind was the consoling picture of a young man coming and freeing me, and, as I open my eyes today, I see you and see my dream fulfilled. Help me carry out the rest of what happened in that vision. The first thing is for us to lift the glass case in which my palace is onto yonder broad stone."

As soon as the weight was put on the stone, it raised itself up together with the maiden and young man and rose through an opening in the ceiling into the upper hall, where they could then easily get out into the open. At this point the girl opened the lid, and it was extraordinary to see how palace, out-buildings, and farmsteads expanded and with the greatest speed grew to their natural size. Then they went back into the underground crypt and had the stone bring up the bottles. Scarcely had the maiden opened these when the blue smoke poured out and turned into living people in whom she recognized her servants and retainers. Her joy was further increased when her brother, who had killed the sorcerer when in the form of a bull, came out of the forest in human form. And on the very same day the maiden, in accordance with her promise, gave the lucky tailor her hand at the altar.

164 Lazy Harry

Der faule Heinz

HARRY WAS LAZY, and though he had nothing else to do but drive his goat to pasture every day, on coming home after a full day's work, he would sigh. "It's truly a heavy burden and a tiresome business," he would say, "to drive a goat to pasture year in and year out like that until late in the autumn. If one could at least lie down, when one is about it, and sleep! But no, out there one must keep one's eyes open so that it won't hurt the young trees, force its way through a hedge into a garden, or even run away. How is one to manage to get any

rest and enjoy life!" He sat down, collected his thoughts and reflected on how to get this burden off his shoulders. For a long time all meditation was in vain; suddenly the scales seemed to fall from his eyes. "I know what I'll do," he cried out. "I'll marry Fat Katy; she has a goat, too, and can drive mine to pasture along with hers; then I shan't have to torment myself any longer."

So Harry got up, set his weary limbs in motion, went diagonally across the street—for the distance was no greater than that—to where Katy's parents lived, and sued for the hand of their industrious and virtuous daughter. The parents didn't take long to make up their minds. "Birds of a feather flock gladly together," they thought and agreed to the arrangement. Now Fat Katy became Harry's wife and drove both goats to pasture. Those were happy days for Harry, and he didn't have to rest up from any other work but his own laziness. Only once in a while would he go to pasture with her, saying, "It's just so I can enjoy the rest afterward better; otherwise one loses all appreciation of it."

But Fat Katy was no less lazy. "Harry dear," she said one day, "why should we make our lives unnecessarily miserable and burden the best years of our youth? Wouldn't it be better to give our neighbor the two goats that disturb the best part of one's sleep every morning with their bleating, and let him give us the beehive for them? We'll set the hive up in a sunny spot behind the house and bother no further with it. The bees don't need to be tended and driven out to pasture: they'll fly off, find their own way home, and gather honey without giving us the least trouble." "Spoken like an intelligent woman!" answered Harry. "We'll carry out your suggestion without delay. Besides, honey tastes better and is more nourishing than goat's milk and can be kept longer, too." The neighbor was glad to give them a hive of bees for the two goats. The bees flew indefatigably in and out from morning to night and filled the hive with the finest honey, so that in the autumn Harry was able to take out a whole jug full. They set the jug on a shelf that was fastened up on the wall of their bedroom. And because they were afraid that it might be stolen or that mice might come upon it, Katy fetched a stout hazel rod and laid it beside her bed so that she could reach it with

her hand without getting up unnecessarily and from bed could drive the uninvited guests away.

Lazy Harry didn't like to get out of bed before noon. "An early riser," he would say, "consumes his substance." One morning as he was still lying in bed in broad daylight and resting up from a long sleep, he said to his wife, "Women love sweets, and you nibble away at the honey on the sly; it would be better, before you've eaten it all up, for us to trade it for a goose and a young gosling." "But not till we have a child to tend them," replied Katy. "Why should I torment myself with the young geese and exert myself unnecessarily over them?" "Do you think our boy will tend the geese? Now-a-days children no longer obey. They do what they want, for they think that they're cleverer than their parents, just like the farmhand who was supposed to look for a cow and chased after three black-birds." [No. 162] "Oh," answered Katy, "it will go hard with him if he doesn't do what I say. I'll take a stick and tan his hide without counting the blows. Look, Harry!" she cried in her zeal, seizing the stick with which she was going to drive away the mice, "Look! this is how I'll beat him up." She raised her arm but unluckily hit the jug of honey above the bed. The jug bounced against the wall and fell in smithereens, and the fine honey ran onto the floor. "Well, there lie the goose and the young gosling," said Harry, "and don't need to be tended. But it's a blessing the jug didn't fall on my head. We have every reason to be pleased with our fate." And noticing that there was still some honey on one of the shards, he reached for it and said contentedly, "Wife, let's enjoy the bit that's left and then take a little rest after the fright we've had. What difference does it make if we do get up a little later than usual? The day's long enough as it is." "Yes," answered Katy, "one always gets there on time somehow. You know, a snail was once invited to a wedding, set out, and arrived for the christening. In front of the house it tumbled over the fence and said, 'There's no good hurrying.'"

165 The Griffin Bird

Der Vogel Greif

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a king. I have no idea where he ruled or what his name was. He had no son, just an only daughter; she was always ill and no doctor could cure her. It was prophesied to the king that his daughter would eat herself well on apples. Then he had proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of his land that whoever should bring his daughter apples that she could eat herself well on might marry her and become king.

A farmer who had three sons heard of this, too. To the eldest he said, "Go to the storehouse, take a basket full of those fine apples with red cheeks and carry them to court; perhaps the king's daughter can eat herself well on them and you may marry her and will become king." The lad did so and set out. When he had been walking for some time, he met a little grey-haired dwarf who asked him what he had in the basket. Then Ulrich—for that was his name—said, "Tadpoles." Thereupon the dwarf said, "Let it be so and remain so," and went on. At last Ulrich got to the palace and had them announce that he had apples that would make the princess well if she ate some. That greatly pleased the king and he had Ulrich come in to his presence, but oh dear! when he took off the cover, instead of apples he had in the basket tadpoles that were still wriggling. At that the king got angry and had him chased out of the house.

When he got home, he told his father how it had fared with him. Then the father dispatched the second son, whose name was Sam, but it fared with him just as with Ulrich. He, too, met the same little grey-haired dwarf, who asked him what he had there in the basket. "Pigs' bristles," said Sam and the dwarf said, "Let it be so and remain so." When he got to the royal palace and said that he had apples on which the king's daughter could eat herself well, they didn't want to let him in and said

that one person had already been there and made fools of them. Sam, however, insisted that he really had apples and that they should let him in. Finally they believed him and brought him before the king. Yet when he uncovered the basket, he had only pigs' bristles. That angered the king frightfully and he had Sam driven out with a whip.

When he got home, he told how it had fared with him. Then came the youngest boy, whom they called Stupid John, and asked his father whether he, too, might go with some apples. "Yes," said his father, "you'd be the right fellow for that! If the clever boys didn't manage it, what do you expect to accomplish?" But the boy didn't give up and said, "Well, father, I want to go too." "Get away from me, you stupid fellow; you must wait till you're smarter," replied his father, turning his back on him. John, however, gave a tug at his father's smock from behind. "Well, father, I want to go, too." "Well, go for all of me! You'll surely come back again," answered the father sullenly. The boy was, however, terribly pleased and jumped for joy. "Yes, go act the fool; you're getting stupider every day," repeated the father. But that made no difference to John, who didn't let his happiness be spoiled. Yet because it was already night, he thought he'd wait till morning; he couldn't get to court that day, anyhow. That night in bed he couldn't sleep and even when he dozed off a bit, he dreamed of fair maidens, palaces, gold and silver, and all sorts of such like things.

Early the next morning he set out and straightway met the tiny little grey-haired dwarf in a grey coat, who asked him what he had there in the basket. John answered that he had apples on which the king's daughter was to eat herself well. "Well," said the dwarf, "let them be such and remain such." At the court, however, they didn't want to let John in at all, for two had already been there saying they were bringing apples, and then one had tadpoles and the other pigs' bristles. John, however, was frightfully insistent that he really didn't have tadpoles but the finest apples that grew in the whole kingdom. Since he talked so sensibly, the porters thought he couldn't be lying and let him in. And they were right, too, in so doing; for when John uncovered the basket in the king's presence, there appeared golden yellow apples. The king rejoiced and at once had some brought to his daughter and now

waited in anxious expectation until they brought him a report on the effect they had had. Before long somebody did bring him a report, and who do you think it was? It was his daughter herself! As soon as she had eaten some of the apples, she jumped out of bed cured. The king's happiness cannot be described.

But now he didn't want to give his daughter in marriage to John and said he must first build him a boat that would go faster on dry land than on water. John accepted the condition and went home and related how it had fared with him. Then the father sent Ulrich to the woods to build such a boat. He worked industriously, whistling while he worked. At noon when the sun was at its highest the little grey-haired dwarf came and asked what he was making there. "Wooden dishes," answered Ulrich. The grey-haired dwarf said, "Let it be so and remain so." By evening Ulrich thought he had now built a boat, but when he was about to get into it, it was just wooden dishes.

The next day Sam went into the woods, but it fared exactly the same with him as with Ulrich.

On the third day Stupid John went. He worked very industriously, so that the whole forest resounded with his powerful blows; he sang and whistled very merrily while at work. Then again the little dwarf came at noon when it was hottest and asked what he was making there. "A boat that's to go faster on dry land than on water, and when I've finished it, I'll marry the king's daughter." "Well," said the dwarf, "so it shall be and so it shall remain." In the evening when the sun turned to gold, John had finished his boat and ship and fittings. He got into it and rowed to the royal residence, and the boat went as fast as the wind.

The king saw it from afar, did not yet want to give John his daughter, and said that he must first tend a hundred hares from early morning till late in the evening, and if one of them got away, he would not get his daughter. John was satisfied with that and right off the next day went to pasture with his flock of hares and kept such sharp watch that not one got away from him. Not many hours passed when a maid came from the palace and told John that he was to give her a hare at once, saying that company had come. But John saw clearly

what was up and said that he wouldn't give her a hare, that the king could serve his company juggled hare the following day. The maid, however, kept insisting and in the end started an argument. Then John said that if the king's daughter came herself, he would give her a hare. The maid reported this in the palace, and the daughter went herself. Meanwhile the little dwarf again came to John and asked him what he was doing. "Whew! I have to tend a hundred hares so that not one of them gets away, and then I may marry the king's daughter and be king." "Good!" said the dwarf, "then here's a whistle, and if one of them runs away, just whistle and it will come back." When the daughter arrived, John gave her a hare wrapped in a neckerchief, but when she was some hundred yards away, John whistled and the hare jumped out of her basket and in a second was back in the flock. When it was evening, the hare-herd whistled once again, looked to see if they were all there, and then drove them to the palace.

The king marveled at how on earth John had been able to tend a hundred hares without one of them running away, but still he wouldn't give him his daughter anyway, saying that in addition he must bring him a feather from the tail of the griffin bird. John set out at once and marched right straight ahead. In the evening he came to a manor and asked for a night's lodging, for at that time there weren't any inns. The lord of the manor took him in with great pleasure and asked him where he was going. "To the griffin bird," replied John. "Oh, to the griffin bird! They tell me it knows everything. I've lost the key to an iron money-box; you might be so kind as to ask where it is." "Yes, certainly," said John. "I'll do that, of course." Early next morning he continued his journey and on the way arrived at another manor, where he again spent the night. When the people heard that he was going to the griffin bird they said there was a sick daughter in the house, that they had already tried everything, and that nothing worked and would he be so kind as to ask the griffin bird what might make the daughter well again. John said that he'd gladly do this, and went on. Then he came to a river, and instead of a ferry there was a great big man there who had to carry everybody across. The man asked John where his journey was taking him. "To the griffin bird," said John. "Well, when you get to

it," said the man then, "ask it why I have to carry everybody across the river." John said, "Yes, certainly, of course I'll do it." Then the man took him on his shoulders and carried him over.

At last John got to the griffin bird's house, but only its wife was at home, not the griffin bird itself. The wife asked him what he wanted, and John told her everything: that he was to get a feather from the griffin bird's tail, and that in one manor house they had lost the key to a money box and he was to ask the griffin bird where the key was; and in another manor house a daughter was ill and he was to find out what might make the daughter well again; then not far from there was a river and a man there, who had to carry people across, and that he, too, would very much like to know why he had to carry all the people across. Then the wife said, "Yes, look here, my good friend, no Christian can talk to the griffin bird; he eats them all up. If you wish, however, you may lie down under its bed and at night when it is quite fast asleep, you could reach up and pluck a feather out of its tail. And as for the matters you are to find out about, I'll ask it myself."

John was quite satisfied with all that and slipped under the bed. In the evening the griffin bird came home and on entering the living room said, "Wife, I smell a Christian." "Yes," said the wife, "one was here today but went away again," and with that the griffin bird said nothing more. In the middle of the night when the griffin bird was snoring loud, John reached up and plucked a feather from its tail. Then the griffin bird suddenly twitched and said, "Wife, I smell a Christian, and it seems to me that something pulled my tail." "You surely dreamed it," said the wife, "and I told you once today already that a Christian was here but that he went away again. He told me all sorts of things. In a manor house they lost a key to a money box and can't find it again." "Oh, the fools!" said the griffin bird. "The key is in the woodshed under the woodpile behind the door." "And then he also said that in a manor house a daughter was sick and they didn't know any way of curing her." "Oh, the fools!" said the griffin bird. "A toad has made a nest of her hair under the cellar stairs, and when she gets her hair back, she'll get well." "And then besides that, he also said that somewhere there is a river and a man there who has to carry everybody across." "Oh, the fool!"

said the griffin bird. "If he would once set one person down in the middle of the river, he wouldn't have to carry any more across."

Early in the morning the griffin bird got up and departed. Then John came out from under the bed and had a fine feather and had heard, too, what the griffin bird had said about the key and the daughter and the man. Then the griffin bird's wife told it to him all over again so he shouldn't forget, and then he went back home.

First he came to the man by the river who at once asked him what the griffin bird had said. Then John said that he should first carry him across and then he would tell him over there. Then the man carried him across. Once over, John told him he should just set one person down once in the middle of the river, then he wouldn't have to carry any more people across. The man was frightfully happy and told John that as an expression of gratitude he would willingly carry him back and forth once more. John said no, he'd spare him the trouble, that he was quite satisfied as it was, and went his way. Then he came to the manor where the daughter was ill. Because she couldn't walk, he took her on his shoulders and carried her down the cellar stairs and, taking the toad's nest out from under the bottom step, put it in the daughter's hand. She jumped down from his shoulders and ran upstairs ahead of him and was quite well. Now the mother and father were frightfully happy and made John presents of gold and silver and gave him whatever else he wanted. When John got to the other manor house, he went at once to the woodshed and, sure enough, found the key under the woodpile behind the door and then took it to the lord of the manor. He, too, rejoiced no little and as a reward gave John much of the gold that was in the box and all sorts of things besides that, such as cows and sheep and goats.

When John got to the king with all the things, with the money and the gold and the silver and the cows, sheep, and goats, the king asked him where on earth he had got it all. Then John said that the griffin bird would give one as much as one wanted. Then the king thought that he could do with that, too, and set out for the griffin bird, but when he came to the river, he happened to be the first to come since John,

and the man set him down in the middle and went away and the king drowned. John then married his daughter and became king.

166 Strong John

Der starke Hans

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN and his wife who had only one child and lived quite alone in a remote valley. It once happened that the woman was going to the forest to gather fir faggots and took along little John, who was just two. Since it was right in the springtime and the child liked gay flowers, she went farther and farther into the forest with him. Suddenly two robbers jumped out of the bushes, seized the mother and child, and led them into the depths of the black forest, where year in and year out no one ever came. The poor woman besought the robbers to let her and the child go, but their hearts were of stone: they heeded neither her requests nor supplications, and forced her to go on with them. After they had been obliged to struggle some two hours through underbrush and thorns, they came to a cliff with a door, on which the robbers knocked and which opened at once. They had to pass through a long dark passageway and finally entered a large cave lighted by a fire that was burning on the hearth. On the wall hung swords, sabers, and other murderous weapons that gleamed in the light, and in the middle stood a black table at which four other robbers were sitting gambling, while at the head of the table sat the leader. On seeing the woman the latter came up, addressed her, telling her to keep calm and not worry, and said they'd do her no harm, but she'd have to attend to the housekeeping. If she kept everything tidy, she would suffer nothing at their hands. Then they gave her something to eat and showed her a bed where she and the child might sleep.

The woman remained with the robbers for many years, and John grew big and strong. His mother used to tell him stories and taught him to read an old book of chivalry that she found in the cave. When John was nine, he made a stout club from the branch of a fir tree and hid it behind the bed. Then he went to his mother and said, "Mother dear, now tell me who my father is. I want to know and must know." His mother kept silent and didn't want to tell him lest he get homesick. She knew, furthermore, that the wicked robbers wouldn't let John go in any event, yet it would have almost broken her heart for John not to go to his father. That night when the robbers came home from their marauding, John got out his club and standing before the leader, said, "Now I want to know who my father is, and if you don't tell me straight off, I shall knock you down." Then the leader laughed and gave John such a box on the ear that he rolled under the table. John picked himself up again, said nothing, and thought, "I'll wait another year and then try it again. Perhaps it will work better." When the year was up, he again fetched his club, wiped off the dust, looked at it and said, "It's a good stout club." That night the robbers came home, drank one jug of wine after another, and began to nod. Then John brought along his club, again stood before the leader, and asked him who his father was. Again the leader gave him such a hard box on the ear that John rolled under the table. It was not long, however, before he was up again and with the club beat the leader and the robbers so that they could no longer move either arms or legs. His mother stood in a corner and was full of admiration for his bravery and strength. When John had finished his work, he went to his mother and said, "This time I was serious about it and now I must know also who my father is." "Come, John dear," answered his mother, "we shall go and look for him until we find him."

She took the keys to the entrance from the leader, and John got a big flour bag, stowed away gold, silver, and any other fine things he found until it was full, and then put it on his back. They left the cave, and how John's eyes opened when he came out of the darkness into the light of day and saw the green forest, flowers and birds, and the morning sun in the sky! He stood there and marveled at everything as though

he weren't quite right in his mind. His mother looked for the way home, and after walking a few hours they were lucky enough to come into their lonely valley and reach their cottage. The father was sitting in the doorway and wept for joy when he recognized his wife and heard that John was his son, both of whom he had long since thought dead. But John, though just twelve, was a head taller than his father. Together they went into the living room, but no sooner had John set his bag on the bench by the stove than the whole house began to creak, the bench collapsed, and then the floor, and the heavy bag dropped down into the cellar. "God preserve us!" cried the father. "What's that? Now you've smashed our cottage to pieces!" "Don't let any grey hairs grow on that account, father dear," answered John, "for there's more in the bag than we need for a new house." John and his father at once began to build a new house, acquire cattle and buy land, and manage their farm. John tilled the fields, and when he walked behind the plough and pushed it into the ground, the steers scarcely had to pull at all.

The following spring John said, "Father, keep all the money and have a hundred-pound walking stick made for me so that I can go abroad." When the stick he wanted was finished, he left his father's house, set out and came to a deep and dark forest. There he heard something crackling and creaking, and looking around, saw a fir tree that was being twisted from top to bottom like a piece of rope, and on raising his eyes, he saw a big chap who had seized hold of the tree and was twisting it like a willow shoot. "Whew!" cried John. "What are you doing up there?" The fellow answered, "Yesterday I gathered faggots and want to twist myself a rope for them." "That's what I like," thought John, "he's strong," and called out to him, "Let it go at that and come along with me." The fellow climbed down and was a whole head taller than John, and the latter wasn't short, you know. "Now your name is Fir-Twister," John said to him. Then they went on and heard something knocking and hammering so hard that the earth trembled with every blow. Soon after they came to a mighty rock before which a giant was standing and knocking off great pieces with his fist. When John asked him what he was up to, he answered, "When I want to sleep nights, bears, wolves, and

other vermin of that sort come and sniff and snuff around me and won't let me sleep, so I'm going to build myself a house and lie down in it in order to get some rest." "Yes, indeed," thought John, "you can use him, too," and said to him, "Let the house-building go and come along with me. Your name will be Rock-Breaker." The latter agreed, and all three took their way through the forest, and wherever they came, the wild animals were frightened and ran away from them.

In the evening they arrived at an old abandoned manor house, went up in it, and lay down to sleep in the great hall. Next morning John went down into the garden that had grown wild with neglect and was full of thorns and brush. As he was thus walking about, a boar rushed at him, but he gave it a blow with his stick so that then and there it fell to the ground. Then he shouldered it and brought it up to the house, where they stuck it on a spit, prepared themselves a roast, and were in fine spirits. Now they agreed that every day by turn two should go hunting and one stay home and cook—nine pounds of meat for each. The first day Fir-Twister stayed home while John and Rock-Breaker went hunting. As Fir-Twister was busy cooking, a little old shriveled-up dwarf came to the house and demanded meat of him. "Away with you, you sneak!" he answered. "You don't need any meat." But imagine how astonished Fir-Twister was when the insignificant little dwarf jumped up on him and struck him so hard with his fists that he was unable to defend himself, fell to the ground and gasped for breath. The dwarf didn't go away until he had fully vented his rage on him. When the other two came home from the hunt, Fir-Twister told them nothing of the old dwarf and of the blows he had received, thinking, "When they stay home, then they may try it out once, too, with the little cross-patch," and the mere thought really delighted him.

The next day Stone-Breaker stayed home and fared the same as Fir-Twister: because he wouldn't give him any meat, he received rough treatment at the hands of the dwarf. When the others got home that evening, Fir-Twister saw well enough what Rock-Breaker had been through, but both kept quiet and thought, "John, too, must have a taste of the soup."

John, who had to stay home the following day, was doing what he had to do in the kitchen, and when he was there and skimming the kettle, the dwarf came and without further ado demanded a piece of meat. Then John thought, "He's a poor creature. I'll give him some of my share so that the others won't come off too short," and handed him a piece of meat. When the dwarf had consumed it, he again asked for meat, and good-hearted John gave it to him, saying that that was another nice piece and that he should be satisfied with that. But the dwarf made his demand a third time. "You're impudent," said John and didn't give him any. Then the malicious dwarf was about to jump up on him and treat him as he had Fir-Twister and Rock-Breaker, but he ran into the wrong man. Without any effort John gave him a few blows so that he ran downstairs. John was going to run after him, but, being so tall, fell down over him. When he had got up again, the dwarf was ahead of him. John hurried after him into the forest and saw him slip into a cavern in a rock. Now John turned back home after taking due note of the spot. When the other two got home, they were surprised that John was in such good shape. He told them what had happened, and then they no longer kept silent about how they had fared. John laughed and said, "It serves you right. Why were you so stingy with your meat? Just the same, it's a disgrace that such big and strong men let yourselves be beaten up by the dwarf."

Thereupon they took a basket and rope and all three went to the cavern into which the dwarf had slipped. They let John with his stick down in a basket. When John reached the bottom, he found a door, and when he opened it, there sat a girl, pretty as a picture, indeed, indescribably beautiful, and beside her sat the dwarf grinning at John like a monkey. But the girl was bound in chains and looked at John so sorrowfully that he took great pity on her and thought, "You must get her out of the power of the wicked dwarf," and gave him a blow with his stick so that he dropped dead. Immediately the chains fell off the girl, and John was enraptured by her beauty. She told him she was a king's daughter whom a fierce count had abducted from her home and had shut up here in the rock because she would have nothing to do with him.

The count had appointed the dwarf as watchman, and the latter had caused her plenty of sorrow and distress. Thereupon, John put the girl in the basket and had her pulled up. The basket came down again, but John didn't trust his companions, thinking, "They have showed themselves faithless once in telling you nothing about the dwarf. Who knows what they may be plotting against you?" Then he put his stick in the basket, and there he was lucky, for when the basket was halfway up, they let it drop, and had John really been in it, it would have been the death of him. Now, however, he didn't know how he was going to make his way out of the abyss, and nothing he thought of was any help to him. "It's really too bad," he said, "for you to perish down here." As he was thus walking up and down, he came again to the little room where the girl had been sitting and saw that the dwarf had on his finger a ring that sparkled and shone. Then he took it off and put it on his own finger, and when he turned it around, he suddenly heard something rustling above his head. He looked up and saw aerial spirits hovering there. They said that he was their master and asked what his desire might be. At first John was struck quite dumb but then said they should carry him up. They obeyed instantly, and it was just as if he were flying up. When he got up there, however, there was no longer a soul to be seen, and when he went into the manor, he didn't find anybody there, either. Fir-Twister and Rock-Breaker had hurried off and taken the beautiful girl with them. But John turned the ring, and then the spirits came and told him that the two were at sea. John ran on and on until he reached the shore. Then far, far out at sea he spied a little boat in which his faithless companions were sitting. In a violent rage he jumped without thinking into the sea with his stick and began to swim. But the hundred-pound stick dragged him down so deep that he almost drowned. Then just in time he gave the ring a turn. Immediately the spirits came and carried him like lightning to the little boat. Then he swung his stick and gave his evil companions the reward they deserved and threw them down into the water. Then with the beautiful girl, who had been terribly frightened and whom he had freed for the second time, he rowed home to her father and mother and married her, and all were tremendously happy.

167 The Farmer in Heaven

Das Bürle im Himmel

ONCE UPON A TIME a poor devout farmer died and came to the gate of Heaven. A very rich gentleman was there, too, at the same time, who also wanted to get into Heaven. Then St. Peter came with his key and opened the gate and let the gentleman in. But apparently he didn't notice the farmer and once again shut the gate. Then from outside, the farmer heard the gentleman being joyously received in Heaven and heard them playing and singing inside. Finally, it got quiet again, and St. Peter came, opened the gate, and let the farmer in, too. The farmer supposed that there would be playing and singing, too, when he came, but everything was still. He was, to be sure, received in most kindly fashion, and the angels came to meet him, but no one sang. Then the farmer asked St. Peter why they didn't sing for him as in the case of the rich gentleman. "Things seem to me to be as partial in Heaven as on Earth." Then St. Peter said, "By no means! You are as dear to us as everybody else and are to share all the joys of Heaven like the rich gentleman, only look here! Poor farmers like you come to Heaven every day, but such a rich gentleman comes in only once every hundred years."

168 Lean Lizzy

Die hagere Liese

QUITE DIFFERENT from Lazy Harry and Fat Katy [No. 164] who let nothing interfere with their rest was Lean Lizzy. She slaved

away from morning till night and loaded so much work on Tall Larry, her husband, that what he had to carry was heavier than three bags would be for a donkey. But it was all to no purpose: they had nothing and got nowhere.

One night she was lying in bed and was so tired that she couldn't move a limb, yet her thoughts wouldn't let her go to sleep. She poked her husband in the side with her elbow and said, "Larry, are you listening to what I have thought of? If I were to find a gold piece and somebody gave me another, I'd borrow still a third, and you would have to give me one, too. Then as soon as I had the four collected, I'd buy a heifer." Her husband liked the idea. "I really don't know," he said, "where I'll get the gold piece that you want me to give you. However, if you can collect the money and can buy a cow with it, then you'll be doing a good thing if you can carry out your plan. I'll be glad," he added, "if the cow has a calf. Then I'll sometimes get a refreshing drink of milk." "The milk won't be for you," said his wife. "We'll let the calf suckle, so that it will get big and fat, and we'll be able to sell it for a good profit." "Of course," answered her husband, "but even so, we'll take a little milk. That won't do any harm." "Who taught you how to handle cows?" said his wife. "Harm or no harm, I won't have it. You'll not get a single drop of milk, even if you stand on your head! You, Tall Larry, because you're never full, you think you'll consume what I earn by hard work." "Wife," said the man, "be still or I'll put a muzzle on you." "What!" she cried. "You threaten me? You glutton, you gallows's bird, you lazy lout!" She was about to go for him, but Tall Larry straightened himself up, with one hand held Lean Lizzy's skinny arms together and with the other pressed her head in the pillow, let her scold, and held her until she fell asleep from extreme exhaustion.

Whether she went on quarreling the next morning or whether she set out in search of the gold piece she wanted to find, I don't know.

169 The Forest Hut

Das Waldhaus

A POOR WOODCUTTER lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut on the edge of a lonely forest. One morning when he was going to work as usual, he said to his wife, "Have the eldest girl bring my lunch out into the forest, otherwise I shan't get my work done. And so that she won't lose her way," he added, "I'll take along a bag of millet and scatter the grains as I go." Now when the sun was high over the forest, the girl set out with a pot full of stew. But the sparrows of forest and field, the larks and the finches, blackbirds and siskins had long since pecked up the millet, and the girl couldn't find the track. Then, trusting to luck, she kept on walking until the sun had set and night came on. The trees murmured in the darkness, the owls screeched, and she began to get frightened. Then in the distance she saw a light twinkling among the trees. "There are surely people there who will keep me over night," she thought and walked toward the light. Before long she came to a house whose windows were brightly lighted. She knocked, and a rough voice from within cried, "Come in." The girl stepped into the dark entryway and rapped on the living-room door. "Just come in," called the voice, and when she opened the door, there at the table was sitting a grey-haired old man, his face propped in both hands and his white beard flowing across the table almost down to the floor. And by the stove were lying three animals: a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. The girl told the old man of her plight and asked for a night's lodging. The man said,

"Pretty hen,
Pretty cock,
And you, pretty spotted cow,
What do you say to it?"

"Nux!" answered the animals, and that must, of course, have meant "That suits us," for the old man went on to say. "There's

an abundance of everything here. Go out to the hearth and cook supper for us." In the kitchen the girl found plenty of everything and cooked up a good dish, but took no thought of the animals. She brought a bowl full of food to the table, sat down with the grey-haired man, ate and satisfied her hunger. When she had had enough, she said, "I'm tired. Where is a bed I can lie down in and sleep?" The animals answered,

"You ate with him,
You drank with him,
Of us you took no thought.
Now see, too, where you're spending the night!"

Then the old man said, "Just go upstairs and you'll find a room with two feather beds. Shake them and make them up with white linen. Then I'll come, too, and go to bed there." The girl went up, and when she'd shaken the feather beds and made them up fresh, she lay down in one without waiting any longer for the old man. After a time, however, the grey-haired man came, turned his light on the girl, and shook his head. When he saw that she was fast asleep, he opened a trapdoor and lowered her into the cellar.

The woodcutter came home late in the evening and reproached his wife for letting him go hungry all day. "It's not my fault," she answered. "The girl went out with your lunch; she must have lost her way. She'll be back tomorrow, of course." But the woodcutter got up before daybreak, was going to the forest, and demanded that this time the second daughter bring him his meal. "I'll take a bag of lentils along," he said. "The grains are bigger than millet; the girl will see them more easily and can't miss the way." At noon the second girl, too, carried the food out to the forest, but the lentils had vanished. As on the preceding day, the forest birds had pecked them up and not left a single one. The girl wandered about in the forest until it was night; then she, too, came to the old man's hut, was told to come in, and asked for food and a night's lodging. The man with the white beard again asked the animals,

"Pretty hen,
Pretty cock,
And you pretty spotted cow,
What do you say to it?"

The animals again answered "Nuxl" and everything happened as on the day before. The girl cooked up a good dish, ate and drank with the old man and didn't bother about the animals. And when she inquired about her quarters for the night, they answered,

"You ate with him,
You drank with him,
Of us you took no thought.
Now see, too, where you're spending the night!"

When she had gone to sleep, the old man came, looked at her, shook his head, and lowered her into the cellar.

On the third morning the woodcutter said to his wife, "Today send our youngest child out with my meal. She has always been good and obedient, she'll keep on the right track and not go star-gazing about like those other wild harum-scarums, her sisters." The mother didn't want to do this and said, "Am I to lose my dearest child, too?" "Don't worry!" he answered. "The girl won't lose her way, she is too smart and sensible. I shall take more than enough peas along and scatter them about. They are even bigger than lentils and will show her the way." But when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, the wood pigeons already had the peas in their crops, and she didn't know which way to turn. She was greatly worried and kept thinking how hungry her poor father would be and how her good mother would grieve if she stayed out. Finally, when it got dark, she spied the little light and came to the forest hut. In very friendly fashion she asked if she might stop over night, and the man with the white beard again asked his animals,

"Pretty hen,
Pretty cock,
And you pretty spotted cow,
What do you say to it?"

"Nuxl" they said. Then the girl went to the stove where the animals were lying and patted the hen and the cock, passing her hand over their smooth feathers, and scratched the brindled cow between the horns. And when at the old man's order she had prepared a good stew and the bowl was on the table, she said, "Am I to have my fill and the good animals nothing?"

There's more than enough out there; I'll look out for them first." Then she went and fetched barley and scattered it before the hen and cock and brought the cow a whole armful of fragrant hay. "Enjoy yourselves, you dear animals," she said, "and if you're thirsty, you're to have a drink of fresh water, too." Then she brought in a pail of water, and the hen and the cock jumped up on the edge, put their bills in and held their heads up the way birds do when they drink. And the brindled cow took a good big drink, too. When the animals had been fed, the girl sat down with the old man and ate what was left over for her. Before long the hen and the cock began to tuck their heads under their wings and the brindled cow blinked its eyes. Then the girl said, "Shan't we take ourselves to bed?"

"Pretty hen,
Pretty cock,
And you, pretty spotted cow,
What do you say to that?"

The animals answered, "Nux!

"You ate with us,
You drank with us,
Of us you thought, as is right;
We wish you a good night."

Then the girl went upstairs, shook up the feather beds and made them up with fresh linen. When it was done, the old man came and lay down in one bed and his white beard reached to his feet. The girl lay down in the other, said her prayers and went to sleep.

She slept peacefully until midnight. Then it got so noisy in the house that the girl woke up. It began to rattle and crackle in the corners and the doors sprang open and banged against the wall, the beams creaked as if being ripped apart, the stairs seemed to be falling down, and finally there was a crash as if the whole roof were collapsing. Then it got still again, and no harm befell the girl, so she lay there quietly and went to sleep again. But when she woke up in the morning, what did her eyes behold? She was lying in a big hall and around about everything shone in regal splendor. On the walls gold flowers were growing upward on a green silk background, the bed was of

ivory, and the bedclothes of red velvet, while on a chair beside the bed was a pair of slippers embroidered with pearls. The girl thought it must be a dream, but three richly clad servants came in and asked what her orders were. "Just go away," answered the girl. "I'll get up directly and cook the old man some porridge and then feed the pretty hen, the pretty cock, and the pretty brindled cow." She supposed that the old man had already got up, and looked around at his bed. But it was not he who was lying in it; it was a strange man. And as she was looking at him and saw that he was young and handsome, he awoke, raised himself up and said, "I am a king's son and was enchanted by a wicked witch and had to live in the forest as a grey-haired old man. Nobody might be with me but my three servants in the form of a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. And the enchantment was not to end until a girl came to us who was so kind-hearted that she behaved affectionately not only toward the humans but also toward the animals. And you are that girl, and last night at midnight we were disenchanted by you, and the old forest hut has been changed back into my royal palace." And when they got up, the king's son told the three servants to go and bring the girl's father and mother to the wedding festival. "But where are my two sisters?" asked the girl. "I locked them up in the cellar, and tomorrow morning they will be taken out into the forest and are to serve a charcoal-burner as maids until they have reformed and don't let even poor animals go hungry."

170 Sharing Joy and Sorrow

Lieb und Leid teilen

THERE WAS ONCE A TAILOR who was a quarrelsome person; his wife, who was good, industrious, and devout, could never suit him. Whatever she did, he was dissatisfied, grumbled, scolded, pulled her hair, and beat her. When the authorities finally heard about it, they had him summoned and put into prison to reform.

He lived on bread and water for a time, then he was set free again but had to promise not to beat his wife any more but to live with her in peace and to share joy and sorrow as married people should.

Things went well for a time; then, however, he resumed his old ways, was sulky and quarrelsome, and because he might not beat her, was about to grab her hair and pull it. The wife got away from him and jumped out into the courtyard, but he ran after her with his yardstick and shears, chased her about, and threw at her the yardstick and shears and whatever else was at hand. When he hit her, he would laugh, and when he missed her, he would rage and storm. He carried this on so long that the neighbors came to the woman's aid. Again the tailor was summoned before the authorities and reminded of his promise. "Dear sirs," he answered, "I have kept my promise; I have not beaten her but have shared joy and sorrow with her." The judge said, "How can that be, inasmuch as she is again bringing such serious charges against you?" "I didn't beat her, I just wanted to comb her hair with my hand because she looked so queer, but she got away from me and willfully deserted me. Then I hurried after her and, as a well-intentioned reminder to return to her duties, I threw at her whatever was at hand. I have shared both joy and sorrow with her, for every time I hit her, it was a joy to me and a sorrow to her, while it was a joy to her but a sorrow to me when I missed her." The judges, however, were not satisfied with this answer and had him pay up as he deserved.

171 The Hedge-King, or Wren

Der Zaunkönig

IN DAYS OF OLD, every sound still had sense and meaning. When the smith's hammer rang out, it was crying, "Forge me! forge me!" When the cabinetmaker's plane snarled, it was saying, "There you have it! there you have it!" When the wheels of a

mill began to rattle, they were saying, "Help, Lord God! help, Lord God!" And if the miller who started the mill going was a cheat, they would speak in very choice language, first asking slowly, "Who is there? who is there?" and then answering quickly, "The miller, the miller," and finally very fast, "is stealing barefaced, is stealing barefaced—three quarts from every bushel." At that time the birds, too, had their own language which everybody understood. Now it just sounds like twittering, squeaking, and whistling, and in the case of some birds, like music without words.

The birds got the notion that they no longer wanted to be without an overlord and decided to choose one of their number as king. Only one of them, the lapwing, was against it: free it had lived and free it would die, and flying anxiously hither and thither it cried, "Where am I to live? where am I to live?" It retired into lonely and unvisited swamps and didn't show itself among its own kind. The birds now wanted to talk the matter over, and one fine May morning they all assembled from forest and field, eagle and chaffinch, owl and crow, lark and sparrow—why should I name them all?—even the cuckoo came and the hoopoe, its verger, so-called because it always lets itself be heard a few days earlier in the season. Even a tiny little bird that as yet had no name mingled with the throng. The hen, that by chance had heard nothing of the whole matter, marveled at the great assembly. "What, what, what's doing there?" she cackled, but the cock calmed his beloved hen, saying, "Just rich people." He also told her what they were up to. They decided that the bird who could fly highest should be king. On hearing that, the tree toad who was in the bushes cried out as a warning, "No, no, no! no, no, no!" because it thought that many tears would be shed if that were done. But the crow said "Nonsense" and that everything would pass off smoothly.

Then it was decided that they should make their ascent right this fine morning so that nobody could say afterward, "I'd have flown much higher; only evening came on and then I couldn't go any farther." On a given signal the whole flock mounted in the air. The dust rose from the plain, there was a mighty rushing and roaring and beating of wings, and it looked as if a black cloud were moving off. Soon the smaller birds were left behind, couldn't go any farther, and dropped back to earth. The

larger birds held out longer, but not one of them could match the eagle, who mounted so high that it might have dug out the sun's eyes. When it realized that the others couldn't get up to it, it thought, "Why should you fly any higher; you're the king as it is," and began to descend again. The birds below it all cried out to it an once, "You must be our king; no one has flown higher than you." "Except me," cried the little nameless fellow who had crept into the eagle's breast feathers. And since it wasn't tired, it mounted up and went up so high that it could see God sitting on His throne. But when it got that far, it folded its wings, descended, and called down with its piercing voice, "I am king, I am king!"

"You our king?" screamed the birds angrily. "You got there by trickery and guile." They made a new condition: the bird that could go deepest into the earth should be their king. How the goose with its broad breast plopped down on the ground again! How fast the cock scratched a hole! The duck came off worst: jumping into a ditch, it sprained its legs and waddled off to the near-by pond, crying, "Dirty work, dirty work!" The nameless little bird, however, looked for a mouse hole, slipped down into it and called out in its shrill voice, "I am king, I am king!"

"You our king?" cried the birds even more angrily. "Do you think your tricks are going to count?" They decided to keep it prisoner in the hole and starve it to death. The owl was put in front of the hole as watchman: if it loved its life, it was not to let the rascal out. But when it got to be evening and the birds felt very exhausted from the exertion of flying, they went to bed with their wives and children. Only the owl remained by the mouse hole, staring in with its big eyes. Meanwhile, it, too, got tired and thought, "You can certainly shut one eye and then keep watch with the other, and the little wretch won't get out of its hole." So it shut one eye and looked fixedly at the mouse hole with the other. The little chap poked out its head and was about to swish away, but the owl at once stepped in front of it, and it drew back its head. Then the owl again opened one eye and shut the other and was planning to alternate that way all night, but when it next shut the one eye, it forgot to open the other, and as soon as both eyes were closed, it fell asleep. The little bird soon noticed that and slipped away.

Since then the owl may not show itself any more by day, otherwise the other birds will be after it and tear its skin. It only flies by night and hates and goes after mice, because they make such horrid holes. Nor does the little bird like to show itself, for it is afraid that it might cost it its life, were it caught. It slips in and out of hedges, and when it is quite safe, it sometimes cries, to be sure, "I am king." Therefore the other birds make fun of it by calling it Hedge-King, or wren.

No one, however, was happier not having to obey the wren than the lark. As soon as the sun rises, it mounts in the air and calls, "Oh, how lovely it is! it's lovely! lovely! lovely! oh, how lovely it is!"

172 The Plaice

Die Scholle

THE FISH had long been dissatisfied that no order prevailed in their domain. No one paid any attention to the other, swam right and left as it fancied, and went between fish that wanted to stay together or else blocked their way. A stronger fish would give a weaker a blow with its tail so that it would go flying off or it would swallow it down without more ado. "How fine it would be if we had a king who would administer law and justice among us," they said, and agreed to choose as their lord the fish that could speed fastest through the waves and bring aid to a weak one. So they drew up in a line by the shore, and the pike gave a signal with its tail, whereupon they all set off together. The pike shot away like an arrow and with it the herring, the minnow, the bass, the carp, and what all. The plaice, too, swam along, hoping to reach the goal.

Suddenly the cry resounded, "The herring is ahead! the herring is ahead!" "Who's ahead?" cried out in vexation the flat, jealous plaice that was far behind, "Who's ahead?" "The her-

ring, the herring" was the answer. "The wretched herring?" cried the envious fish, "the wretched herring?" Since that time the plaice has had as a punishment a crooked mouth.

173 Bittern and Hoopoe

Rohrdrommel und Weidehopf

"WHERE DO YOU best like to graze your herds?" someone asked an old cowherd. "Here, sir, where the grass is not too rich and not too scant; otherwise it's not right." "Why not?" asked the gentleman. "Do you hear that dull call coming from the swamp over there?" answered the cowherd. "That's the bittern; formerly it was a herder, and the hoopoe was, too. I'll tell you the story."

"A bittern tended its herds on the lush green meadows where there was no end of flowers; from that its cows got restive and unruly. The hoopoe, on the other hand, drove its cattle onto high, dry mountains where the wind plays with the sand, and its cows got thin and didn't get strong. When it was evening and the herdsmen were driving their herds home, the bittern couldn't round up its cows; they were headstrong and ran away from it. 'Brindled cow, turn about!' it cried, but in vain; they didn't listen to its call. The hoopoe, on the other hand, couldn't get its cattle to their feet, so worn out and weak had they become. 'Up, up, up!' it cried, but it was no good; they just lay there on the sand."

"So it goes if one doesn't use moderation. Even today, though they no longer tend herds, the bittern cries, 'Brindled cow, turn about!' and the hoopoe, 'Up, up, up!'"

174 The Owl

Die Eule

A FEW HUNDRED YEARS AGO when people weren't nearly so smart and artful as they are nowadays, a strange episode took place in a small town.

One night one of those big owls that they call eagle owls [Germ. *Schuhu*] got by chance from the neighboring forest into a townsman's barn and, when day broke, didn't dare come out again from its hiding place for fear of the other birds who, if an owl shows itself, raise a frightful uproar. Now when in the morning the house servant went to the barn to fetch straw, he was so terribly frightened by the sight of the owl sitting in a corner that he ran off and informed his master that a monster, the like of which he had not seen as long as he lived, was sitting in the barn, was turning its eyes around and around in its head, and could swallow one up without any trouble. "To be sure," said the master, "I have known you to chase a blackbird about in the fields [No. 162]; you have courage enough for that, yet when you see a dead chicken, you first get a stick before going near it. Well, I must just take a look myself and see what kind of a monster it is," added the master, went quite boldly into the barn and looked about. However, when he saw the strange and monstrous animal with his own eyes, he was no less terrified than the servant. He was out in a couple of jumps, ran to his neighbors and implored them to help him out against an unknown and dangerous animal. Besides, the whole town might be imperiled should it break out of the barn where it was.

A great hue and cry arose in every street. The townsmen came armed with pikes, pitchforks, scythes, and axes as if about to set out against an enemy. Finally the town councilors appeared with the mayor at their head. After forming ranks in the market place, they advanced on the barn, surrounding it on all

sides. Then one of the boldest stepped forward and entered with pike lowered, but deadly pale he immediately came running out again with a cry, unable to utter a word. Two more ventured in but fared no better. Finally, one man came forward, a big strong man, famed for his martial deeds, who said, "You're not going to drive the monster away just by looking at it; this is a serious matter. I see, however, that you have all turned into women and that not one of you is willing to beard the lion." He had his armor, sword, and pike brought, and arrayed himself. All acclaimed his courage, though many were concerned about his life. The two barn doors were opened, and one could see the owl that meanwhile had perched in the middle of the barn on a big cross beam. He had a ladder brought, and when he had raised it and got ready to mount, they all called out to him to act manfully and commended him to St. George the dragon-killer. As soon as he was up the ladder, the owl saw that he was going to attack it. Confused by the crowd and the shouting, it didn't know how to get away, rolled its eyes, ruffled its feathers, spread its wings, snapped its beak, and sounded its rough "Shoo-hoo, shoo-hoo." "Thrust, thrust!" cried the crowd outside to the brave hero. "If anybody was standing where I am standing," he answered, "he wouldn't cry 'thrust, thrust!'" To be sure, he put his foot a rung higher but then began to tremble and backed down half unconscious.

Now there was no one left who was willing to face the danger. "Just by its snapping and puffing," they said, "the monster has poisoned and mortally wounded the strongest man to be found among us. Shall the rest of us risk our lives, too?" They took council as to what to do if the whole town was not to be destroyed. For a long time every plan seemed futile until finally the mayor hit on a solution. "In my opinion," he said, "we should at public expense pay the owner for the barn and everything in it: grain, straw, hay, and indemnify him. Then, however, we should burn down the whole structure and the frightful animal along with it. In that way no one need risk his life. This is no moment for economy, and niggardliness would be ill applied." All agreed with him, so the barn was fired at the four corners and the poor owl burned up along with it.

If anyone won't believe this, let him go and ask for himself.

175 The Moon

Der Mond

IN DAYS OF OLD there was a land where the night was ever dark and the sky was spread over it like a black cloth; for there the moon never rose and not a star twinkled in the darkness. At the time of the creation of the world earth light had sufficed.

Once four young men left this land on a journey and came to another realm where at night, when the sun disappeared behind the mountains, there was a luminous globe on an oak tree that shed a soft light far and wide. By this light one could easily see and distinguish everything, even though it wasn't so brilliant as the sun. The travelers stopped and asked a farmer who was passing with his cart what kind of a light that was. "That's the moon," answered the latter. "Our magistrate bought it for three dollars and fastened it on the oak tree. Every day he has to pour oil on it and keep it clean so that it will always burn bright; for this he gets a dollar a week from us."

When the farmer had driven off, one of the lads said, "We could use this lamp; we have an oak tree at home that is just as big, and we can hang it on it. What a pleasure it would be if we didn't have to grope about nights in the dark!" "Do you know something?" said the second. "Let's fetch a cart and horses and take the moon away. Here they can buy themselves another." "I'm good at climbing," said the third, "I will fetch it down." The fourth got a cart and horses while the third climbed the tree, bored a hole in the moon, passed a rope through it, and lowered it. When the shining globe lay in the cart, they covered it with a cloth so that nobody would notice the theft. They brought it safely to their country and set it up on a tall oak. Old and young rejoiced when the new lamp shone over the whole countryside and filled their living rooms and bedrooms with light. The dwarfs came out of their caves in the rocks and the tiny little folk danced on the meadows in their little red jackets.

The four lads kept the moon supplied with oil, snuffed the wick, and every week received their dollar. But they got to be old men, and when one foresaw his death, he arranged for a quarter of the moon to be buried with him in his grave as his property. When he died, the magistrate climbed up the tree and with hedge shears cut off a quarter, and this was laid in the grave. The light of the moon diminished, but not noticeably. When the second died, the second quarter was laid away with him, and the light diminished. It got still weaker with the death of the third, who, likewise, took his portion. And when the fourth was laid in his grave, the former darkness set in again. When the people went out evenings without a lantern, they bumped their heads together.

But when the quarters of the moon united again in the Underworld, then there, where darkness had ever prevailed, the dead got restless and awoke from their sleep. They were astonished at being able to see again. The moonlight sufficed them, for their eyes had got so weak that they would not have been able to stand the brightness of the sun. They got up, became merry and resumed their old ways of life. One group started playing and dancing, others ran to taverns, where they ordered wine, got drunk, rioted and quarreled, and finally raised their cudgels and clubbed one another. The noise got worse and worse and finally penetrated Heaven.

St. Peter, who guards the gate of Heaven, thought that the Underworld had started a rebellion and summoned the Heavenly Hosts to repel the evil enemy should they storm the Abode of the Blessed. But when they didn't come, he got on his horse and rode through the gate of Heaven down to the Underworld. There he pacified the dead, ordered them to lie down again in their graves, took the moon away with him, and hung it up in Heaven.

176 The Span of Life

Die Lebenszeit

WHEN GOD had created the world and was about to determine the span of life of all creatures, the donkey came and asked, "Lord, how long am I to live?" "Thirty years," answered God. "Does that suit you?" "Oh, Lord," replied the donkey, "that is a long time. Think of my laborious existence: carrying heavy loads from morning till night, dragging bags of grain to the mill so that others may eat bread, and encouraged and refreshed by nothing but blows and kicks. Exempt me from a part of that long time." Then God took pity and remitted eighteen years.

The donkey went away consoled, and the dog appeared. To it God said, "How long do you want to live? Thirty years are too many for the donkey, but you'll be satisfied with that." "Lord," said the dog, "is that Thy will? Think how much I have to run; my feet won't last that long. And once I've lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what have I left but to go growling from one corner to the other?" God saw that the dog was right and remitted twelve years.

Then came the monkey. "You surely want to live thirty years," said the Lord to it. "You don't have to work like the donkey and the dog and are always in high spirits." "Oh, Lord," it answered, "it looks that way, but it's different. Even if it rains millet porridge, I have no spoon. I am always supposed to play funny tricks, make faces so that people will laugh, and if they hand me an apple and I take a bite of it, it's sour. How often sadness lurks behind a jest! Thirty years—I can't stand it." God was gracious and remitted ten years.

Finally man appeared, was happy, healthy, and vigorous, and asked God to name his life span. "You are to live thirty years," said the Lord. "Is that enough for you?" "What a short time!" cried man. "When I have built my house and kindled the fire

on my own hearth, when I have planted trees which bloom and bear fruit, and think that I am going to be happy in my own life, then I shall have to die. Oh, Lord, extend my time." "I'll add on the donkey's eighteen years," said God. "That isn't enough," replied man. "You are also to have the dog's twelve years." "Still too little." "All right," said God, "I'll give you the monkey's ten years in the bargain, but you won't get any more." Man went away but wasn't satisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years: they pass quickly. Then he is healthy, merry, works with zest, and rejoices in his existence. Then follow the donkey's eighteen years, when one burden after another is put upon him. He has to carry grain to feed others, and blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service. Then come the dog's twelve years, when he lies in corners and growls and no longer has any teeth to eat with. And when this period has passed, the monkey's ten years make up the end. Then man is weak-witted and foolish, does silly things, and becomes the butt of children.

177 The Messengers of Death

Die Boten des Todes

IN OLDEN TIMES a giant was once traveling along the great highway. Then a stranger suddenly jumped at him, crying, "Halt! not a step farther!" "What!" said the giant, "you little creature that I can squeeze to death between my fingers, do you mean to block my way? Who are you to speak so boldly?" "I am Death," replied the other. "No one opposes me, and even you must obey my command." But the giant rebelled and started to wrestle with Death. It was a long hard struggle; finally the giant gained the upper hand and struck Death down with his fist so that he collapsed by a stone. The giant went his way, and Death lay there conquered and was so impotent that he couldn't get

up again. "What is to happen," he said, "if I lie here in the corner? No one will die in the world any more, and it will get so full of people that they will no longer have any room to stand beside one another."

As he was saying this, a young man came along, vigorous and healthy, singing a song and glancing here and there. When he spied the half-unconscious man, he went sympathetically to him, lifted him up, gave him a fortifying drink from his bottle, and waited until the latter had regained his strength. Raising himself, the stranger asked, "But do you know who I am, and whom you have helped to his feet again?" "No," answered the youth, "I don't know you." "I am Death," he said; "I spare no one nor can I make an exception in your case. But that you may see that I am grateful, I promise not to assail you unawares but shall first send my messengers before I come to fetch you." "All right," said the youth. "It's at least something to know when you're coming and to be safe from you that long." Then he went on, was merry and in good spirits, and lived a happy-go-lucky life.

But youth and health did not last long. Soon came illnesses and pains that tormented him by day and gave him no rest by night. "I shan't die," he said to himself, "for Death will first send his messengers; I only wish that the evil days of illness were over." As soon as he felt well, he began again to live merrily. Then one day someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked around and Death was standing behind him and said, "Follow me! Your hour of departure from the World has come." "What! are you going to break your word?" answered the man. "Didn't you promise to send your messengers to me before you yourself came? I haven't seen any." "Quiet!" replied Death. "Didn't I send you one messenger after another? Didn't Fever come, attack you, shake you and overthrow you? Didn't Giddiness stupefy your brain? Didn't Gout give you twinges in every limb? Didn't your ears buzz? Didn't Toothache wrack your jaws? Didn't it go black before your eyes? Over and above all that, didn't Sleep, my own brother, remind you of me every night? Didn't you lie at night as if you were already dead?" The man had no answer, yielded to his fate, and went away with Death.

178 Master Awl

Meister Pfriem

MASTER AWL WAS a skinny little man but lively and never at rest one single minute. His face, in which only his snub nose was prominent, was pockmarked and as pale as a corpse, his hair was grey and disheveled, his eyes were small but always in motion, twinkling right and left. He noticed everything, found fault with everything, knew everything better than anybody else, and was always right. When he walked down the street, he swung both arms violently and once he knocked the pail a girl was carrying water in so high in the air that he himself was drenched by it. "Stupid goose!" he cried out at her, shaking himself. "Couldn't you see I was coming along behind you?" By trade he was a shoemaker and when he worked, he pulled his thread through so hard that he would hit with his fist anybody who didn't stand far enough off. No apprentice stayed with him longer than a month because he always had some fault to find with the best work. Either the stitches weren't even or one shoe was longer than the other or one heel higher than the other or the leather wasn't enough. "Wait a minute," he would say to the apprentice, "I'll show you quick enough how to beat hide soft," would fetch a strap, and give him a few blows across the back.

He called them all lazy-bones, yet he didn't accomplish a great deal himself, for he never sat still for a quarter of an hour. If his wife had got up early and lighted the fire, he would jump out of bed and run barefoot into the kitchen. "Do you want to set the house afire?" he'd cry. "That's a fire you could roast an ox with!" or "Maybe wood doesn't cost anything?" If the maids were standing by the washtub laughing and telling each other the news, he would scold them, "There the geese stand cackling and forget their work. And why new soap? Infamous waste and, besides, a shameful indolence! They want to save

their hands and not rub the clothes properly." Rushing up, he knocked over a pail of lye so that the whole kitchen was flooded. If anybody was putting up a new house, he would run to the window and look. "They're using that red sandstone again for the wall," he'd cry. "It never dries out; nobody will keep well in that house. And just see how badly the apprentices are laying the stones. The mortar is no good, either; there ought to be gravel in it, not sand. I'll live to see the day when the house collapses over the people's heads." He'd sit down and take a few stitches, then jump up again, undo his leather apron and cry, "I'm just going out a minute and remind the people of their duty." He ran into the carpenters. "What's that!" he cried. "You certainly aren't hewing to the line. Do you think the beams will stand straight? One fine day the whole thing will come unjoined." He grabbed the ax from a carpenter's hand and was about to show him how he ought to hew. However, since a cart loaded with loam came along, he threw the ax aside and went for the farmer who was walking alongside. "You're out of your mind!" he cried. "Who hitches young horses to a heavily loaded cart? The poor animals will drop dead on you on the spot." The farmer didn't answer him, and Awl out of vexation ran back to his workshop.

When about to sit down to work again, the apprentice handed him a shoe. "Is it the same old trouble again?" he cried out at him. "Didn't I tell you not to cut the shoes so broad? Who'd buy a shoe like that?—hardly anything but sole! I insist that my orders be carried out absolutely." "Master," answered the apprentice, "you may well be right in saying that the shoe is no good, but it's the very one you cut out and started to work on yourself. When you jumped up a minute ago, you threw it off the bench and I merely picked it up. An angel from Heaven couldn't please you."

One night Master Awl dreamed he had died and was on the way to Heaven. When he got there, he knocked violently at the gate. "I'm surprised," he said, "that they haven't a knocker on the gate; one might hurt one's knuckles knocking." The Apostle Peter opened the gate and wanted to see who was demanding entry so violently. "Oh, it's you, Master Awl," he said. "To be sure, I'll let you in, but I warn you to drop your old ways and not find fault with anything you see in Heaven. It

might fare ill with you." "You might have saved your admonition," Awl replied. "Of course, I know what's right, and here, thank God, everything is perfect and there's nothing to find fault with as on Earth." So he stepped in and walked up and down the great chambers of Heaven. He looked about right and left, though he sometimes shook his head and growled something to himself.

As he was doing this, he saw two angels carrying off a beam. It was the beam that one man had had in his eye while looking for the mote in other people's. But they were carrying the beam crosswise, not lengthwise. "Did you ever see anything so stupid?" thought Master Awl, but he kept quiet and pretended not to mind. "Fundamentally it is all the same how one carries a beam, lengthwise or crosswise, as long as one gets it through, and I see, to be sure, that they're not bumping against anything." Shortly after that he spied two angels drawing water from a well into a vat; at the same time he noticed the vat was pierced with holes and that the water was running out in all directions. They were drenching the Earth with rain. "Great goodness!" he burst out, but luckily remembered himself and thought, "Perhaps it's a mere pastime. If one finds it amusing, one can do silly things like that, especially here in Heaven, where, as I have already noticed, they just idle about." He walked on and saw a cart that was stuck in a deep hole. "No wonder," he said to the man who was standing beside it. "Who loaded it so stupidly? What have you got there?" "Pious wishes," answered the man. "I couldn't keep on the road with it, but luckily I have pushed the cart up this far and they won't leave me stuck here." As a matter of fact an angel came and hitched on two horses. "All very well," thought Awl, "but two horses won't get the cart out; there must be at least four." Another angel came leading two more horses, didn't hitch them on in front, however, but behind. That was too much for Master Awl. "Blockhead!" he broke out, "what are you doing there? As long as this World has been, has anybody ever pulled a cart out of a hole that way? Here, however, in their proud conceit they think they know everything better." He was about to go on talking, but one of the dwellers in Heaven had seized him by the collar and with irresistible force thrust him out. In the gateway the master

turned his head once more toward the cart and saw it being lifted up in the air by four winged horses.

At this moment Master Awl woke up. "Things certainly go differently in Heaven than on Earth," he said to himself, "and much is excused there. But who can look on in patience while horses are being hitched up in front and behind? They had wings, to be sure, but who can know that? Besides, it's awfully stupid to attach a pair of wings to horses when they have got four legs to walk with. But I've got to get up, otherwise they'll be doing everything wrong in the house. It's just lucky I didn't really die."

179 The Goosegirl by the Spring

Die Gänsehirtin am Brunnen

THERE WAS ONCE an old, old woman who lived with her flock of geese in a waste land in the mountains and had a little house there. The waste land was bounded by a great forest, and every morning the old woman took her crutch and waddled into the forest. There she was very busy, more so than one would have believed possible of her advanced age. She gathered grass for her geese, picked the wild fruit as high as her hands could reach, and carried it all home on her back. One might have thought that the heavy burden would have weighed her down to the ground, but she always got it home all right. When she met anybody, she would greet them in most friendly fashion with "How do you do, fellow-countryman! It's fine weather today. Yes, you're surprised I'm lugging the grass, but everybody must take his burden on his back." Just the same, people didn't like to meet her and preferred to make a detour to avoid her. And if a father passed her with his boy, he would say softly to him, "Watch out for the old woman; she's a sly one and a witch."

One morning a handsome young man was walking through the forest. The sun was shining bright, the birds were singing, a cool breeze was blowing through the leaves, and he was joyful and gay. As yet he had met nobody, when suddenly he spied the old witch who was kneeling on the ground, cutting grass with a sickle. She had already piled a whole load on her cloth carrier, and beside it were two baskets filled with wild pears and apples. "But granny," he said, "how can you carry all that away?" "I have got to carry it, dear sir," she answered. "Rich people's children don't need to, but as the farmer says,

'Don't look around,
Your back is bent.'

Will you help me?" she said as he stopped beside her. "You still have a straight back and young legs; it will be easy for you. Besides, my house isn't so far from here; it's out on the heath there behind the mountain. How fast you'll run up there!" The young man took pity on the old woman. "To be sure," he answered, "my father is not a farmer but a rich count; still, that you may see that farmers aren't the only people who can carry something, I'll take on your load." "If you want to try it," she said, "I should be much obliged. You will certainly have to walk for an hour, but what difference is that to you? You must carry those apples and pears there, too." Just the same, the young count had a few misgivings when he heard about the hour's walk, but the old woman didn't let go of him, put the carrier on his back, and hung both baskets on his arm. "See, it's quite light," she said. "No, it isn't light," answered the count and assumed a pained expression. "The load presses on me as heavily as if there were nothing but stones in it, and the apples and pears weigh as if they were of lead. I can hardly breathe." He wanted to put the whole thing down again, but the old woman didn't permit it. "Just look," she said mockingly, "the young gentleman isn't willing to carry what I, an old woman, have so often lugged off. They're ready with pretty speeches, but when it's the real thing, then they want to clear out. Why do you stand there hesitating?" she continued. "Pick up your feet. No one is going to take the pack off you again."

As long as he was walking on the level he was able to hold out, but when they reached the mountain and had to climb and

the stones rolled out from under his feet as if they were alive, then it was too much for him. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead and ran now hot, now cold, down his back. "Granny," he said, "I can't go on. I'm going to rest a bit." "Not at all," answered the old woman. "Once we get there, you may rest, but now you must keep going. Who knows what advantage you may derive from it!" "Old woman, you're impudent," said the count and wanted to throw off the pack, but he struggled in vain; it was stuck on his back as firmly as if it had grown there. He twisted and turned but couldn't get rid of it. The old woman laughed at that and hopped about gaily on her crutch. "Don't get angry, dear sir," she said. "You're getting as red in the face as a turkey cock. Carry your pack patiently. When we reach the house, I'll give you a good tip, of course." What could he do? He had to adjust himself to his fate and crawl along patiently behind the old woman. She seemed to get livelier and livelier and his load heavier and heavier. All at once she took a jump, leapt up on the carrier, and sat down on it. No matter how thin she was, she weighed more than the fattest peasant girl. The young man's knees shook, but every time he stopped going forward, the old woman beat his legs with a rod and with nettles.

Groaning all the way, he climbed the mountain and finally, just as he was about to collapse, reached the old woman's house. When the geese saw her, they lifted their wings and stretching out their necks, ran to meet her, crying "Cackle, cackle." Behind the flock with rod in hand walked an aged slattern, big and strong but ugly as night. "Mother," she said to the old woman, "did something happen to you? You stayed away so long." "Far from it, daughter," she replied. "Nothing happened to me; on the contrary, the kind gentleman there carried my load for me, and just think, when I got tired, he carried me, too, on his back. The trip didn't seem long to us; we made merry and were joking with one another the whole time." At last the old woman slid down, took the pack off the young man's back and the baskets from his arm and looking at him in the friendliest way, said, "Now sit down on the bench outside the door and rest up. You've certainly earned your pay and you'll get it all right." Then to the goosegirl she said, "Go into the house, my daughter; it isn't proper for you to be alone with the young gentleman. One mustn't pour oil on the flames—he might fall in love with you."

The count didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Such a darling!" he thought. "And even if she were thirty years younger, she couldn't stir my heart."

Meanwhile, the old woman petted and patted the geese like children and then went with her daughter into the house. The youth stretched himself out on the bench under a wild apple tree. The air was soft and mild. Around about extended a green meadow strewn with primroses, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers. Through the middle murmured a clear brook on which the sun sparkled, and the white geese promenaded up and down or bathed and preened themselves in the water. "It's really lovely here," he said, "but I'm so tired that I can't keep my eyes open; I'll sleep for a bit. If only a gust of wind doesn't come and blow my legs off my body, for they're as soft as touchwood!"

When he had slept a while, the old woman came and shook him awake. "Get up," she said, "you can't stay here. I made it hard enough for you, to be sure, but it didn't cost you your life. Now I'm going to give you your pay. You don't need money and property; here is something quite different." Thereupon she put in his hand a little box cut from a single emerald. "Keep it carefully," she added. "It will bring you luck." The count jumped up, and then feeling quite refreshed and strong again, thanked the old woman for her present and took himself off without so much as looking around at the beautiful daughter. Even when quite a distance away he still heard the merry cry of the geese from afar.

The count was obliged to wander about in the wilderness for three days before he could find his way out. Then he came into a big city and because no one knew him, he was taken to the royal palace where the king and queen were sitting on their thrones. The count knelt, drew the emerald receptacle from his pocket, and laid it at the queen's feet. She bade him rise, and he had to hand her the little box. But scarcely had she opened it and looked in when she fell to earth as if dead. The count was seized by the king's servants and was to be taken to prison; then the queen opened her eyes and cried out that they were to release him, that everybody was to go out, and that she wanted to speak with him in private.

When the queen was alone, she began to weep bitterly and said, "What good is the splendor and honor that surrounds me?

Every morning I awaken in sorrow and distress. I had three daughters, of whom the youngest was so beautiful that everybody regarded her as a marvel. She was as white as snow, as red as apple blossoms, and her hair was as bright as the sunbeams. When she wept, it wasn't tears that fell from her eyes but just pearls and jewels. When she was fifteen, the king had all three sisters come before his throne. Then you should have seen how the people opened their eyes in amazement when the youngest entered: it was like the sunrise. The king said, 'My daughters, I don't know when my last day will come. Today I am going to decree what each of you shall receive after my death. You all love me, but the one of you who loves me most shall have the best share.' Each said she loved him most. 'Can't you express to me how much you love me?' replied the king. 'In that way I see what you mean.' The eldest said, 'I love my father as much as the sweetest sugar.' The second, 'I love my father as much as my most beautiful gown.' But the youngest was silent. Then her father said, 'And you, my dearest child, how much do you love me?' 'I don't know,' she answered, 'and can't compare my love to anything.' But her father insisted on her naming something. Then at last she said, 'Without salt the best food doesn't taste good to me; accordingly, I love my father like salt.' When the king heard that, he fell into a rage and said, 'If you love me like salt, then your love shall also be repaid in salt.' Then he divided the realm between the two eldest, but on the back of the youngest he had a bag of salt tied, and two servants had to take her out into the wild forest. We all implored and prayed for her," said the queen, "but the king's wrath was not to be appeased. How she wept when she had to leave us! The whole way was strewn with pearls that flowed from her eyes. Soon after that the king regretted his great severity and had the whole forest searched for the poor child. But no one could find her. When I think that the wild animals may have devoured her, I don't know how to contain myself for grief. Sometimes I console myself with the hope that she may still be alive and have hidden herself in a cave or found shelter with charitable people."

"But imagine! When I opened your emerald box, there lay in it a pearl of exactly the sort that used to flow from my daughter's eyes, and thus you can imagine how the sight moved my heart. You must tell me how you came by the pearl." The count told

her that he had received it in the forest from the old woman who hadn't seemed quite right to him and who was surely a witch. Of her child, however, he had neither heard nor seen anything. The king and the queen decided to hunt the old woman up, thinking, where the pearl had been, there they might get news of their daughter, too.

Out in the waste land the old woman was sitting with her spinning wheel and spinning. It had already grown dark and a splint of wood burning down on the hearth gave a feeble light. Suddenly there was a noise outside: the geese were coming home from pasture and were sounding their hoarse cries. Shortly afterward the daughter entered, but the old woman barely thanked her, just nodded her head slightly. Her daughter sat down beside her, took her spinning wheel, and turned the thread as agilely as a young girl. Thus both sat for two hours without saying a word to one another. Finally, something rattled at the window and two fiery eyes stared in. It was an old night owl which thrice cried "Oo-hoo." The old woman merely raised her eyes slightly, then said, "Now, daughter, it's time for you to go out and do your work."

She got up and went out. Where did she go? Across the meadows farther and farther into the valley. Finally she came to a spring by which stood three old oaks. The moon had meantime risen big and round over the mountain, and it was so bright that one could have found a pin. She stripped off a skin that covered her face, then leaned down over the spring and began to wash herself. When she had finished, she plunged the skin, too, into the water and then laid it on the grass to bleach it and dry it again in the moonlight. But how changed was the girl! You never saw anything like it! When the mop of grey hair dropped off, golden hair welled out like rays of the sun and spread like a cloak over her whole body. And her eyes gleamed as bright as stars in Heaven and her cheeks glowed a soft red like apple blossoms. But the beautiful girl was sad. She sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another forced its way out of her eyes and rolled to the ground through her long hair. Thus she sat there and would have stayed a long time had there not been a crackling and a rustling in the branches of the near-by tree. She sprang up like a roe that hears the shot of the huntsman. Just at that moment the moon was covered by a black cloud and in an instant the girl

had again slipped into her old skin and vanished like a light blown out by the wind. Trembling like an aspen leaf she ran back to the house.

The old woman was standing by the door, and the girl was about to tell her what had happened. But the old woman laughed in kindly fashion and said, "I already know everything." She led her into the living room and lighted a fresh splint; she didn't sit down again at the spinning wheel but fetched a broom and began to sweep and scrub the floor. "Everything must be nice and clean," she said to the girl. "But mother," said the girl, "why are you starting to work at such a late hour? What have you in mind?" "Do you know what time it is?" asked the old woman. "Not yet midnight," answered the girl, "but it is already past eleven." "Don't you remember," continued the old woman, "that you came to me three years ago today? Your time is up, we can no longer remain together." The girl was frightened and said, "Oh, mother dear, are you going to put me out? Where am I to go? I have no friends and no home I can turn to. I've done everything you asked, and you've always been satisfied with me. Don't send me away!" The old woman didn't want to tell the girl what lay ahead of her. "I shan't be staying here any longer," she said to her, "but when I go away, the house and living room must be clean; therefore, don't stop me in my work. As far as you are concerned, don't worry. You'll find a roof to live under, and you'll be satisfied, too, with the wages I shall give you." "But tell me what is going to happen," asked the girl. "Again I tell you, don't interrupt me in my work. Don't say another word. Go into your room, take the skin off your face, and put on the silk gown you were wearing when you came to me. Then wait in your room till I call you."

But I must go back to the king and queen who had set out with the count and were going to search for the old woman in the waste land. During the night the count got separated from them in the forest and had to go on alone. The next day it seemed to him that he was on the right track. He kept on until darkness fell, and he climbed a tree and was going to spend the night there, for he was afraid that he might lose his way. When the moon lighted up the region, he saw a figure wandering down the mountain. She had no staff in her hand, but he could see that it was the goosegirl whom he had seen previously in the old

woman's house. "Aha!" he cried, "here she comes. If I get the one witch, the other won't escape me, either." Imagine his surprise when she went to the spring, took off her skin and washed herself, when her golden hair fell down over her, and she was more beautiful than anybody in the world had ever seen. Scarcely daring to breathe he stuck his head out among the leaves just as far as he could and looked hard at her. Whether he leaned over too far, or whatever the trouble was, suddenly the branch crackled, and at the same instant the girl slipped into her skin, sprang away like a roe and, since at the same moment the moon became covered, was lost to his sight.

Hardly had she disappeared when the count climbed down the tree and hurried after her with rapid strides. He had not gone far when in the gloom he saw two figures walking across the meadow. It was the king and the queen who from afar had spied the light in the old woman's cottage and had been walking toward it. The count told them the wonders he had seen at the spring, and they had no doubt but that it was their long-lost daughter. They went on joyfully and soon came to the cottage: the geese were sitting about on the ground, had their heads tucked under their wings and were asleep, and not one stirred. They looked in at the window: there the old woman was quietly sitting and spinning, nodding her head and not looking around. The living room was just as clean as if the little fog dwarfs lived there who track no dust on their feet. But they didn't see their daughter. They looked at all this for a long time, finally plucked up their courage, and tapped lightly on the window. The old woman seemed to have been expecting them, got up and in most friendly fashion called out, "Come right in! Of course, I know you." When they entered the living room, the old woman said, "You might have spared yourselves this long journey if three years ago you had not unjustly cast out your child who is so sweet and good. It has done her no harm to have had to tend geese for three years. She has learned nothing bad from that; on the contrary, she has kept her heart pure. However, you've been amply punished by the grief you have suffered." Then she went to the bedroom and called, "Come out, daughter." Then the door opened, and the king's daughter stepped out in her silk gown with her golden hair and her shining eyes, and it was as if an angel from Heaven were coming.

She went up to her mother and father, fell on their necks and kissed them. They couldn't all help weeping for joy. The young count was standing beside them, and when she saw him, she got as red in the face as a moss rose—she herself didn't know why. "Dear child," said the king, "I have given my kingdom away. What am I to give you?" "She doesn't need anything," said the old woman. "I am making her a present of the tears that she has shed for you. They are fine pearls, fairer than those found in the sea and worth more than your whole realm. And in payment for her services I am giving her my cottage." As the old woman said that, she vanished before their eyes. There was a slight rattling in the walls, and as they looked around, the cottage was transformed into a magnificent palace, and a royal board was set, and the servants were running hither and thither.

There is more to the story, but my grandmother's memory had got weak when she told it to me: she had forgotten the rest. Just the same, I think that the beautiful king's daughter married the count and that they remained in the palace and lived very happily there as long as God granted them to. Whether the snow-white geese which were tended beside the cottage were just girls (no one need take that amiss) whom the old woman had taken under her care, and whether they now regained their human forms and stayed with the young queen as servants, I really don't know, but I suppose so. This much is certain: the old woman was not a witch, as people thought, but a well-meaning wise woman. It was probably she who at birth gave the king's daughter the gift of weeping pearls instead of tears. That doesn't happen any more nowadays, otherwise the poor would soon get rich.

180 Eve's Unequal Children

Die ungleichen Kinder Evas

WHEN ADAM AND EVE were expelled from Paradise, they had to build a house for themselves on barren soil and eat their bread

in the sweat of their brows. Adam hoed the fields and Eve spun wool. Every year Eve gave birth to a child, but the children were unequal: some were good-looking, others ill-favored.

After a considerable time had passed, God sent an angel to the couple to notify them that He was coming to inspect their household. Eve, happy that the Lord was so gracious, busily cleaned her house, decked it out with flowers, and strewed rushes on the floor. Then she fetched the children, but only those that were good-looking. She washed and bathed them, combed their hair, put clean shirts on them, and admonished them to be nice and polite in the presence of the Lord. They were to make Him a proper bow, offer their hands, and answer His questions modestly and sensibly. But the ill-favored children were not to show themselves. One she hid under the hay, another under the roof, the third in the straw, the fourth in the stove, the fifth in the cellar, the sixth under a tub, the seventh under the winevat, the eighth under her old fur, the ninth and tenth under the cloth out of which Eve made their clothes, and the eleventh and twelfth under the leather out of which she cut their shoes.

No sooner was she ready than there was a knock on the front door. Adam looked through a crack and saw that it was the Lord. He opened the door respectfully and the Heavenly Father stepped in. There stood the good-looking children in a row, bowed, offered Him their hands, and knelt down. The Lord began to bless them, laid His hands on the first and said to it, "You shall become a mighty king"; likewise to the second, "You a prince"; to the third, "You a count"; to the fourth, "You a knight"; to the fifth, "You a nobleman"; to the sixth, "You a burgher"; to the seventh, "You a merchant"; to the eighth, "You a scholar." In this wise He distributed His rich blessings on all of them.

Seeing that the Lord was so gentle and gracious, Eve thought, "I'll fetch my misshapen children; perhaps He will give them His blessing, too." So she ran and got them out of the hay, straw, stove, and wherever she had hidden them. Then the whole coarse, dirty, scabby, sooty troop arrived. The Lord smiled, looked at them all, and said, "I shall bless these, too." He laid His hands on the first and said to it, "You shall become a farmer"; to the second, "You a fisherman"; to the third, "You a smith"; to the fourth, "You a tanner"; to the fifth, "You a

weaver"; to the sixth, "You a shoemaker"; to the seventh, "You a tailor"; to the eighth, "You a potter"; to the ninth, "You a carter"; to the tenth, "You a boatman"; to the eleventh, "You a messenger"; to the twelfth, "You a domestic servant as long as you live."

When Eve heard all this, she said, "Lord, why do You distribute Your blessings so unequally? All of them are really my children, whom I bore. Your grace should extend over all of them equally." But God replied, "Eve, you don't understand it. It is proper and necessary for me through your children to provide for the whole earth. Were they all princes and lords, who would cultivate grain, thresh, grind, and bake? Who would forge, weave, hew, build, dig, cut, and sew? Everybody must have his place, so that one may support the other and all, like the parts of a body, be nourished." Then Eve answered, "Oh, Lord, forgive me! I was too hasty in arguing with You. May Your divine will be done even on my children."

181 The Nixie in the Pond

Die Nixe im Teich

THERE WAS ONCE a miller who with his wife lived happy and contented. They had money and property and grew more prosperous from year to year. But misfortune can come over night: just as their fortune had grown, so year by year it vanished again, and finally the miller could scarcely call even the mill he lived in his own. He was greatly distressed, and when he lay down at the end of a day's work, he got no rest but in his anxiety tossed about in his bed.

One morning he got up well before daybreak and went out into the country, thinking that this might lighten his heart. As he was walking across the mill dam, the first ray of the sun was just appearing, and he heard something roaring in the pond. He turned around and saw a beautiful woman rising

slowly out of the water. Her long hair, that she had held over her shoulders with her slender hands, billowed down on both sides and covered her white body. He saw plainly that it was the nixie of the pond and in his fright didn't know whether to go away or stay there. But the nixie spoke with her gentle voice, called him by name, and asked why he was so sad. At first the miller was dumbfounded, but hearing her speak in so friendly a fashion, he took heart and told her that he had formerly been lucky and wealthy but now was so poor that he didn't know what to do. "Don't worry," answered the nixie; "I'll make you richer and luckier than you ever were, only you must promise to give me what has just been born in your house." "What else can that be," thought the miller, "but a puppy or a kitten?" and promised her what she demanded. The nixie went back down into the water while, consoled and in good spirits, the miller hurried to his mill.

He had not yet reached it when the maid stepped out the front door and called to him to rejoice: his wife had just borne him a little boy. The miller stood thunderstruck; he saw clearly that the crafty nixie had known this and had tricked him. With head bowed he went to his wife's bedside, and when she asked him, "Why don't you rejoice over the lovely boy?" he told her what had befallen him and the promise he had made the nixie. "What good does luck and wealth do me," he added, "if I am to lose my child? But what can I do?" Even the relatives who had come to congratulate them knew no way out.

Meanwhile, good fortune returned to the miller's home. Whatever he undertook prospered; it was as if the chests and boxes filled themselves, and the money in the cupboard increased over night. Before long his fortune was greater than ever before. Yet he could not take untroubled pleasure in it: the promise he had made the nixie tormented his heart. Every time he passed the pond he was afraid she might emerge and remind him of his debt. The boy himself he didn't allow near the water. "Watch out!" he would say. "If you touch the water, a hand will come out, seize you, and pull you under." Nevertheless, as year after year went by and the nixie didn't show herself again, the miller began to feel easier.

The boy grew into a young man and was apprenticed to a huntsman. When he had mastered his craft and become a

competent huntsman, the lord of the village took him into his service. In the village lived a beautiful and loyal girl whom the huntsman liked, and when his master noticed that, he made him a present of a little cottage. The couple got married, lived tranquilly and happily, and loved each other very dearly.

On one occasion the huntsman was after a roe. As the animal turned out of the forest into the open country, he pursued it and finally brought it down with one shot. He didn't notice that he was in the vicinity of the dangerous pond and after cleaning the animal, went to the water to wash his blood-stained hands. No sooner had he dipped them in than the nixie rose up, embraced him laughingly with her wet arms, and drew him down so fast that the waves closed over him.

When it was evening and the huntsman didn't come home, his wife got worried. She went out in search of him, and since he had so often told her that he must be on his guard against the nixie's snares and not dare go near the pond, she suspected, of course, what had happened. She hurried to the pond and on finding his game bag lying on the bank, could no longer be in doubt about the accident. Wailing and wringing her hands, she called her beloved by name, but in vain. She hurried over to the other side of the pond and called him again. She chided the nixie with harsh words, but no answer came. The surface of the water remained unruffled, and only the face of the half-moon looked down motionless upon her. The poor woman didn't leave the pond. With rapid strides, without rest or pause, she kept going around it again and again, now in silence, now uttering loud cries, now softly whimpering. At last she reached the end of her strength, sank to the ground, and fell into a deep sleep. Soon she had a dream.

Full of anxiety she was climbing up among great boulders; her feet kept getting caught in thorns and creepers, the rain was beating on her face, and the wind was tossing her long hair. When she got to the top, an altogether different scene presented itself. The sky was blue, the air balmy, the ground sloped gently downward, and on a green meadow, dotted with flowers of many colors, stood a neat cottage. She went up to it and opened the door. There sat a white-haired old woman who beckoned to her in a friendly fashion.

At that moment the poor woman woke up. Day had already

dawned, and she decided at once to follow up the dream. Painfully she climbed the mountain, and everything was exactly as she had seen it in the night. The old woman received her in a friendly manner and showed her a chair to sit down in. "You must have suffered a misfortune," she said, "to have sought out my lonely cottage." Weeping, the woman told her what had befallen her. "Console yourself," said the old woman; "I shall help you. Here is a gold comb. Wait till the moon has risen full, then go to the pond, sit down on the edge, and comb your long black hair with this comb. When you have finished, however, lay it down on the bank, and you will see what will happen." The woman went home, but the time till the full moon passed slowly for her. At last the gleaming disk appeared in the sky; then she went out to the pond, sat down, and combed her long black hair with the gold comb. When she had finished, she laid it down by the water's edge. Soon there was a roaring deep down, a wave rose up, rolled to the bank and swept the comb away. It was no longer than it took the comb to sink to the bottom when the surface broke and the huntsman's head rose up. He didn't speak but looked at his wife with sorrowful mien. At the same moment a second wave came rushing on and covered the man's head. Everything vanished, the pond was as still as before, and only the face of the full moon shone upon it.

The woman went home disconsolate, but her dream directed her to the old woman's hut. Again she set out next morning and lamented her sorrow to the wise woman. The old woman gave her a gold flute, saying, "Wait till the moon is full again, then take this flute, sit down on the bank, play a pretty air on it, and when you are done, lay it on the sand. You'll see what will happen." The wife did as the old woman said. No sooner was the flute on the sand than a roaring noise came from out of the depths, a wave rose up, moved forward, and carried the flute away. Soon afterward the surface broke, and not merely the head emerged, but the upper part of the man's body as well. Full of longing he stretched out his arms to her, but a second wave rushed on, covered him, and dragged him down again. "Alas!" said the unhappy woman. "What good does it do me to behold my beloved only to lose him again?"

Grief filled her heart anew, but for the third time the dream

led her to the old woman's house. She set out, and the wise woman gave her a gold spinning wheel and consoled her, saying, "All is not yet fulfilled. Wait till the moon is full, then take the spinning wheel, sit down on the bank and spin the bobbin full. And when you have finished, place the spinning wheel near the water and you will see what will happen." The wife carried all this out to the letter. As soon as the full moon appeared, she took the gold spinning wheel to the water's edge and spun industriously until the flax was used up and the bobbin wound quite full of thread. Hardly, however, was the spinning wheel on the bank when there was an even greater roar than usual in the depths of the water: a mighty wave rushed up and carried the wheel away. Soon the head and the man's whole body rose up in a jet of water. He jumped quickly ashore and seizing his wife by the hand, fled. They had gone but a short way, however, when the whole pond rose up with a terrible roar and with torrential violence streamed into the open fields. The fugitives saw death already staring them in the face. Then in her anguish the wife cried to the old woman for help, and at that instant they were transformed, she into a toad, he into a frog. The flood that reached them was unable to kill them, but it tore them apart and carried them far away. When the water had subsided and both touched dry land again, their human forms returned, but neither knew where the other had got to. They found themselves among strange people who were unacquainted with their homeland. High mountains and deep valleys lay between them. To earn their living both had to tend sheep. For many a long year they drove their flocks through forest and field and were filled with sorrow and longing.

Once when the spring again broke forth from the earth, the two were one day driving out their flocks and chance would have it that they met. He spied a flock on a distant slope and drove his sheep in that direction. They met in a valley but didn't recognize one another, yet they were happy not to be so lonely any more. From now on they drove their flocks every day side by side; they didn't talk much yet felt consoled. One evening when the full moon was shining in the sky and the sheep were already at rest, the shepherd fetched out the flute from his pouch and played a beautiful but sad tune. When he had finished, he noticed that the shepherdess was weeping

bitterly. "Why are you weeping?" he asked. "Alas!" she answered. "The full moon was shining like that, too, when I played that air on the flute for the last time and when the head of my beloved came up out of the water." He looked at her, and it was as if a film had fallen from his eyes: he recognized his very dear wife. And when she looked at him and the moon shone on his face, she recognized him, too. They embraced and kissed one another, and no one need ask if they were blissfully happy.

182 The Gifts of the Wee Folk

Die Geschenke des kleinen Volkes

A TAILOR AND A GOLDSMITH were journeying together, and one evening, after the sun had gone down behind the mountains, they heard the sound of distant music that kept getting clearer and clearer. The sounds were unusual but so charming that they forgot their weariness and strode on rapidly. The moon had already risen as they reached a hill on which they saw a crowd of little men and women holding one another by the hand and twirling around in the gayest and merriest dance. As they danced, they sang the loveliest songs, and that was the music the travelers had heard. In their midst sat an old man; he was a little bigger than the rest, wore a coat of many colors, and his iron-grey beard hung down over his chest. In great amazement the two men stopped and watched the dance. The old man beckoned them to come in, and the wee folk willingly opened their circle. The goldsmith, who had a hump and, like all hunchbacks, was quite forward, stepped up. The tailor at first felt somewhat shy and held back, but when he saw what fun was going on, he plucked up courage and joined them. At once the circle closed again, and the wee folk went on singing and dancing in the wildest fashion.

The old man, however, took a broad-bladed knife that hung

from his belt, whet it, and when it was properly sharp, looked around at the strangers. They became frightened but hadn't much time for reflection: the old man seized the goldsmith and with the greatest speed shaved his hair and beard off clean. Then the same thing happened to the tailor. But their fears vanished when the old man, having finished the job, clapped them on the shoulder in a friendly manner as if to say that they had done well to let all this happen voluntarily and without resistance. He pointed his finger at a heap of coals that lay to one side and indicated to them by gestures that they might fill their pockets. The two obeyed, though they didn't know what good the coals might do them. Then they went on their way to seek a night's lodging. When they got into the valley, the bell of a near-by monastery was striking twelve. All at once the singing ceased, everything had vanished, and the hill lay lonely in the moonlight.

The two travelers found a lodging and covered themselves with their coats on a bed of straw; being so very sleepy, however, they forgot to take out the coals first. A heavy pressure on their bodies waked them up earlier than usual. They put their hands in their pockets and couldn't believe their eyes when they saw that they were filled not with coals but with pure gold. Furthermore, their hair and beards were fortunately full-grown again. Now they had become rich men; the goldsmith, who in accord with his greedy nature had filled his pockets fuller, had, however, twice as much as the tailor.

When a greedy person has a lot, he demands still more. So the goldsmith proposed to the tailor that they stop over another day and go out again in the evening to get even greater treasures from the old man on the mountain. The tailor didn't want to and said, "I have plenty and am satisfied; now I shall become a master tailor, marry the charming object of my affections (as he called his beloved) and be a happy man." Still, as a favor to the goldsmith he was willing to stop over that day. In the evening the goldsmith slung a couple of extra pouches over his shoulder so as to be able to put lots into them and set out for the hill. As on the previous evening he found the wee folk singing and dancing. Again the old man shaved him clean and indicated that he was to take some coals. He didn't hesitate to pocket as much as his pouches would hold,

returned home most happy, and covered himself with his coat. "Even if the gold does press on me," he said, "I'll stand it all right," and finally fell asleep in pleasant anticipation of waking up in the morning a very rich man.

When he opened his eyes, he got up quickly in order to explore his pockets, but imagine his surprise when he took out nothing but black coals, feel around as much as he would. "Anyway, I still have the gold I got night before last," he thought and fetched it. But imagine his fright on seeing that it, too, had turned back into coal. He struck his forehead with his hand that was black with coal dust and felt that his whole head was bald and smooth, and his beard gone, too. His misfortune was not at an end, however. Now for the first time he noticed in addition to the hump on his back that a second, quite as big, had grown on his chest. Then he recognized the punishment for his greed and began to weep aloud. The kind tailor, awakened by this, consoled the unhappy man as much as he could, saying, "You have been my companion on the journey, you are to stay with me and use part of my treasure." He kept his word, but as long as the poor goldsmith lived, he had to carry both humps and cover his bald head with a cap.

183 The Giant and the Tailor

Der Riese und der Schneider

A TAILOR WHO was a great braggart but slow at paying up got the notion of going out for a bit of a walk and taking a look about in the forest. Just as soon as he could, he left his workshop,

went his way
over bridges big and small,
now here, now there,
ever on and on.

Once out there, he saw in the blue distance a steep mountain and behind it, reaching to heaven, a tower that rose up promi-

nently from a wild and dark forest. "Thunderation!" cried the tailor, "what is that?" And because his curiosity piqued him so, he walked off quickly toward it. But how he gaped and stared when he got near, for the tower had legs, leapt over the steep mountain in one jump, and stood before the tailor in the form of a huge and mighty giant. "What do you want here, you little shrimp?" cried the latter with a voice that sounded as if it were thundering all about. "I'm going to look about and see if I can earn my bit of daily bread in the forest," whispered the tailor. "If that is so," said the giant, "you may, of course, enter my service." "If it must be that way, why not? But what will my wages be?" "You shall hear what your wages will be," said the giant. "Three hundred and sixty-five days every year and leap year a day extra. Is that agreeable to you?" "Well, all right," answered the tailor, thinking to himself, "One must cut one's coat to one's cloth. I'll try to get away again soon."

Thereupon the giant said to him, "Go, you little rascal, and fetch me a jug of water." "Why not rather then the well and the spring along with it?" asked the braggart and went with the jug to the well. "What! the well and the spring, too?" growled the giant, who was a little doltish and simple and who began to get frightened. "The fellow is something more than human; he has a helpful spirit in him. Watch out, John old chap, he's no servant for you!"

When the tailor had fetched the water, the giant ordered him to cut a few logs of wood in the forest and carry them home. "Why not rather the whole forest at once,

the whole forest
with trees young and old,
with everything it has,
gnarled and smooth?"

asked the tailor and went to cut the wood. "What!

the whole forest
with trees young and old,
with everything it has,
gnarled and smooth?

and the well along with the spring?" growled the credulous giant to himself and got even more frightened. "The fellow is something more than human; he has a helpful spirit in him. Watch out, John old chap; he's no servant for you!"

When the tailor had brought the wood, the giant ordered him to shoot two or three wild boars for supper. "Why not rather than a thousand at one shot and bring them all here?" asked the conceited tailor. "What!" cried the timid rabbit of a giant and was terribly frightened. "Just let it go for today and lie down and sleep."

The giant was so terrifically frightened that he couldn't sleep a wink all night and thought of this way and that how he should set about ridding himself of the cursed wizard of a servant—the sooner the better. But time takes care of everything. The next morning the giant and the tailor went to a swamp around which were a lot of willows. Then the giant said, "Listen here, tailor! Sit down on one of the willow shoots; I'd give anything to see if you are capable of bending it down." Like a flash the tailor was up there, held his breath and made himself heavy, so heavy in fact that the shoot bent down. But when he had to take breath again, then, because unluckily he had not put a goose in his pocket, to the giant's great delight it hurtled him so high in the air that one could no longer see him at all.

If he hasn't fallen down again, he is surely still soaring about in the air.

184 The Horseshoe Nail

Der Nagel

A MERCHANT had done good business at the fair, sold all his wares, and larded his purse with gold and silver. Now he was about to ride home and wanted to get there before nightfall. So he packed the money in his portmanteau, put it on his horse, and rode off. At noon he stopped in a town to rest. When about to go on, the servant brought him his horse, but said, "Sir, a nail is missing in the left hind shoe." "Let it be missing," replied the merchant. "The shoe will hold for the six

hours I still have to go. I'm in a hurry." That afternoon when he again dismounted and had the horse fed some oats, the groom came into the living room and said, "Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind hoof. Shall I take it to the blacksmith?" "Let it be missing," replied the gentleman. "The horse will easily stand it for the couple of hours that are left. I'm in a hurry." He rode on, but before long the horse began to limp. It didn't limp long before beginning to stumble, and it didn't stumble long before it fell down and broke a leg. The merchant had to leave the horse lying there, unbuckle the portmanteau, take it on his shoulder, and walk home on foot. He didn't get there until late at night. "The damned nail," he said to his wife, "is to blame for the whole misfortune." Make haste slowly.

185 The Poor Boy in the Grave

Der arme Junge im Grab

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR HERDSBOY whose father and mother had died, and he was put by the authorities in the home of a wealthy man who was to support him and bring him up. But the man and his wife were bad-hearted people, greedy, and grudging, rich though they were, and were annoyed if anybody tasted as much as a piece of their bread. Do what he might, the poor boy got little to eat, though, to make up for it, all the more blows.

One day he was supposed to tend the hen and her chickens, but she ran off with the chicks through a hedgerow. Forthwith a hawk swooped down and carried her off. "Thief, thief! scoundrell!" cried the boy with all his might, but what good did that do? The hawk didn't bring back its prey. The man heard the noise, came running up, and on learning that his hen was gone, flew into a rage and gave the boy such a thrashing that for a couple of days he couldn't move. Then he had to

tend the chicks without the hen. But now matters were even more difficult and trying, for one chick would run this way, the other that. Then he thought that he would be doing the clever thing to tie them all together on a string, for then the hawk wouldn't be able to steal a single one from him. But such was far from the case. A few days later when, wearied from running about and from hunger, he fell asleep, the bird of prey came and seized one of the chicks, and since the others were fastened to it, it carried them all off, perched on a tree and ate them up. The farmer was just coming home and when he saw the accident, grew angry and beat the boy so unmercifully that he had to stay in bed for several days.

When he was back on his feet again, the farmer said to him, "You're too stupid for me; I can't use you as a herdsboy. You're to work as an errand boy." Then he sent him to a judge to whom he was to bring a basket full of grapes, and he also gave him a letter to take along. On the way the poor boy was so dreadfully tormented by hunger and thirst that he ate two of the grapes. He brought the judge the basket, but after the latter had read the letter and counted the grapes, he said, "Two are missing." The boy confessed quite honestly that, driven by hunger and thirst, he had eaten the missing grapes. The judge wrote the farmer a letter and demanded the same number of grapes again. These, too, with a letter, the boy had to take to the judge. When again he got so fearfully hungry and thirsty, again he couldn't help eating two grapes. But before eating them he took the letter out of the basket, put it under a stone, and sat down on it, so that the letter might not look on and betray him. Just the same the judge called him to account for the missing grapes. "O dear!" said the boy, "how did you find out? The letter couldn't have known because I first put it under a stone." The judge couldn't but laugh at his simplicity and sent the man a letter urging him to provide better for the poor boy and not to let him lack food and drink. Also he should teach him the difference between right and wrong.

"I'll certainly teach you the difference," said the hard-hearted man. "If, however, you want to eat, you must also work, and if you do anything wrong, you'll be properly instructed by blows." The next day he assigned him a hard task: he was to chop up a few bundles of straw as feed for the horses. At

the same time the man uttered this threat: "In five hours," he said, "I shall be back. If the straw hasn't been cut up into chaff, I'll beat you till you can no longer move a limb." The farmer and his wife, the servant and the maid, went to the yearly fair and left behind for the boy nothing but a little piece of bread. The boy took his place at the chaff-cutter and began to work for all he was worth. Since he got hot working, he took off his jacket and threw it on the straw. Anxious lest he shouldn't finish, he kept chopping away and in his zeal inadvertently chopped up his jacket along with the straw. He noticed the accident too late to do anything about it. "Alas!" he cried, "now it's all up with me. The bad man didn't threaten me for nothing. When he comes back and sees what I've done, he'll beat me to death. I'd rather take my own life."

The boy had once heard the farmer's wife say, "I have a pot of poison under my bed." She had only said it, however, to restrain people with a sweet tooth, for there was honey in it. The boy crawled under the bed, fetched out the pot, and ate it all up. "I don't know," he said, "people say that death is bitter; to me it tastes sweet. No wonder the farmer's wife so often wishes she was dead." He sat down on a stool and was reconciled to dying, but instead of getting weaker, he felt himself strengthened by the nourishing food. "It can't have been poison," he said. "However, the farmer once said that there was a bottle of fly-poison in his clothes chest; it's surely real poison and will kill me." But it wasn't fly-poison, just Hungarian wine. The boy got out the bottle and drank it down. "This death, too, tastes sweet," he said, but when soon afterward the wine began to go to his head and stupefy him, he thought his end was approaching. "I feel that I must be dying," he said. "I'll go out to the churchyard and look for a grave." He staggered out, reached the churchyard, and lay down in a freshly dug grave. He began to lose consciousness. Near by was an inn where a wedding was being celebrated. When he heard the music, he thought he was already in Paradise, until in the end he became completely unconscious. The poor boy didn't come to again; the glow of the hot wine and the cold night dew killed him, and he stayed in the grave in which he had laid himself.

When the farmer received news of the boy's death, he got

frightened and was afraid of being haled into court. Indeed, such a fright seized him that he fell to the ground in a faint. His wife, who was standing by the stove with a pan full of drippings, ran to help him, but the pan caught fire and the flames spread to the whole house, and in a few hours it was in ashes. The years that were left to them they spent in poverty and misery, tormented by pangs of conscience.

186 The True Bride

Die wahre Braut

THERE WAS ONCE A GIRL who was young and beautiful, but her mother had died early, and her stepmother imposed every sort of smarting affliction upon her. When she assigned her a task, no matter how difficult, the girl set to it patiently and did her very best. Yet, even so, she couldn't move the evil woman's heart; the latter was always dissatisfied; nothing was ever enough. The more industriously the girl worked, the more she was given to do, and her stepmother's only thought was how she might impose a still greater burden upon her and make her life quite miserable.

One day she said to her, "Here are twelve pounds of feathers. You're to strip them, and if you haven't finished by this evening, you may expect a good thrashing. Do you think you can idle about all day?" The poor girl sat down to her work, but as she worked, the tears flowed down her cheeks, for she saw clearly that it was impossible to finish the task in one day. Every time she'd get a little pile of feathers in front of her and sigh or in her distress clap her hands, the feathers would blow about and she'd have to gather them up again and begin anew. Once she propped her elbows on the table, put her face in her hands and cried, "Is there no one on God's earth who will take pity on me?" As she said this, she heard a soft voice saying, "Console yourself, my child, I have come to help

you." The girl looked up, and an old woman was standing beside her. She took the girl by the hand in friendly fashion and said, "Just confide in me what is depressing you." Since she spoke so kindly, the girl told her of her unhappy life: that one burden after another was imposed upon her and that she no longer was able to finish the tasks assigned her. "If I've not done with these feathers this evening, my stepmother will beat me. She has threatened me with it, and I know how she keeps her word." Her tears began to flow again, but the kind old woman said, "Don't worry, my child; take a rest, and in the meanwhile I'll perform your task." The girl lay down on her bed and at once fell asleep. The old woman seated herself at the table with the feathers. My! how the barbs flew off the shafts, though she scarcely touched them with her withered hands! She was soon finished with the twelve pounds. When the girl woke up, great snow-white piles lay heaped up, and everything in the room was properly cleared away. The old woman, however, had vanished. The girl thanked God and sat still until evening came. Then her stepmother entered and was astonished that the task was completed. "Do you see, wench," she said, "what one accomplishes when one is industrious? Couldn't you have started on something else? But there you are, sitting with your hands in your lap!" As she went out, she said, "The creature is something more than human. I must impose harder work upon her."

The next morning she called the girl and said, "Here's a spoon! With it ladle out the big pond by the garden. And if you aren't done by evening, you know what is in store for you." The girl took the spoon and saw that it was perforated, and even if it hadn't been, she would never have ladled out the pond with it. She set right to work, knelt by the water, into which her tears fell, and ladled. But again the kind old woman appeared and, on learning the cause of her distress, said, "Console yourself, my child; go into the bushes and lie down to sleep. I'll do your work, of course." When the old woman was alone, she merely touched the pond: the water rose up like a mist and mingled with the clouds. Gradually the pond got empty, and when the girl awoke before sundown and came near, all she saw left were the fishes wriggling in the mud. She went to her stepmother and reported that the task was

completed. "You should have finished long ago," she said and grew pale with vexation. Nevertheless, she thought up something new.

On the third morning she said to the girl, "You must build me a beautiful palace over there on the plain, and it must be ready by evening." The girl was frightened and said, "How can I perform so great a task?" "I won't stand any back-talk," screamed her stepmother. "If you can ladle out the pond with a perforated spoon, you can also build a palace. I want to move in this very day, and if anything is lacking, be it the least little thing in the kitchen or cellar, you know what is in store for you." She chased the girl away, and when the latter reached the valley, there lay rocks piled up on one another. Despite every effort she couldn't so much as move the smallest of them. She sat down and wept, yet she hoped for aid from the kind old woman. The latter didn't make her wait long, came and consoled her, saying, "Just lie down in the shade and sleep. I'll build the palace for you, of course. If you like, you may live in it yourself." When the girl had gone away, the old woman touched the grey rocks. Immediately they stirred, drew together, and stood there as if giants had built the walls. Thereupon, the structure erected itself, and it was as if countless hands were working invisibly, laying stone upon stone. The earth groaned, great pillars rose on high of their own accord and aligned themselves. On the roof the tiles disposed themselves properly, and by noon the big weather vane, in the form of a gold maiden with flowing garments, was turning on the top of the tower. The interior of the palace was completed by evening. How the old woman managed it I don't know, but the walls of the rooms were hung with silk and velvet, there were chairs embroidered in many colors, while richly ornamented armchairs stood by marble tables; crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and their light was reflected in the polished floor. Green parrots sat in gold cages, also exotic birds which sang beautifully. Everywhere a splendor prevailed as if a king was to take occupancy.

The sun was about to set when the girl awoke, and the gleam of a thousand lights met her gaze. She approached with swift steps and entered the palace through the open gate. The

stairs were carpeted with red, and flowering shrubs were set on the gold balustrade. On seeing the magnificence of the rooms, she stopped as if paralyzed. Who knows how long she would have stood thus had she not remembered her stepmother. "Alas!" she said to herself, "if only she were at last satisfied and no longer wanted to make life a torment for me!" The girl went and pointed out to her that the palace was finished. "I'll move in at once," she said and got up from her seat. As she entered the palace, she couldn't help putting her hand to her eyes, the brilliance dazzled her so. "Just see," she said to the girl, "how easy it was for you! I should have given you something harder to do." She went through all the rooms and peeked into every corner to see if anything was lacking or was defective, but she could find nothing. "Now let's go downstairs," she said, giving the girl a malicious look. "Kitchen and cellar have still to be looked into, and if you've forgotten anything, you won't escape your punishment." But the fire was burning on the hearth, the food cooking in the pots, fire tongs and shovel were in place, and the shiny brass utensils were ranged on the walls. Nothing was lacking, not even the coal scuttle and water pail. "Where's the entrance to the cellar?" she cried. "If it's not richly stocked with casks of wine, it will go hard with you." She herself raised the trap door and went down the stairs, but scarcely had she taken two steps when the heavy trap, which had only been tilted up, crashed down. The girl heard a cry and quickly lifted up the door to go to her aid, but she had pitched down, and the girl found her lying dead on the cellar floor.

Now the magnificent palace belonged just to the girl alone. At first she couldn't fully realize her good fortune: beautiful gowns hung in the wardrobes, the chests were full of silver and gold or pearls and jewels, and she hadn't a single wish that she couldn't satisfy. Soon the fame of the girl's beauty and wealth spread throughout the whole world. Every day suitors presented themselves, but none was to her liking. Finally a king's son came who was able to move her heart, and she became engaged to him. In the palace garden stood a green linden. One day as they were sitting together under it and chatting, he said to her, "I'm going home to get my father's

permission for our marriage. I beg you to wait for me here under this linden; I'll be back again in a few hours." The girl kissed him on his left cheek and said, "Remain true to me and don't let any other girl kiss you on this cheek. I'll wait here under the linden until you return."

The girl remained sitting under the linden until sundown, but he didn't come back. For three days from morning till evening she sat waiting for him, but in vain. When on the fourth day he still wasn't there, she said, "Surely some accident has befallen him; I'll go out in search of him and not return until I have found him." She packed up three of her handsomest gowns, one embroidered with shining stars, the second with silver moons, the third with golden suns, tied up a handful of jewels in her kerchief, and set out. She asked everywhere after her bridegroom, but no one had seen him, no one knew anything about him. She wandered far and wide through the world but didn't find him. At last she hired out as a herds-woman to a farmer and buried her gowns and jewels under a stone. Now she lived as a herds-woman and tended her herd, was sad and full of longing for her beloved. She had a calf that she had tamed and that she used to feed from her hand, and when she'd say,

"Calf, little calf, kneel down;
Don't forget your herds-woman
As the king's son did his bride
Who was sitting under the green linden,"

the calf would kneel down and be stroked by her.

After she had lived a few years in solitude and sorrow, a report spread through the country that the king's daughter was going to celebrate her marriage. The way to the city led past the village where the girl lived, and it happened, as she was once driving her herd out, that the bridegroom went by. He was sitting proudly on his horse and didn't look at her, but when she looked at him, she recognized her beloved. She felt as if a sharp knife were piercing her heart. "Alas!" she said, "I thought he had remained true to me, but he has forgotten me." The next day he came that way again. When he got near her, she said to the calf,

"Calf, little calf, kneel down;
Don't forget your herdswoman
As the king's son did his bride
Who was sitting under the green linden."

When he heard her voice, he looked down and halted his horse. He looked the herdswoman in the face, then put his hand to his eyes as if trying to recall something but, riding quickly on, soon disappeared. "Alas!" she said, "he no longer recognizes me," and her grief grew greater and greater.

Soon after that a great festival was to be celebrated for three days at the king's court, and the whole country was invited. "Now I'll make one last try," thought the girl, and when evening came, she went to the stone under which she had buried her valuables. She got out the gown with the gold suns, put it on, and bedecked herself with the jewels. Her hair, which she had hidden under a kerchief, she undid, and it fell over her in long curls. In this way she went to the city, and in the darkness nobody noticed her. When she entered the brightly lighted hall, everybody was full of admiration and made way for her, but no one knew who she was. The king's son, though he didn't recognize her, went to meet her. He took her to the dance and was so enchanted by her beauty that he no longer thought of his other bride. When the party was over, she disappeared in the crowd and hurried before daybreak to the village, where she again put on her herdswoman's dress.

The second evening she took out the gown with the silver moons and put a half-moon of jewels in her hair. When she appeared at the party, all eyes turned toward her, and the king's son hastened to her and, quite in love with her, danced with her alone and no longer looked at any other woman. Before she left, she had to promise him to come again to the festival on the last evening.

When she appeared for the third time, she had the star-gown on; it twinkled with every step, and her fillet and belt were of jeweled stars. The king's son had been waiting for her for a long time and pressed his way up to her. "Please tell me," he said, "who you are. I have the feeling that I have already known you for a long time." "Don't you know," she answered, "what I did when you left me?" Then she stepped

up to him and kissed him on the left cheek. At that instant it was as if scales had fallen from his eyes, and he recognized the true bride. "Come," he said to her, "I can't stay here any longer," gave her his hand and led her down to the coach.

The horses sped to the miraculous palace as if the wind were harnessed to the coach. Already from afar the brightly lighted windows were gleaming. As they drove past the linden, myriads of glow-worms were swarming in it. It shook its branches and sent down its fragrance. The flowers were blooming on the terrace; from out of the room sounded the song of exotic birds; and in the main hall the entire court was assembled, and the priest was waiting to marry the bridegroom to the true bride.

187 The Hare and the Hedgehog

Der Hase und der Igel

THIS STORY isn't true, boys, but it's true just the same, for my grandfather from whom I have it, when telling it to me with great satisfaction, used always at the same time to say, "Still, it must be true, son; otherwise, of course, one couldn't tell it." Anyway, the story went like this.

It was a Sunday morning at harvest time, just when the buckwheat was in bloom. The sun had risen bright in the sky, the morning breeze was blowing warm over the stubble, up in the air the larks were singing, the bees were buzzing in the buckwheat, the people were going to church in their Sunday best, and all creatures were content, even the hedgehog.

The hedgehog was standing outside its door with arms crossed, was looking out in the morning breeze, and was humming itself a little song, no better and no worse than a hedgehog is in the habit of singing of a fine Sunday morning. As it was still singing to itself in an undertone, it suddenly occurred to it that while its wife was washing and dressing the

children, it might as well take a little walk out in the fields and see how its big yellow turnips were. Now, the turnips were nearest its house, and it and its family used to eat them; therefore, it viewed them as its own. No sooner said than done. The hedgehog shut the front door behind it and took its way to the fields. It was not yet very far from the house and was about to go around the blackthorn that was on the edge of the field and turn up toward the turnip patch, when it met the hare that had come out on a similar errand, namely, to take a look at its cabbages. When the hedgehog caught sight of the hare, it bade it a friendly good morning. The hare, however, who in its way was a high-born gentleman and frightfully arrogant besides, didn't acknowledge the hedgehog's greeting but instead said to it, at the same time putting on a very sneering expression, "How do *you* happen to be running about here in the country so early in the morning?" "I'm taking a walk," said the hedgehog. "Taking a walk?" laughed the hare. "I should think you could surely put your legs to better use." This answer annoyed the hedgehog extremely, for it could stand anything, but allowed nothing to be said about its legs for the simple reason that they were bandy by nature. "You're pretty conceited," the hedgehog said to the hare. "Do you think that you can accomplish more with your legs?" "I think so," said the hare. "That's a matter of experiment," remarked the hedgehog. "I bet if we run a race, I'll pass you." "That is ridiculous, what with your bandy legs!" said the hare. "As far as I'm concerned, however, all right, if you're so very, very anxious to. What will the bet be?" "A louis d'or and a bottle of brandy," said the hedgehog. "Done!" said the hare. "Shake on it and then we can start at once." "No, I'm in no such great hurry," remarked the hedgehog. "I'm still quite empty. I'll go home first and have a bite of breakfast and be back here on the spot in half an hour."

Thereupon, since the hare agreed to this, the hedgehog departed. On the way the hedgehog thought to itself, "The hare is counting on its long legs, but I'll get the better of it all right. To be sure it's a high-born gentleman, but just the same it's a fool and will certainly be the one to pay." When the hedgehog got home, it said to its wife, "Wife, get dressed quickly. You have got to go out to the field with me." "What's

up?" said the wife. "I've bet the hare a louis d'or and a bottle of brandy. I'm going to race it, and you must be present." "Good heavens, husband!" the hedgehog's wife began to cry, "aren't you mad? Have you lost your mind?" "Shut up, wife!" said the hedgehog. "That's my business. Don't argue in man's affairs. Hurry up and get dressed and then come along." What could the hedgehog's wife do? Of course she had to go along, willy-nilly.

When they were both on the way, the hedgehog said to its wife, "Now pay attention to what I am going to say. Look, we're going to run our race on the long field there. The hare will run in one furrow and I in another, and we'll start at the upper end. All you have to do is to take your place at the lower end of the furrow, and when the hare comes along on the other side, you call out to him, 'I'm already here.'" By that time they had reached the field. The hedgehog showed its wife her place and went to the upper end of the field. When it got up there, the hare was there already. "Can we start?" said the hare. "Certainly," said the hedgehog. "Then off we go!" Thereupon each took its place in its furrow. The hare counted, "On your mark, get set, go!" and away it went down the field like a whirlwind. The hedgehog, however, ran about three steps then ducked down in a furrow and just sat there. Now when the hare, going at full speed, reached the lower end of the field, the hedgehog's wife called out to it, "I'm already here." The hare stopped short and was no little surprised. It had no idea that it wasn't the hedgehog itself who was calling out to it; for, as everybody knows, a hedgehog's wife looks just like her husband. Still, the hare thought, "Something's wrong there." "Let's race back again," it called out and away it went like a whirlwind, so that its ears stood out from its head. But the hedgehog's wife just stayed in her place. Now when the hare got to the top of the field, the hedgehog called out to it, "I'm already here." However, the hare, quite beside itself with vexation, screamed, "Let's race back again!" "I don't mind," answered the hedgehog. "As far as I am concerned, as often as you like." So the hare raced seventy-three times more, and each time the hedgehog stood the test against it. Every time that the hare reached the bottom of the field or the top, either the hedgehog or its wife would say, "I'm already here." On the

seventy-fourth time, however, the hare didn't finish. It fell to the ground in the middle of the field, blood gushed from its mouth, and it lay there dead. But the hedgehog took the louis d'or and the bottle of brandy it had won, called its wife from her furrow, and both went home together content. And if they are not dead, they are still alive.

Thus it happened that the hedgehog ran the hare to death on the Heath of Buxtehude [Hanover], and since then no hare has let itself in for a race against a Buxtehude hedgehog.

The moral of this story is, however: first, that no one, no matter how high-born he thinks he is, should venture to make fun of a humble man, even if the latter is only a low-born hedgehog. And secondly, that it's advisable, when one goes a-wooing, to choose a wife from one's own class and who looks just like oneself. If one is a hedgehog, one must see to it that his wife is a hedgehog, too, and so forth.

188 Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle

Spindel, Weberschiffchen und Nadel

THERE WAS ONCE A GIRL whose mother and father died when she was still a small child. Her godmother lived all alone in a cottage on the outskirts of the village and supported herself by spinning, weaving, and sewing. The old woman took the forlorn child in, kept her at her work, and brought her up in all godliness. When the girl was fifteen, the old woman fell ill and, calling the child to her bedside, said, "Dear daughter, I feel that my end is drawing near; I am leaving you the cottage, where you will be sheltered from wind and weather, also a spindle, shuttle, and needle with which you can earn your living." She also laid her hands on her head, blessed her, and said, "Just keep God in your heart, and you'll be all right." Thereupon, she closed her eyes, and when she was laid away in the earth, the girl followed the coffin weeping bitterly and paid

her her last respects. The girl now lived all alone in the little house, was industrious, spun, wove, and sewed, and the kind old woman's blessing descended upon everything she did. The flax in the storeroom seemed to increase of itself, and when she had woven a piece of cloth or a carpet, or made a shirt, she would straight away find a buyer who would pay handsomely for it. Thus she suffered no want and was even able to share some of her things with others.

About this time the king's son was traveling about the country looking for a bride. He wasn't to choose a poor girl, and he didn't want a rich girl. Then he said, "She shall be my bride who is both the richest and the poorest." When he came to the village where the girl lived, he asked, as he did everywhere, which girl in the village was the richest and which the poorest. First they named the richest; the poorest, they said, was the girl who lived in the cottage right on the outskirts. The rich girl was sitting all dressed up outside her front door, and when the king's son drew near, she got up, went to meet him, and curtsied to him. He looked at her, didn't say a word, and rode on. When he came to the poor girl's house, she wasn't at the door but was sitting in her little living room. He halted his horse and through the window, through which the bright sun was shining, saw the girl sitting at her spinning wheel and spinning industriously. She looked up and, noticing that the king's son was looking in, blushed again and again, lowered her eyes and kept on spinning. Whether by now the thread was spun quite even I don't know, but she went on spinning until the king's son rode away again. Then she stepped to the window, opened it, and said, "It's so warm in the room," but she looked after him as long as she could see the white plumes on his hat.

The girl sat down again to work in her room and kept on spinning. Then she thought of a saying that the old woman had sometimes repeated while sitting and working, and sang it to herself:

"Spindle, spindle, do go out
And bring the suitor to my house."

What happened? The spindle immediately jumped out of her hand and out the door, and when in amazement she stood up

and followed it with her eyes, she saw it dancing merrily across the fields and drawing behind it a bright gold thread. Before long it disappeared from her view. Since the girl no longer had her spindle, she took the shuttle, seated herself at the loom, and began to weave.

But the spindle went dancing on and on, and just as the thread was at an end, it caught up with the king's son. "What do I see?" he cried. "The spindle surely wants to show me the way," *turned his horse and rode back, following the gold thread.* But the girl was sitting at her work and singing,

"Shuttle, shuttle, weave it fine,
Bring the suitor to my house."

Immediately the shuttle sprang out of her hand and jumped out the door. Outside the sill, however, it began to weave a carpet more beautiful than anybody has ever seen. On both borders bloomed roses and lilies, and down the center on a gold field green tendrils were climbing up, in which hares and rabbits were hopping, stags and roes stretching out their heads, and up in the branches birds of many colors perched, perfect in every respect except that they were not singing. The shuttle jumped hither and thither, and the whole thing seemed to be growing of itself.

Because the shuttle had run away, the girl sat down to sew. She held the needle in her hand and sang,

"Needle, needle, sharp and fine,
Clean the house for the suitor."

Then the needle jumped out of her fingers and flew here and there about the room as quick as lightning. It was just as if invisible spirits were at work. Forthwith the table and benches were upholstered with green cloth, the chairs with velvet, and silk curtains hung down by the windows. Hardly had the needle sewed the last stitch when through the window the girl saw the white plumes of the prince's hat: the spindle had led him along the gold thread. He dismounted, walked into the house along the carpet, and when he entered the living room, the girl was standing there in her poor dress. She was aglow, however, like a rose on the bush. "You're the poorest and also the richest," he said to her. "Come with me; you shall be my bride."

She said nothing but gave him her hand. Then he gave her a kiss, led her out, lifted her onto his horse, and brought her to the royal palace, where the wedding was celebrated with great joy.

The spindle, shuttle, and needle were kept in the Treasure House and held in high esteem.

189 The Farmer and the Devil

Der Bauer und der Teufel

THERE WAS ONCE A CLEVER and artful farmer of whose pranks much could be told. The best story, however, is how he once got hold of the Devil and made a fool of him.

One day the farmer had been tilling his field and was getting ready to go home, since twilight had already set in. Then in the middle of his field he saw a pile of fiery coals, and as he approached it full of wonderment, a little black devil was sitting on the top of the glow. "I suppose you're sitting on a treasure," said the farmer. "Quite so," answered the Devil, "on a treasure containing more gold and silver than you've seen in your life." "The treasure is in my field and belongs to me," said the farmer. "It's yours," answered the Devil, "if for two years you give me half of what your field yields. I have plenty of money, but I have a craving for the fruits of the earth."

The farmer accepted the bargain. "So that there will be no argument about the division," said the farmer, "you are to have what is above ground and I what is below ground." The Devil agreed to that, but the clever farmer had sown turnips. When harvest time came, the Devil appeared and was about to take his produce but found only wilted yellow leaves; the farmer, quite satisfied, dug his turnips. "For once you got ahead of me," said the Devil, "but next time that isn't going to work. Your share will be what grows above ground, mine what's below ground." "That, too, suits me," answered the farmer.

But when sowing time came, the farmer didn't sow turnips again but sowed wheat. The crop ripened, the farmer went to the field and cut the full stalks right down to the ground. When the Devil came, he found nothing but stubble and in a fury went down in a cleft in a rock.

"That's the way one must fool foxes," said the farmer and went and collected his treasure.

190 The Crumbs on the Table

Die Brosamen auf dem Tisch

A cock once said to his hens, "Just come right into the living room and peck up the crumbs on the table. Our mistress has gone out to pay a call." Then the hens said, "No, no, we're not going to. You know the mistress will skin us alive for it." Then the cock said, "She'll know nothing about it. Come right along. Besides, she never gives us anything good anyhow." Then the hens again said, "No, no, nothing doing! we won't go up there." But the cock gave them no peace until they finally went and jumped up on the table and pecked up the crumbs, making a thorough job of it. At that very moment their mistress arrived and quickly took a stick and beat them and dealt severely with them. When they had been chased out of the house, the hens said to the cock, "Don't, don't, don't, don't you see?" Then the cock laughed and said, "Did-did-didn't I know?" And that's what they had to go home with.

191 The Monkey

Das Meerhäschen

THERE WAS ONCE A PRINCESS in whose castle, high up under the battlements, was a big room with twelve windows facing all points of the compass. Accordingly, when she went up and looked around, she could survey her whole kingdom. Out of the first window she could see far more keenly than other people, out of the second still better, out of the third even more clearly, and so on to the twelfth, where she could see everything above and below ground, and nothing could remain hidden from her. But because she was haughty, unwilling to subject herself to anyone, and wanted to exercise sole mastery, she had it announced that nobody should become her husband who couldn't so hide himself from her that it would be impossible for her to find him. If anyone tried it, however, and she discovered him, his head would be struck off and put on a stake.

There were already ninety-seven stakes outside the castle with dead men's heads on them, and over a long period of time no one came. The princess was delighted and thought, "Now I shall remain free as long as I live." Then three brothers appeared in her presence and declared that they wanted to try their luck. The eldest thought he would be safe if he crept into a lime pit, but of course she spied him out of the first window, had him pulled out and his head struck off. The second crept into the cellar of the castle, but him, too, she spied out of the first window, and it was all over with him: his head went on the ninety-ninth stake. Then the youngest came into her presence and begged her to let him have a day for reflection, also to be so gracious as to give him three chances to be detected. If he failed the third time, he would give no further thought to his life. Because he was so handsome and begged so earnestly, she said, "Yes, I'll grant you this, but it will do you no good."

The next day he reflected for a long time how to hide him-

self, but in vain. Then he took his gun and went hunting. He saw a raven and drew a bead on it. He was about to fire when the raven cried, "Don't shoot, I'll reward you for it." He lowered his gun, went on, and came to a lake where he surprised a big fish that had come up from the depths to the surface of the water. When he had taken aim, the fish cried, "Don't shoot, I'll reward you for it." He let it dive under, went on, and met a fox that was limping. He fired and missed it; then the fox cried, "Rather than shoot, come here and pull the thorn out of my foot." He did so indeed but then was going to kill the fox and skin it. "Don't do it," said the fox. "I'll reward you for it." The youth let it go and, since it was evening, went back home.

The next day he was supposed to crawl into hiding, but however much he wracked his brains, he couldn't think where to go. He went to the forest to the raven and said, "I spared your life. Now tell me where to creep so that the king's daughter won't see me." The raven bowed its head and thought for a long time. Finally it croaked, "I have it!" fetched an egg from its nest, broke it in two, and enclosed the youth in it, then put it together again and sat on it. When the princess went to the first window, she couldn't discover him, nor at the next ones, and began to get frightened. But she saw him out of the eleventh. She had the raven shot, the egg fetched and broken open, and the youth had to come out. "You've been given one chance," she said. "If you don't do better, you're lost."

The next day he went to the lake, summoned the fish, and said, "I let you live; now tell me where to hide so that the princess won't see me." The fish reflected and finally cried, "I have it! I'll shut you up in my belly." It swallowed him and went down to the bottom of the lake. The princess looked out of her windows. Even through the eleventh she didn't see him and was dumbfounded, though she finally discovered him out of the twelfth. She had the fish caught and killed, and the youth appeared. Anybody can imagine what his feelings were. "You've been given two chances," she said, "but your head will surely go on the hundredth stake."

On the last day he went with heavy heart into the country and met the fox. "You know how to find all the good hiding-places," he said. "I let you live; now advise me where to hide so that

the princess won't find me." "A difficult task," answered the fox and assumed a serious expression. Finally it cried, "I have it!" It went with him to a spring, plunged in, and came out a merchant dealing in pet animals. The youth likewise had to plunge into the water and was transformed into a little monkey. The merchant arrived in town and showed the nice little animal. A lot of people gathered to look at it. At last even the princess came, and because she took a great fancy to it, she bought it and gave the merchant a lot of money for it. Before handing it over to her, he said to it, "When the princess goes to the window, crawl quickly under her braid." Now the time came for her to look for him. She went from window to window, from the first to the eleventh, and didn't see him. When even through the twelfth she didn't see him, she was filled with fear and rage and slammed it to so hard that the glass in all the windows broke into a thousand pieces, and the whole castle shook.

She drew back and felt the monkey under her braid. She seized it and threw it onto the floor, crying, "Out of my sight!" It ran to the merchant, and both hurried to the spring, where they plunged in and regained their true forms. The youth thanked the fox, saying, "The raven and the fish are terribly stupid compared to you; you certainly know the right tricks."

The youth went straight into the castle. The princess was already waiting for him and had reconciled herself to her fate. The wedding was celebrated, and now he was king and lord of the whole realm. He never told her where he hid himself the third time and who had helped him, and thus she believed that he had done it all through his own skill and respected him, for she thought to herself, "After all, he is cleverer than you are."

192 The Master Thief

Der Meisterdieb

ONE DAY an old man and his wife were sitting outside their rather poor house wishing to rest a bit from their labors. All at once a magnificent coach and four black horses drove up and a richly dressed gentleman stepped out. The farmer got up, went to the gentleman, and asked what his desire might be and how he might serve him. The stranger gave the old man his hand and said, "I desire nothing but for once to enjoy a country dish. Prepare me potatoes as you usually eat them, then I'll sit down at your table and consume them with pleasure." The farmer smiled and said, "You are a count or a prince or even a duke; high-born gentlemen sometimes have cravings of that sort. However, your wish will be fulfilled." His wife went into the kitchen and began to wash and grate the potatoes, planning to make dumplings of them farmer style.

While she was at work, the farmer said to the stranger, "Come with me for a bit into my garden, where I still have something to do." He had been digging holes in the garden and was now going to set out trees in them. "Have you no children who could help you with the work?" asked the stranger. "No," answered the farmer. "I had, to be sure, a son," and added "but he went out in the world long ago. He was a wild boy, clever and artful, but he wouldn't learn anything and was up to nothing but bad pranks. Finally he ran away, and since then I have seen nothing of him." The old man took a sapling, set it in a hole, and stuck a stake in beside it. When he had shoveled in the earth and stamped it down hard, he tied the trunk firmly to the stake at the bottom, top and middle with a wisp of straw. "But tell me," said the gentleman, "why don't you tie that crooked, gnarled tree that is bent almost to the ground over there in the corner to a stake, too, as you are tying this one, so that it will grow straight?" "Sir," said the old man and smiled, "you speak as you see it; it's plain

that you haven't had much to do with gardening. The tree over there is old and gnarled; no one can make it straight now. One must train trees when they're still young." "It's as with your son," said the stranger. "If you had trained him while he was still young, he wouldn't have run away. Now he has probably become old and gnarled, too." "It's certainly a long time since he ran away," answered the old man. "He has surely changed." "Would you still recognize him if he appeared before you?" asked the stranger. "Hardly by his face," answered the farmer, "but he has a mark on him, a mole on his shoulder that looks like a bean." As he said that, the stranger took off his coat, bared his shoulder, and showed the farmer the mole. "Good Lord!" cried the old man, "you are really my son," and love for his child stirred his heart. "But," he added, "how can you be my son? You've become a great lord and live in wealth and abundance. How did you attain this?" "Alas, father," replied the son, "the young tree wasn't tied to a stake and grew crooked. Now it's too old; it won't get straight again. How have I acquired all this? I have become a thief. But don't get frightened, I'm a master thief; for me neither lock nor bolt exists; whatever I crave is mine. Don't imagine that I steal like a common thief; I take only from the surplus of the rich. Poor people are safe; I give to them rather than take anything from them. Similarly, whatever I can have without trouble, craft, or skill, I don't touch." "Alas, my son," said the father, "just the same I don't like it. A thief's a thief. I tell you, it leads to no good end." He took him to his mother, and when she heard that he was her son, she wept for joy. But when he told her that he had become a master thief, then two streams flowed down her face. Finally she said, "Even if he has become a thief, still he's my son, and my eyes have beheld him once again."

They sat down to table, and once again he ate with his parents the mean fare that he had not eaten for a long time. "If our lord, the count up there in the manor, learns who you are and what you are doing," said his father, "he won't take you in his arms and rock you in them the way he used to when he stood sponsor for you; rather he will let you swing on the gallows." "Don't worry, father, he won't do anything to me, for I understand my business. I'll go and see him myself this very day." As evening drew near, the master thief got into his coach and drove to the manor. The count received him courteously because he thought

he was a high-born gentleman, but when the stranger made himself known, he turned pale and was silent for quite a time. Finally he said, "You are my godson, therefore I shall temper justice with mercy and deal with you considerately. Because you boast of being a master thief, I shall put your skill to the test. If, however, you fail to pass it, you will have to celebrate a marriage with the roper's daughter, and your wedding music will be the cawing of ravens." "Count," answered the master, "think up three things as hard as you want and if I don't carry out your task, do with me as you like." The count thought for some minutes, then said, "All right. First you're to steal my favorite mount from the stable; secondly, without our noticing it, you're to steal my wife's sheet and mine from under us while we're asleep, also my wife's wedding ring from her finger; as the third and last task, you're to abduct my rector and my verger from the church. Take careful note of all this, for your neck is at stake."

The master betook himself to the nearest town, where he bought the clothes of an old farmer's wife and put them on. Then he stained his face brown and even painted in wrinkles, so that no human being would have recognized him. Finally he filled a small keg with old Hungarian wine in which a strong sleeping-potion was mixed. He put the keg in a sling which he took on his back and with slow, faltering steps went to the count's manor.

It was already dark when he got there. He sat down in the courtyard on a stone, began to cough like a consumptive old woman, and rubbed his hands as though he were freezing. Outside the stable door soldiers were lying around a fire. One of them noticed the old woman and called to her, "Come nearer, granny, and warm yourself here with us. You surely have no regular night's lodging and take it where you find it." The old woman tottered up, asked them to take the sling from her back, and sat down with them by the fire. "What have you got there in your keg, granny," asked one. "A good swallow of wine," she answered. "I support myself by this trade; for money and kind words I'll gladly give you a glass." "Just pass it here," said the soldier, and when he had tasted it, cried, "When the wine's good, I prefer to drink a second glass," had another poured out for him, while the others followed his example.

"I say, comrades," cried one to those who were sitting in the

stable, "there's an old woman here who has wine that's as old as herself. Have a swallow, too; it'll warm your stomachs better than our fire." The old woman carried her keg into the stable. One man had seated himself on the count's favorite mount that had its saddle on, another was holding the bridle in his hand, a third had hold of the tail. She poured out drinks, as many as were called for, until the source dried up. Before long the bridle fell from the hand of the man who was holding it: he dropped to the ground and began to snore. The second let go of the tail, lay down, and snored even louder. The man who was sitting in the saddle remained seated, to be sure, but bent his head almost to the horse's neck, fell asleep and breathed out of his mouth like a smith's bellows. The soldiers outside had long since fallen asleep and were lying on the ground as motionless as if made of stone.

When the master-thief saw that he had succeeded, he put a rope in the man's hand instead of the bridle, and in the hand of the other, who had been holding the tail, a wisp of straw instead of the tail. What was he to do with the man who was sitting on the horse's back? He didn't want to throw him off: he might have awakened and raise a hue and cry. But he had a good plan. He unbuckled the surcingle, tied fast to the saddle a couple of ropes that were hanging in rings on the wall, and pulled the sleeping rider, saddle and all, up in the air. Then he wound the ropes around the post and made them fast. He had already unchained the horse, but had he ridden over the stone pavement of the stable yard, the noise would have been heard in the manor. So he first wrapped its hoofs in old rags, then led it cautiously out, swung up on it, and made off. When day had broken, the master galloped up to the manor on the stolen horse. The count had just got up and was looking out the window. "Good morning, count," he called to him, "here's the horse I was lucky enough to get out of the stable. Just see how nicely your soldiers are lying there asleep, and if you care to go into the stable, you will see how comfortable your watchmen have made themselves." The count couldn't help laughing, then said, "You've succeeded once, but you won't be so lucky the second time. And I warn you, if I meet you as a thief, I'll treat you as a thief, too."

That evening when the countess went to bed, she closed tight

the hand on which she wore her wedding ring, and the count said, "All doors are locked and bolted. I shall stay awake and wait for the thief, and if he climbs in the window, I'll shoot him down." But the master-thief went out in the dark to the gallows, cut from the noose a poor sinner who was hanging there, and carried him on his back to the palace. There he set a ladder up against the bedroom, put the dead man on his shoulder, and began to mount. When he got high enough so that the dead man's head appeared in the window, the count, who was on the watch in his bed, fired a pistol at him. Immediately the master let the poor sinner drop, himself jumped down from the ladder, and hid in a corner.

The moon that night was so bright that the master could distinctly see the count climb out the window onto the ladder, come down, and carry the dead man into the garden. There he began to dig a hole in which he was going to bury him. "Now," thought the thief, "the lucky moment has come," crept nimbly out of his hiding-place and climbed up the ladder right into the countess' bedroom. "Dear wife," he began in the count's voice, "the thief is dead but, nevertheless, he is my godson and was more a rascal than a miscreant. I don't want to expose him to public disgrace; besides I am sorry for his parents. I shall bury him myself in the garden before daybreak, so that the affair will not become notorious. Give me the sheet, too; I want to wrap him in it and not bury him like a dog." The countess gave him the sheet. "Do you know what?" continued the thief, "I am having a fit of magnanimity. Give me your ring, too; the unhappy man risked his life for it, so let him take it with him to the grave." She was loath to oppose the count, and though she didn't want to do so, nevertheless she drew it from her finger and handed it to him. The thief made off with both objects and got safely home before the count had finished his grave-digging in the garden.

What a long face the count pulled when next morning the master came bringing him the sheet and the ring. "Are you a wizard?" he said to him. "Who fetched you out of the grave in which I myself laid you? and who brought you back to life again?" "It was not I whom you buried," said the thief, "but the poor sinner on the gallows," and related in detail what had happened. The count had to admit that he was a skillful and clever

thief. "But you're not through yet," he added. "You have still the third problem to solve, and if you don't succeed in that, nothing will help you." The master smiled and made no answer.

When night fell, he went to the village church with a long sack on his back, a bundle under his arm, and a lantern in his hand. In the sack he had crawfish and in the bundle short wax tapers. He sat down in the graveyard, took out a crawfish, and stuck a taper on its back. Then he lighted it, set the crawfish on the ground, and let it crawl. He took a second out of the sack, did the same with it, and kept on until the last crawfish was out of the sack. Then he put on a long black garment that looked like a monk's cowl and stuck a grey beard on his chin. When at last he was quite unrecognizable, he took the sack the crawfish had been in, went into the church, and mounted the chancel. The belfry clock was just striking twelve. When the last stroke had died away, he called out in a loud, ringing voice, "Harken, ye sinners! The end of all things has come. Doomsday is near. Harken, harken! Whoever wants to come with me to Heaven, let him crawl into the sack. I am Peter who opens and closes the gates of Heaven. Behold! out in the graveyard the dead are stirring and are assembling their members. Come, come, crawl into the sack! The world is coming to an end!"

The cry echoed through the whole village. The rector and the verger, who lived nearest the church, were the first to hear it, and when they spied the lights moving about in the graveyard, realized that something unusual was up and went into the church. They listened to the sermon for a while, then the verger nudged the rector and said, "It wouldn't be a bad thing if we seized the opportunity and both got to Heaven an easy way before the dawn of Doomsday." "Certainly," replied the rector, "those were my thoughts, too. If you want, let's get going." "Yes," answered the verger, "but you, rector, have precedence. I'll follow after you." So the rector stepped forward and mounted the chancel where the master opened the sack. The rector crawled in first, then the verger. Straightway the master tied the sack tight, gathered it up by the mouth, and dragged it down the chancel steps. Every time the two fools' heads hit the steps, he would cry, "Now, of course, we're going over the mountains." Then in the same way he dragged them through the village, and when they went through puddles, he would cry, "Now, of course, we're going

through the moist clouds." And when at last he was dragging them up the palace steps, he cried, "Now we're on the steps of Heaven and shall soon be in the vestibule." But on getting upstairs he shoved the sack into the pigeon-loft, and when the pigeons fluttered, he said, "Hear how the angels are rejoicing and beating their wings." Then he shot the bolt and went away.

The next morning he betook himself to the count and told him that he had solved the third task, too, and had abducted the rector and the verger from the church. "Where did you leave them?" asked the lord. "They are in a sack up in the pigeon-loft and imagine they are in Heaven." The count climbed up himself and convinced himself that the thief had told the truth.

When he had freed the rector and the verger from their prison, he said, "You are an archthief and have won your case. This time you're getting off with a whole skin, but see to it that you get out of my country; for if you set foot in it again, you may count on your elevation to the gallows." The archthief took leave of his parents, again went into the wide world, and nobody has heard anything about him since.

193 The Drummer-Boy

Der Trommler

ONE EVENING a young drummer-boy was walking all alone in the country and came to a lake, on the shore of which he saw three pieces of white linen. "What fine linen!" he said, putting one of the pieces in his pocket. He went home, thought no more of his find, and went to bed. As he was about to fall asleep, he had the feeling that someone was calling him by name. He listened and heard a soft voice calling to him, "Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, wake up!" Since it was pitch-black night, he couldn't see anybody, but it seemed to him that a form was moving up and down in front of his bed. "What do you want?" he asked. The voice answered, "Give me back my shift that you took from me this

evening by the lake." "You'll get it back," said the drummer, "if you'll tell me who you are." "Alas!" replied the voice, "I am the daughter of a mighty king, but I have fallen into the power of a witch and have been banished to the Glass Mountain. Every day my two sisters and I must bathe in the lake, but without my shift I can't fly away again. My sisters have gone off, but I have had to stay behind. Give me back my shift, I beg you." "Don't worry, poor child," said the drummer. "I'll gladly give it back to you." He fetched it out of his pouch and handed it to her in the dark. She seized it hastily and was about to depart with it. "Wait a moment," he said; "perhaps I can help you." "You can help me only if you climb the Glass Mountain and free me from the power of the witch. But you won't get to the Glass Mountain, and even if you were quite near it, you couldn't get up it." "What I want to do, I can do," said the drummer. "I'm sorry for you and am afraid of nothing. Only I don't know the way to the Glass Mountain." "The way goes through the great forest where the cannibals live," she answered. "I may not tell you anything more." Thereupon he heard her whirring away.

At daybreak the drummer-boy got up, slung his drum over his shoulder, and fearlessly went straight into the forest. After walking a while and seeing no giant, he thought, "I must rouse the sleepyheads," pulled his drum around, and beat a roll on it, so that the birds flew up from the trees with loud cries. Before long a giant who had been lying asleep in the grass raised himself up; he was as tall as a fir tree. "You little creature," he called to him, "why are you drumming here and waking me out of the best part of my sleep?" "I'm drumming," he answered, "because many thousands of people are coming behind me and I am showing them the way." "What do they want here in my forest?" asked the giant. "They want to make an end of you and purge the forest of monsters like you." "Aha!" said the giant, "I'll trample you all to death like so many ants." "Do you think that you can do anything to them?" said the drummer. "If you bend over to seize one, he'll jump away and hide. When, on the other hand, you lie down and go to sleep, they'll come out of every bush and creep up on you. Each has a steel hammer in his belt and will beat in your skull with it." The giant got annoyed and thought, "If I get involved with these clever people, it might, indeed, work out badly for me. I can strangle wolves and bears, but I

don't know how to protect myself against earthworms. Listen, little chap," he said, "you withdraw, and I promise you that in the future I shall leave you and your companions in peace. And if you want anything else, just tell me, and I'll gladly do you a favor." "You've got long legs," said the drummer, "and can walk faster than I. Carry me to the Glass Mountain, and then I'll give my people a signal to retire, and this time they will leave you in peace." "Come here, worm," said the giant. "Sit on my shoulder, and I'll carry you to where you ask to go." The giant lifted him up, and up there the drummer began to roll his drum to his heart's content. The giant thought, "That will be the signal for the rest to retire." After a time a second giant appeared on the road; he took the drummer-boy from the first giant and put him in his button-hole. The drummer seized the button that was as large as a bowl, held on to it, and looked all around most cheerfully. Then they came to a third who took him out of the button-hole and set him on the brim of his hat. Up there the drummer walked back and forth and looked out over the trees, and on spying a mountain in the blue distance thought, "That is surely the Glass Mountain." And so it was. The giant took just a few more steps and they had reached the foot of the mountain. There the giant set him down. The drummer demanded he carry him to the peak of the Glass Mountain, but the giant shook his head, growled something to himself, and went back into the forest.

Now the poor drummer-boy was in front of the mountain; it was as high as if three mountains had been piled on top of one another and was as smooth as a mirror, withal. Nor did he know how to get up it. He began to climb, but in vain; he kept slipping down again. "Were one only a bird," he thought. But what good did wishing do him? He didn't grow any wings. As he was standing thus and not knowing what to do, he saw not far off two men who were quarreling furiously with one another. He went up to them and saw that they were in disagreement over a saddle lying on the ground in front of them, which each of them wanted. "What fools you are!" he said. "You're fighting over a saddle and haven't a horse for it." "The saddle is worth fighting for," answered one of the men. "Whoever sits in it and wishes himself anywhere, even to the end of the world, will be there the instant he has uttered his wish. The saddle belongs to us jointly; it's my turn to ride it, but the other man won't agree to

it." "I'll soon settle the quarrel," said the drummer, went off a distance, and stuck a white stake in the ground. Then he came back and said, "Now run toward the goal. The first one there will ride first." Both set off at a trot, but scarcely were they a few paces away when the drummer swung onto the saddle, wished himself onto the Glass Mountain, and before you could say Jack Robinson, was there.

Up on the mountain was a plateau on which stood an old stone house, and outside the house was a big fishpond, and behind it a dark forest. He saw neither man nor beast; all was still but for the rustling of the wind in the trees and the clouds drifting by, quite close by over his head. He went to the door and knocked. When he had knocked for the third time, an old woman with a brown face and red eyes opened it. She had glasses on her long nose and looked at him sharply, then asked what he wanted. "Admission, food, and a night's lodging," answered the drummer-boy. "That you shall have," said the old woman, "provided you will perform three tasks in return." "Why not?" he answered. "I'm not afraid of any work, even if it's ever so hard." The old woman let him in, gave him food, and at night a good bed. In the morning when he had had a good long sleep, the old woman took a thimble from her withered finger, handed it to the drummer, and said, "Now get to work and ladle out the pond there with this thimble. But you must be finished before night, and all the fish that are in the water must be sorted out according to their kind and size and laid side by side." "That's a strange task," said the drummer, went, however, to the pond and began to ladle. He ladled all morning, but what can one do with a thimble in the case of a big body of water, even if one ladles for a thousand years? When it was noon, he thought, "It's all no use and it's all one whether I work or whether I don't," stopped and sat down. Then a girl came out of the house and, setting down a basket of food for him, said, "You're sitting there so sad. What is the matter with you?" He looked at her and saw that she was exceedingly beautiful. "Alas!" he said, "I can't accomplish the first task. How will it be with the others? I set out to seek a king's daughter who is supposed to be living here, but I haven't found her. I'm going to move on." "Stay here," said the girl. "I'll help you out of your difficulty. You're tired. Lay your head in my lap and go to sleep. When you wake up again, the work will be done." The

drummer didn't have to be told twice. As soon as his eyes were closed, she gave a wishing-ring a twist, saying, "Water up, fish out." Immediately the water rose up like a white mist and moved off with the other clouds, and the fish came up with a smacking noise, leapt ashore, and lay down beside one another, each according to its size and kind.

When the drummer awoke, he saw to his astonishment that everything was finished, but the girl said, "One of the fish isn't lying with its own kind but is quite by itself. When the old woman comes this evening and sees that everything has been done as she required, she will ask, 'What is this fish doing by itself?' Then throw the fish in her face and say, 'That's for you, old witch.'" In the evening the old woman came, and when she put her question, he threw the fish in her face. She acted as if she didn't notice it and kept still, though giving him a malicious look.

The next morning she said, "You had it too easy yesterday. I must set you a harder task. Today you must chop down the whole forest, split the wood into logs and cord it, and it must all be done by evening." She gave him an ax, a mallet, and two wedges, but the ax was of lead, the mallet and wedges of tin. When he began to chop, the ax-edge turned and the mallet and wedges collapsed. He didn't know what to do, but at noon the girl again came with the food and comforted him. "Lay your head in my lap," she said, "and go to sleep. When you wake up, the work will be done." She gave her wishing-ring a twist, and at that moment the whole forest collapsed with a crash, the wood split itself and piled itself in cords. It was as if invisible giants had accomplished the task. When he awoke, the girl said, "See, the wood is corded and piled; there's just one odd branch, and when the old woman comes this evening and asks what about it, give her a blow with it and say, 'That's for you, you witch.'" The old woman came. "See," she said, "how easy the work was. But for whom is that branch there?" "For you, you witch," he answered and gave her a blow with it. But she acted as if she didn't feel it, laughed mockingly, and said, "Early tomorrow you're to pile all the wood into one pile, set fire to it, and burn it up."

He got up at daybreak and began to fetch the wood. But how can a single person gather up a whole forest? He made no progress with the work. However, the girl didn't forsake him in his

need. At noon she brought him his food, and when he had eaten, he laid his head in her lap and went to sleep. On waking up, he saw the whole pile of wood burning in one huge flame that was sending out its tongues as high as the sky. "Listen to me," said the girl. "When the witch comes, she will impose all sorts of tasks upon you. Do without fear what she demands; in that way she can't do anything to you. If, however, you're afraid, the fire will seize you and consume you. Finally, when you've done everything, seize her with both hands and throw her right into the fire." The girl went away, and the old woman came creeping up. "Myl I'm freezing," she said, "but there's a fire! It's burning, it warms my old bones, I'll be comfortable there. But there's a log over there that won't burn; pull it out for me. Once you've done that, you'll be free and can go where you please. Go right into the fire!" The drummer didn't think long and jumped into the middle of the flames. They didn't harm him, however; in fact, couldn't even singe his hair. He brought out the log and put it down. Scarcely had the log touched the ground than it was transformed, and before him stood the beautiful girl who had helped him in his need, and from the silk garments, glittering like gold, that she had on, he saw plainly that she was the king's daughter. But the old woman laughed venomously and said, "You think you have her, but you haven't got her yet." She was on the point of attacking the girl and pulling her away when he laid hold of the old woman with both hands, lifted her up, and threw her into the blaze. The flames closed over her as if glad to consume a witch.

Then the king's daughter looked at the drummer-boy, and when she saw that he was a handsome youth and considered how he had risked his life to free her, she gave him her hand, saying, "You've risked everything for me, and I, too, shall do everything for you. Plight me your troth and you shall be my spouse. We're not lacking riches, we have plenty with what the witch has gathered together here." She took him into the house where stood chests and boxes filled with treasures. They left the gold and silver, taking only the jewels. They didn't want to stay any longer on the Glass Mountain. Then he said to her, "Sit by me on my saddle, and we'll fly down like birds." "I don't like the old saddle," she said. "I need only to give my wishing-ring a twist and we'll be home." "All right," answered the drummer, "then wish us outside the town gate."

They were there in a flash, but the drummer said, "I want first to go to my parents and tell them the news. Wait for me out here in the country; I'll be back shortly." "O dear!" said the king's daughter, "I beg you to be on your guard. When you get there, don't kiss your parents on the right cheek, otherwise you'll forget everything, and I'll be left alone and forsaken in the fields." "How can I forget you?" he said and gave her his hand on it to return very soon. When he entered his father's house, he had so changed that no one knew who he was, for the three days that he had spent on the Glass Mountain had been three long years. Then he made himself known, and his parents fell on his neck for joy, and his heart was so moved that he kissed them on both cheeks, not thinking of the girl's words. When, however, he had given them a kiss on the right cheek, all thought of the king's daughter left him. He emptied out his pockets and put handfuls of the biggest jewels on the table. His parents had absolutely no idea what to do with the fortune. Then his father built a splendid mansion with gardens, woods, and meadows around about it, as if a prince were going to reside in it. And when it was finished, his mother said, "I have found a girl for you; the wedding will take place in three days." The son was agreeable to everything his parents wished.

The poor king's daughter stayed for a long time outside the town waiting for the youth's return. When evening came, she said, "He surely kissed his parents on the right cheek and forgot me." With heart full of grief she wished herself into a lonely forest hut and didn't want to return to her father's court. Every evening she went into town and walked past his house. He saw her sometimes but no longer recognized her. Finally she heard the people say, "His wedding will be celebrated tomorrow." Then she said, "I shall try and see if I may win back his heart." When the first day of the wedding festival was celebrated, she gave her wishing-ring a twist and said, "A gown as brilliant as the sun." Forthwith the gown lay before her, glistening as if woven of sheer sunbeams. When all the guests had assembled, she entered the hall. Everybody marvelled at the beautiful gown, especially the bride, and since beautiful clothes were the latter's greatest delight, she went to the stranger and asked if she would sell it to her. "Not for money," she answered, "but if I may keep watch this first night outside the door of the bridegroom's bedroom, I'll give it away." The bride was unable to restrain her desire and

agreed, but she mixed a sleeping potion in the bridegroom's nightcap and as a result he fell into a deep sleep. Now when all was quiet, the king's daughter crouched outside the bedroom door, opened it a little, and called in,

"Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!
Have you quite forgotten me?
Didn't you sit beside me on the Glass Mountain?
Didn't I save your life from the witch?
Didn't you plight me your troth with your hand?
Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!"

But it was all in vain. The drummer-boy didn't wake up, and when morning came, the king's daughter had to depart again without having accomplished her purpose.

The second evening she gave her wishing-ring a twist and said, "A gown as silvery as the moon." When she appeared at the feast in the gown that was as delicate as moonlight, the bride's desire was again aroused, and in exchange for the gown she gave her permission to spend the second night, too outside the bedroom door. Then in the still of the night she called,

"Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!
Have you quite forgotten me?
Didn't you sit beside me on the Glass Mountain?
Didn't I save your life from the witch?
Didn't you plight me your troth with your hand?
Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!"

But the drummer-boy, drugged by the sleeping potion, was not to be awakened. In the morning she returned again sadly to her forest hut. The servants, however, had heard the strange girl's lament and told the bridegroom about it. They also told him that he had not been able to hear because they had poured a sleeping potion into his wine.

On the third evening the king's daughter gave the wishing-ring a twist and said, "A gown twinkling like stars." When she appeared in it at the feast, the bride was quite beside herself over the splendor of the gown, which far surpassed the others, and said, "I shall and must have it." The girl gave it to her, like the others, in exchange for leave to spend the night outside the bridegroom's door. The bridegroom, however, didn't drink the

wine they gave him before going to sleep but poured it out behind his bed. When everything in the house was still, he heard a voice calling softly to him,

"Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!
Have you quite forgotten me?
Didn't you sit beside me on the Glass Mountain?
Didn't I save your life from the witch?
Didn't you plight me your troth with your hand?
Drummer-boy, drummer-boy, listen to me!"

Suddenly his memory returned. "Alas!" he cried, "how could I have acted so faithlessly! But the kiss, which out of the joy of my heart I gave my parents on their right cheeks, is to blame; it stupefied me." He leapt up, took the king's daughter by the hand, and led her to his parents' bedside. "This is my true bride," he said. "If I marry the other, I shall be doing a great wrong." His parents, on hearing how it had all come about, agreed. Then the candles in the hall were lighted again, kettle-drums and trumpets fetched, friends and relatives invited to return, and the true wedding was celebrated with great joy.

The first bride kept the beautiful gowns by way of amends and declared herself satisfied.

194 The Ear of Grain

Die Kornähre

IN DAYS OF YORE when God Himself still walked the earth, the land was much more fruitful than it is now. At that time the ears of grain yielded not fifty or sixtyfold but four or five hundredfold. Then the grains grew on the stalks from top to bottom; the ear was as long as the stalk. But people being what they are, as a result of superabundance they cease having any regard for the blessings that flow from God and become indifferent and heedless.

One day a woman was passing a field of rye, and her little child, that was skipping along beside her, fell into a puddle and soiled her dress. Then the mother pulled off a handful of the fine ears and cleaned the dress with them. When the Lord, who was just walking by, saw that, He got angry and said, "From now on the stalks shall no longer bear ears: men no longer deserve that heavenly gift." The bystanders who heard that were frightened, fell on their knees, and implored Him to leave something on the stalk: even if they themselves didn't deserve it, at least for the innocent fowls that otherwise must starve. The Lord, anticipating their misery, had mercy and granted the request. So the ear was still left at the top of the stalk, the way it now grows.

195 The Grave-Mound

Der Grabhügel

A RICH FARMER was standing one day in his yard looking out at his fields and orchards. The grain was growing vigorously, the fruit trees hung heavy with fruit. Last year's grain was still in such huge piles in the loft that the beams could scarcely support it. Then he went into the stable: there stood the well-fed oxen, the fat cows, and sleek horses. Finally, he went into his living room and cast a glance at the iron boxes in which his money was. As he was standing there surveying his wealth, there was suddenly a violent knocking beside him. The knocking was not, however, on his living-room door, but rather on the door of his heart. The door opened, and he heard a voice speaking to him, "Have you also been good to your own people? Have you looked out for the needs of the poor? Have you shared your bread with the hungry? Were you satisfied with what you had, or have you always been wanting more?" Without hesitation his heart answered, "I've been hard and inexorable and have never done anything kind to my own people. When a poor man appeared, I would avert my eyes. I've not bothered about God, rather thought only of increasing my wealth. Had everything under heaven

been mine, I still should not have had enough." On hearing this answer, he was terribly frightened. His knees began to shake and he had to sit down.

Again there was a knocking, but the knock was on his living-room door. It was his neighbor, a poor man, who had a great number of children whose hunger he could no longer satisfy. "I know," thought the poor man, "my neighbor is rich, but he is equally hard-hearted. I don't think he will help me, but my children are crying for bread, so I'll risk it." To the rich man he said, "You don't give any of your things away very readily, but I stand here like a man in water that is rising to his head: my children are hungry. Lend me seventy-five bushels of grain." The rich man looked at him for a long time; then the first ray of charity began to melt a drop of the ice of greed. "I won't lend you seventy-five bushels," he answered, "but I'll make you a present of a hundred and fifty. You must, however, fulfill one condition." "What am I to do?" said the poor man. "When I am dead, you are to mount watch by my grave for three nights." The poor man had an eerie feeling about the proposal but in his immediate distress he would have agreed to anything. So he assented and carried the grain home.

It was as if the rich man had foreseen what would happen. Three days later he suddenly dropped to the ground dead. Nobody knew exactly how it came about, but no one mourned him. When he was buried, the poor man remembered his promise. He would gladly have been released from it but thought, "Just the same, he showed himself charitable toward you. You satisfied your hungry children with his grain and, in any event, have made a promise and must keep it." As night came on, he went to the churchyard and sat down on a grave-mound. All was still. Only the moon shone down on the mounds and from time to time an owl would fly by, sounding its plaintive notes. When the sun rose, the poor man betook himself home safe and sound, and the second night likewise passed quietly.

On the evening of the third day he felt particularly apprehensive, felt as if still something was impending. When he got out there, he saw on the wall of the churchyard a man whom he had never seen before. The latter was no longer young, his face was pockmarked, and his eyes roved with a sharp and fiery glance. He was quite covered with an old cloak, and only big riding-

boots were visible. "What are you looking for here?" the farmer said to him. "Don't you feel creepy in the lonely churchyard?" "I'm not looking for anything," he answered, "but neither am I afraid of anything. I'm like the boy who went out to learn fear [No. 4], tried in vain, but won the king's daughter and with her great riches. However, I have always stayed poor; I'm nothing but a discharged soldier and am going to spend the night here because I have no other shelter." "If you're not afraid of anything," said the farmer, "then stay with me and help me watch the grave-mound yonder." "Mounting watch is a soldier's business," he answered. "Whatever we encounter here, good or bad, we'll share in common." The farmer agreed, and they sat down together on the grave.

Up to midnight all was quiet, then suddenly a piercing whistle sounded in the air, and both watchmen saw the Evil One standing before them in the flesh. "Be gone, you scoundrels," he called out to them. "The man who is lying in the grave is mine. I'm going to take him away, and if you don't get out, I'll wring your necks." "You, sir, with the red feather," said the soldier, "you're not my captain. I don't have to obey you and I have not yet learned fear. Get along with you; we're staying here." "Your best way of catching the two raggamuffins," thought the Devil, "is with gold," struck a softer note, and in a more friendly tone asked if they wouldn't accept a purse of gold and go home with it. "That's something worth considering," answered the soldier, "but one purse of gold won't do us. If you'll give us as much gold as will go into one of my boots there, we'll clear the field and withdraw." "I haven't that much on me," said the Devil, "but I'll fetch it. There's a money-changer in the neighboring town who's a good friend of mine; he'll gladly advance me that much." When the Devil had vanished, the soldier, taking off his left boot, said, "We'll certainly fool the charcoal burner. Just give me your knife, friend." He cut the sole off the boot and set it up in the tall grass beside the mound on the edge of a half-overgrown pit. "Well, everything is ready," he said. "Now let the chimney-sweep come."

They both sat down and waited. Before long the Devil came and had a little bag of gold in his hand. "Just pour it in," said the soldier, lifting the boot up a bit. "It won't be enough, however." The Black Fellow emptied the little bag; the gold went

through, and the boot remained empty. "Stupid Devil," cried the soldier, "that's not what's wanted! Didn't I just tell you? Just go back and get more." The Devil shook his head, went and an hour later came with a much bigger bag under his arm. "Just pour it in," cried the soldier, "though I doubt if the boot will be full." The gold jingled as it fell, and the boot remained empty. With his fiery eyes the Devil looked in himself and assured himself that it was true. "You've got disgustingly big calves," he cried and made a wry face. "Did you think," replied the soldier, "that I had a club foot like you? How long have you been so stingy? See to it that you fetch more gold, or else our bargain won't come to anything." The fiend trotted off again. This time he stayed away longer, and when he finally appeared, he was puffing under the burden of a sack that was on his shoulder. He shook it into the boot, but the boot was no fuller than before. He became furious and was about to tear the boot out of the soldier's hand, but at that moment the first ray of the rising sun pierced the sky, and the Evil Spirit fled, shrieking loudly. The poor soul was saved.

The farmer wanted to share the gold, but the soldier said, "Give my share to the poor. I'll move in with you in your cottage, and we'll live on the rest in peace and quiet as long as it pleases God."

196 Old Rink-Rank

Old Rinkrank

THERE WAS ONCE A KING who had a daughter, and he had a glass mountain made and said that whoever could run over it without falling should marry his daughter. There was a man who was so fond of the king's daughter that he asked the king if he might not have his daughter. "Yes," said the king, "if you can run over the mountain without falling, you shall have her." The king's daughter said that she'd run over it with him and pick him up,

should he fall. Then they ran over it together, and when they were halfway up, the king's daughter slipped and fell, and the glass mountain opened up, and she dropped down into it. The bridegroom couldn't see where she had gone through because the mountain had closed up again immediately. Then he wept and wailed bitterly, and the king was very sad, too. He had the mountain broken open and thought he'd get her out again, but no one could find the place where she had fallen down.

Meanwhile the king's daughter came to a great cavern deep down in the earth. There an old man with a very long grey beard came toward her and said, if she would be his maid-servant and do everything he ordered, that she would remain alive, otherwise he would kill her. Then she did everything he said. Mornings he'd take his ladder out of his pouch and set it up against the mountain and climb out of the mountain on it; then he'd pull the ladder up after him. She had to cook his food, make his bed, and do all his housework, and when he got back home, he would always bring a lot of gold and silver with him. When she had been with him for many years and had already grown quite old, he called her Mistress Mansrot, and she had to call him Old Rink-Rank. Once when he was out, she made his bed, washed his dishes, and then closed all the doors and windows tight. There was a sort of hatch where the light shone in which she left open. When Old Rink-Rank came back, he knocked at his door and called, "Mistress Mansrot, open the door for me." "No," she said, "I won't open the door for you, Old Rink-Rank." Then he said,

"Here I stand, poor Rink-Rank,
On my seventeen long legs,
On my one gilded foot.
Mistress Mansrot, wash my dishes!"

"I've already washed your dishes," she said. Then again he said,

"Here I stand, poor Rink-Rank,
On my seventeen long legs,
On my one gilded foot.
Mistress Mansrot, make my bed!"

"I've already made your bed," she said. Then he again said,

"Here I stand, poor Rink-Rank,
On my seventeen long legs,

On my one gilded foot.
Mistress Mansrot, open the door for me!"

Then he went all around his house and saw that the little hatch was open and thought, "Just the same, you're going to take a look inside and see what on earth she is doing there and why she won't open the door for you." Then he wanted to look in through it but couldn't get his head through because of his long beard, so he stuck his beard in first through the hatch. When he had his beard through, Mistress Mansrot went and closed the hatch tight with the cord that she had tied to it, and his beard was held fast in it. Then he began to weep and wail, because it hurt him so, and he begged her to set him free again. She said that she wouldn't until he gave her the ladder he had climbed out of the mountain with. Then willy-nilly he had to tell her where the ladder was. She tied a very long rope to the hatch, then set up the ladder and climbed out of the mountain, and on reaching the top opened the hatch.

Then she went to her father and related all that had happened to her. The king rejoiced greatly, and her bridegroom was still there. They went and dug up the mountain and in it found Old Rink-Rank with all his gold and silver. Then the king had Old Rink-Rank put to death and took along all his gold and silver. Then the king's daughter married her former bridegroom, and they lived contentedly in splendor and joy.

197 The Crystal Sphere

Die Kristallkugel

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an enchantress. She had three sons who loved each other as brothers do, but the old woman didn't trust them and thought they wanted to rob her of her power. So she changed the eldest into an eagle: he had to live on a rocky mountain and was sometimes seen swooping

up and down in the sky in great circles. The second she changed into a whale: he lived in the depths of the sea and was only seen when on occasion he spouted a mighty jet of water into the air. Both had their human forms for only two hours each day. The third son, fearing that she might transform him, too, into a beast of prey, say, into a bear or a wolf, went away secretly. He had heard that there was a princess in the Castle of the Golden Sun who was awaiting redemption. Everyone had to risk his life in the matter. Already twenty-three youths had died in a miserable death and only one might still try—then no more might ever come. Since his heart was fearless, he made the decision to seek the Castle of the Golden Sun.

He had already been wandering about for a long time without being able to find it when he got into a big forest and didn't know how to get out of it. Suddenly he saw in the distance two giants who waved their hands at him and, when he got up to them, said, "We're fighting over a hat, over whom it shall belong to, and since we are both equally strong, neither can overpower the other. Little humans are cleverer than we, so we want to leave the decision to you." "How can you be fighting over an old hat?" said the youth. "You don't know its property. It's a wishing-hat: whoever puts it on can wish himself where he will and instantly he's there." "Give me the hat," said the youth. "I'll walk off a short distance, and when I call you, you race each other, and it will belong to whoever reaches me first." He put on the hat and walked away, was thinking, however, about the king's daughter, forgot the giants, and kept walking on. Once he sighed from the bottom of his heart and cried, "Alas! were I only at the Castle of the Golden Sun!" and scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he was standing on a high mountain outside the castle gate.

He entered and walked through all the rooms until in the last he found the king's daughter. But how terrified he was when he saw her: her face was ashen grey and full of wrinkles; she had bleary eyes and red hair. "Are you the king's daughter whose beauty the whole world is praising?" he cried. "Alas!" she replied, "this is not my true form. Human eyes can only view me in this ugliness, but that you may know what I am

like, just look in the mirror that can't be wrong. It will give you a picture of me as I really am." She put the mirror in his hand, and in it he saw the image of the most beautiful maiden in the world and noticed tears running down her cheeks from grief. Then he said, "How can you be freed? I fear no danger." "Whoever gets the Crystal Sphere," she said, "and holds it before the wizard will thereby break his power, and I shall return to my true form. Alas!" she added, "so many a man has already gone to his death on account of this. And you, young lad, will move me to pity if you take these grave risks." "Nothing can stop me," he said. "But tell me what I must do." "You shall know all," said the king's daughter. "When you go down the mountain on which the castle stands, down there by a spring will be a wild bison, with which you will have to fight. If you succeed in killing it, a fiery bird will rise up out of it, bearing in its body a glowing egg, and the Crystal Sphere is inside the egg by way of a yolk. It won't drop the egg, however, until forced to. Yet, if the egg falls on the ground, it will take fire and burn everything near it, and the egg itself will melt and with it the Crystal Sphere, and all your trouble will have been in vain."

The youth went down to the spring where the bison snorted and roared at him. After a long fight he thrust his sword into its body, and it sank to the ground. Instantly the fire bird rose up out of it and was about to fly away, but the youth's brother, the eagle, that was flying about in the clouds, swooped down on it, chased it to the sea, and struck it with its beak so that, hard pressed, it dropped the egg. The egg, however, didn't fall into the sea but on a fisherman's hut that was on the shore. The hut at once began to smoulder and was on the point of going up in flames when waves as high as a house rose in the sea, flowed over the hut, and put out the fire. The second brother, the whale, had swum past and forced up the water. When the fire was out, the youth looked for the egg and was lucky enough to find it. It had not yet melted, but from the sudden cooling by the cold water the shell was crumbled to pieces, and he was able to take out the Crystal Sphere undamaged.

When the youth went to the wizard and held the Crystal Sphere in front of him, the latter said, "My power is de-

stroyed, and from now on you are king of the Castle of the Golden Sun. At the same time you can also give your brothers back their human forms." Then the youth hastened to the king's daughter, and as he entered her room, there she stood in the full radiance of her beauty, and both joyfully exchanged rings.

198 Lady Madelaine

Jungfrau Maleen

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a king. He had a son who was wooing the daughter of a mighty king; her name was Lady Madelaine and she was exceedingly beautiful. Because her father wanted to marry her to someone else, she was refused him. But since the couple loved each other with all their hearts, they would not give one another up, and Lady Madelaine said to her father, "I neither can nor will take anybody else as my husband." Then her father flew into a rage and had a dark tower built, into which not a ray of the sun or the moon entered. When it was finished, he said, "You are going to stay there for seven years; then I shall come and see if your stubborn spirit is broken."

Food and drink sufficient for seven years was brought to the tower; then she and her maid-in-waiting were led in and walled up and thus cut off from heaven and earth. There they sat in the dark, not knowing when day broke or night fell. The king's son often walked around the tower, calling her name, but no sound penetrated the thick walls from without. What else could they do but lament and complain? Meanwhile, time passed and by the decrease in the amount of food and drink, they realized that the seven years were nearing their end. They thought that the moment of their deliverance had come, but no blow of hammer was heard and no stone fell out of the wall. It seemed as if her father had forgotten her. When they had food for a short time only and foresaw

a miserable death, Lady Madelaine said, "We must seek one last resort and see if we can't break a hole in the wall." She took the bread knife, dug and bored in the mortar of a stone, and when she was tired, the maid-in-waiting relieved her. After working a long time they succeeded in getting one stone out, then a second and third, and at the end of three days the first ray of light penetrated their darkness. Finally the opening was large enough for them to be able to look out. The sky was blue, and a fresh breeze met them, but how desolate everything about looked! Her father's castle lay in ruins, the town and villages, as far as the eye could reach, were burned down, the fields ravaged far and wide; there wasn't a sign of a human being. When the opening in the wall was large enough for them to slip through, the maid-in-waiting jumped down first and then Lady Madelaine followed. But whither should they turn? The enemy had laid waste the whole realm, driven the king away, and slain all the inhabitants. They wandered on in search of another land, but nowhere did they find shelter or a person to give them a morsel of bread. Their need was so dire that they had to satisfy their hunger on a nettle plant. When after a long journey they reached another land, they everywhere offered their services, but wherever they knocked, they were turned away, and nobody would take pity on them. Finally they reached a big city and went to the royal court. Yet even there they were told to move on, until at last the chef said they might stay in the kitchen and serve as kitchen maids.

The son of the king in whose realm they found themselves was, however, none other than Lady Madelaine's betrothed. His father had decided on another bride for him who was as ill-favored of face as she was evil of heart. The date of the wedding was set, and the bride had already arrived; but because of her great ugliness she let no one see her and shut herself up in her chamber. Lady Madelaine had to bring her her food from the kitchen. When the day came that the bride was to go to church with the bridegroom, she was ashamed of her ugliness and feared she would be mocked and ridiculed by the people if she showed herself on the street. Then she said to Lady Madelaine, "You have a piece of great good fortune in store: I have turned my ankle and can't walk very

well on the street; you shall put on my bridal robes and take my place. You can have no greater honor." Lady Madelaine, however, declined, saying, "I ask for no honor that is not my due." There was no use, either, for her to offer her gold. Finally she said angrily, "If you don't obey me, it will cost you your life. I only need to say one word and your head will lie at your feet." Then she had to obey and put on the bride's magnificent robes and also her jewels. When she entered the royal hall, everybody marveled at her great beauty, and the king said to his son, "This is the bride I have chosen for you and whom you are to take to church." The bridegroom was astonished and thought, "She looks like my Lady Madelaine, and I would think it really was she, but she's long been prisoner in the tower, or else she is dead." He took her by the hand and led her to church. By the wayside was a nettle plant, and she said,

"Nettle plant, nettle plant so small,
Why are you here alone?
I have known the time
When I've eaten you unboiled,
Eaten you unroasted."

"What are you saying there?" asked the king's son. "Nothing," she answered, "I was just thinking about Lady Madelaine." He was surprised that she knew of the latter but remained silent. When they came to the footbridge before the churchyard, she said,

"Church bridge, don't break!
I'm not the true bride."

"What are you saying there?" asked the king's son. "Nothing," she answered, "I was just thinking about Lady Madelaine." "Do you know Lady Madelaine?" "No," she answered, "how should I know her? I've merely heard about her." When they reached the church door, again she said,

"Church door, don't break!
I'm not the true bride."

"What are you saying there?" he asked. "Oh," she answered, "I just thought about Lady Madelaine." Then he took out a

precious ornament, put it around her neck, and clasped the links of the chain. Then they entered the church, and the priest joined their hands before the altar and married them. He led her back, but she didn't say a word the whole way. When they got back to the royal palace, she hastened to the bride's chamber, took off the magnificent robes and the jewels, and put on her grey smock, keeping only the neck ornament that she had received from the bridegroom.

When night came and the bride was to be led into the room of the king's son, she dropped a veil over her face so that he shouldn't notice the deception. As soon as everybody had left, he said, "What did you really say to the nettle plant that was by the wayside?" "What nettle?" she asked. "I don't talk to nettles." "If you didn't do it, then you're not the true bride," he said. She got out of the difficulty by saying,

"I must go out to my maid
Who is keeper of my thoughts."

She went out and screamed at Lady Madelaine, "Hussy, what did you say to the nettle?" "I only said,

"Nettle plant, nettle plant so small,
Why are you alone there?
I've known the time
When I've eaten you unboiled,
Eaten you unroasted.'"

The bride ran back to the room and said, "Now I know what I said to the nettle," and she repeated the words she had just heard. "But what did you say to the church bridge as we walked over it?" asked the king's son. "The church bridge?" she answered. "I don't talk to church bridges." "In that case, too, you're not the true bride." Again she said,

"I must go out to my maid
Who is keeper of my thoughts,"

ran out and screamed at Lady Madelaine, "Hussy, what did you say to the church bridge?" "I only said,

'Church bridge, don't break!
I'm not the true bride.'"

"That will cost you your life," cried the bride, hurried into the room, however, and said, "Now I know what I said to the church bridge" and repeated the words. "But what did you say to the church door?" "The church door?" she answered. "I don't talk to church doors." "In that case, too, you are not the true bride." She went out and screamed at Lady Madelaine, "Hussy, what did you say to the church door?" "I only said,

'Church door, don't break!
I'm not the true bride.'

"That will break your neck," cried the bride and flew into the greatest rage, hurried back, however, into the room and said, "Now I know what I said to the church door" and repeated the words. "But where is the ornament I gave you at the church door?" "What ornament?" she answered. "You didn't give me an ornament." "I put it around your neck myself and clasped it myself. If you don't know that, then you are not the true bride." He pulled the veil from her face and, when he saw her utter ugliness, sprang back in fright, saying, "How did you get here? Who are you?" "I'm your betrothed bride, but because I was afraid that people would mock me if they saw me out there, I ordered the kitchen maid to put on my clothes and go to church in my stead." "Where is the girl?" he said, "I want to see her. Go bring her here!"

She went out and told the servants that the kitchen maid was an impostor and that they should take her down into the courtyard and strike off her head. The servants seized her and were about to drag her away, but she screamed so loud for help that the king's son heard her voice, hastened out of his room, and gave orders for the girl to be released at once. Lights were fetched, and then he noticed on her neck the gold ornament he had given her outside the church door. "You are the true bride," he said, "who went with me to church. Come with me to my room." When they were both alone, he said, "On the way to church you mentioned Lady Madelaine, who was my betrothed bride. If I thought it possible, I would be bound to think that she was standing before me: you resemble her in every way." "I am the Lady Madelaine," she answered, "who on your account spent seven years imprisoned in dark-

ness, suffered hunger and thirst, and lived that long time in distress and poverty. But today the sun is shining on me again. I was wedded to you in the church and am your rightful spouse." Then they kissed one another and were happy as long as they lived.

In requital the false bride's head was struck off.

The tower in which Lady Madelaine had spent seven years remained standing for a long time, and when the children would pass it, they would sing,

"Cling, clang, Gloria!
Who is in the tower?
A king's daughter is in it.
I can't manage to see her,
The wall won't break,
The stone won't split.
Johnny with the gay jacket,
Come follow after me!"

199 The Boot of Buffalo Leather

Der Stiefel von Büffelleder

A SOLDIER who is afraid of nothing worries about nothing, either.

Such a soldier had received his discharge, and since he had learned nothing and could earn nothing, he wandered about begging alms of kind people. From his shoulders hung an old storm coat, and he still had left a pair of riding boots of buffalo leather, too. One day he was walking along out into the country, paying no attention to highway or byway, and finally got into a forest. He didn't know where he was, saw, however, a man sitting on a felled tree trunk; the latter was well dressed and had on a green hunting jacket. The soldier gave him his hand, sat down on the grass beside him, and stretched out his legs. "I see you have on fine, highly polished

boots," he said to the huntsman. "But if you had to move about as I do, they wouldn't last long. Look at mine: they're of buffalo leather and have already seen long service, yet they hold out through thick and thin." After a while the soldier got up and said, "I can't stay any longer; hunger is driving me on. By the way, Brother Shiny-Boots, where is the way out of here?" "I don't know myself," answered the huntsman. "I've lost my way in the forest." "Then you're in the same fix as I," said the soldier. "Birds of a feather like to flock together. Let's stay together and look for the way." The huntsman smiled slightly, and they kept on together until nightfall. "We aren't getting out of the forest," said the soldier, "but I see a light flickering there in the distance. There'll be something to eat there."

They found a stone house, knocked on the door, and an old woman opened it. "We're looking for a night's lodging," said the soldier, "and a little lining for our stomachs, for mine is as empty as an old knapsack." "You can't stay here," answered the old woman. "It's a robber's den, and the smartest thing for you to do is to clear out before they come home; for if they find you, you'll be done for." "It won't be as bad as that," answered the soldier. "I haven't eaten a morsel for two days, and it's all one to me whether I perish here or die of hunger in the forest. I'm coming in." The huntsman didn't want to go with him, but the soldier pulled him along by the sleeve. "Come, dear brother, we won't be killed straight off." The old woman took pity and said, "Crawl behind the stove. If they leave anything over and go to sleep, I'll slip it to you."

Scarcely were they in the corner when the twelve robbers came storming in, sat down at the table that was already set, and violently demanded their meal. The old woman brought in a big roast, and the robbers enjoyed it thoroughly. As the odor of the food mounted to the soldier's nose, he said to the huntsman, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to sit down at the table and eat with them." "You'll be the death of us," said the huntsman and held him by the arm. But the soldier began to cough loudly. When the robbers heard that, they threw down their knives and forks, jumped up, and discovered the pair behind the stove. "Aha, gentlemen!" they said. "Sitting in the corner? What do you want here? Have you been sent out as spies? Wait! You're going to learn the art of flying on

a dry limb." "Just be polite," said the soldier. "I'm hungry. Give me something to eat. Afterward you may do with me as you like." The robbers were taken aback, and the leader said, "I see that you're not afraid. Good! You'll get food, but after that you must die." "We'll see about that," said the soldier, sat down at the table, and began to make a brave attack on the roast. "Brother Shiny-Boots, come and eat," he called out to the huntsman. "You're surely as hungry as I, and you can't get a better roast at home." But the huntsman wouldn't eat. The robbers eyed the soldier with astonishment and said, "The fellow doesn't stand on ceremony." Afterward he said, "The food was good, to be sure; now bring on something good to drink, too." The leader was in a mood to agree to this, too, and called to the old woman, "Bring a bottle from the cellar and be sure it's one of the best." The soldier drew the cork so that it popped, and went with the bottle to the huntsman, saying, "Pay attention, brother, and you'll see something perfectly extraordinary. Now I'm going to propose a toast to the whole gang." Then waving the bottle over the robbers' heads he cried, "To the health of you all! But mouths open and right hands up!" and he himself took a good swig. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when they were all sitting motionless as if made of stone, had their mouths open, and their right hands stretched up. The huntsman said to the soldier, "I see you can do still other tricks! But come now, let's go home." "Oho! dear brother, that would be marching off too soon. We've beaten the enemy; let's first collect the booty. They're fixed there and have their mouths open in amazement; they mayn't move, however, until I give permission. Come, eat and drink." The old woman had to fetch another bottle of the best wine, and the soldier didn't get up until he had sat there for three days more.

Finally, when the day came, he said, "Now is time for us to strike camp, and so that we may have a short march, the old woman must show us the nearest way to the city." On arriving there he went to his old comrades and said, "I've discovered a nest of gallows birds out there in the forest. Come along and we'll clean it out." The soldier led them and said to the huntsman, "You must come back with us and see how the birds flutter when we take them by their feet." He dis-

posed his men around the robbers, then took the bottle, drank a swig, waved it over them, calling, "To the health of you all!" At once they regained their power of motion but were thrown down and bound with cords hand and foot. Then the soldier ordered them thrown into a cart like so many sacks and said, "Now drive them to right outside the jail." The huntsman, however, took one of the men aside and gave him a further order besides.

"Brother Shiny-Boots," said the soldier, "we have succeeded in taking the enemy by surprise and have fed ourselves well. Now let's take it easy and march behind them like so many stragglers." As they neared the city, the soldier saw a lot of people crowding out of the city gate, raising loud cries of joy and waving green branches in the air. Then he saw the entire life guard coming up. "What does that mean?" he said to the huntsman, greatly astonished. "Don't you know," answered the latter, "that the king has been away from his kingdom for a long time. Today he's coming back, and there they are all going to meet him." "But where is the king?" said the soldier. "I don't see him." "Here he is," answered the huntsman. "I am the king and have had my arrival announced." Then he opened his hunting jacket so that one could see the royal clothes. The soldier was frightened, fell to his knees, and begged forgiveness for having in his ignorance treated him as an equal and for addressing him by such a name as Shiny-Boots. But the king gave him his hand, saying, "You're a good soldier and saved my life and you shall suffer no further privation. I shall look out for you, of course. And any time you want to eat a good piece of roast, as good as in the robbers' den, just come to the royal kitchen. But if you want to propose a toast, you must first obtain permission from me."

200 The Gold Key

Der goldene Schlüssel

ONCE IN THE WINTER TIME when the snow lay deep on the ground, a poor boy had to go out and fetch wood on a sled. When he had gathered the wood and loaded it on, because he was so terribly cold, he didn't wish to go straight home but wanted first to build a fire and warm himself a bit. Then he scuffed the snow away and, after thus clearing the ground, found a little gold key. Now he thought that where the key was, the lock must be, too. He dug in the ground and found an iron box. "If only the key fits!" he thought. "There are surely valuable things in the box." He looked, but there wasn't any keyhole; finally he discovered one, though so small that you would scarcely see it. He tried it, and happily the key fitted. Then he turned it once—and now we must wait until he has finished unlocking it and has opened the lid. Then we shall find out what wonderful things there were in the box.

**RELIGIOUS TALES CONCERNING
CHILDREN
KINDERLEGENDEN**

I Saint Joseph in the Forest

Der heilige Joseph im Walde

THERE WAS ONCE A MOTHER who had three daughters: the eldest was naughty and bad; the second really much better, though she, too, had her faults; but the youngest was a devout and good child. But the mother was so peculiar that she actually loved the eldest most and couldn't bear the youngest. Accordingly, she often sent the poor girl out into a big forest in order to get rid of her, for she thought that she might lose her way and never come back. However, the guardian angel that every devout child has didn't forsake her but always brought her back onto the right track.

On one occasion when this happened, the guardian angel made believe that it wasn't on hand, and the child couldn't find her way back out of the forest. She went on and on until it was evening. Then in the distance she saw a little light burning, hurried to it, and reached a small hut. She knocked, the door opened, and she came to a second door, where she knocked again. A venerable looking old man with a snow-white beard opened the door for her, and this was none other than Saint Joseph. He spoke in a most friendly manner, "Come, dear child, sit on my stool by the fire and warm yourself. I'll fetch you some clear water if you're thirsty, but out here in the forest I have nothing for you to eat but a few roots which you must first scrape and cook." Then Saint Joseph handed her the roots. The girl scraped them properly, then got out a bit of pancake and the bread which her mother had given her, put everything together in a kettle on the fire, and cooked herself a porridge. When it was ready, Saint Joseph said, "I'm so hungry. Give me some of your food." The child was quite willing and gave him more than she kept for herself, yet through the grace of God she had her fill. When they had eaten, Saint Joseph said, "Now let's go to bed. I have only one bed, however; you lie down in it, and I'll lie down on the ground in the straw." "No," she answered, "you stay right in your bed; the straw is soft enough for me." But Saint Joseph took the

child in his arms and put her in the bed; then she said her prayers and fell asleep. The next morning when she awoke, she wanted to bid Saint Joseph good-day but didn't see him. She got up and looked for him but could find him nowhere. At last she noticed behind the door a bag of money so heavy that she could barely carry it; on it was written "This is for the child that slept here last night." Then she took the bag and skipped off with it and got safely home to her mother, too. And because she gave her all the money, the mother couldn't but be satisfied with her.

The next day the second child also wanted to go into the forest. Her mother gave her a much bigger piece of pancake and bread as well. Now it fared with her exactly as with the first child. At night she came to the hut of Saint Joseph, who handed her roots for a porridge. When it was ready, he likewise said, "I'm so hungry. Give me some of your food." Then the child answered, "Eat along with me." Afterward, when Saint Joseph offered her his bed and was going to lie down in the straw, she answered, "No, lie down in the bed with me; there's plenty of room in it for us both, of course." Saint Joseph took the child in his arms, laid her in the bed and himself in the straw. In the morning when the child awoke and looked for Saint Joseph, he had vanished, but behind the door she found a little bag of money, as big as your fist, and on it was written "This is for the child that slept here last night." Then she took the little bag and ran home with it and brought it to her mother. However, she secretly kept a couple of pieces of money for herself.

Now the eldest daughter had grown curious and on the following morning likewise wanted to go into the forest. Her mother gave her pancakes to take along, as many as she wanted, also bread and cheese. In the evening she found Saint Joseph in his hut exactly as had the other two. When the porridge was ready and Saint Joseph said, "I'm hungry. Give me some of your food," the girl answered, "Wait till I have eaten my fill; then you shall have what I leave." She ate it almost all up, however, and Saint Joseph had to scrape the bowl. The kind old man then offered her his bed and was going to lie down in the straw. She accepted the offer without hesitation, lay down in the bed, and left the hard straw for the old man. The next morning when she awoke, Saint Joseph was not to be found. But she didn't worry about that: she looked behind the door for a bag of money. She

noticed something lying there, but because she couldn't really make it out, bent over and bumped her nose on it. But it stuck to her nose, and when she straightened up, she saw to her horror that it was a second nose that was sticking to her own. Then she began to scream and howl, but that did no good. She couldn't help looking at her nose which stuck out so far. Then she ran away crying until she met Saint Joseph; she fell at his feet and implored him until out of pity he removed the nose again and gave her two pennies besides.

When she got home, her mother was standing outside the door and asked, "What did you get as a present?" Then she lied and answered, "A big bag full of money, but I lost it on the way." "Lost it?" cried her mother. "Oh, we'll easily find it again," took her by the hand and was going to look for it. First the girl began to weep and didn't want to go along; finally, however, she went. But on the way so many lizzards and snakes attacked them both that they didn't know how to save themselves. At last, too, they stung the bad child to death and stung the mother in the foot for not having brought her up better.

2 The Twelve Apostles

Die zwölf Apostel

THREE HUNDRED YEARS before the birth of Our Lord Christ there lived a mother who had twelve sons, but was so poor and needy that she didn't know how to sustain life in them any longer. Daily she prayed God to grant that all her sons might be together on earth with the promised Saviour. Now as her plight grew worse and worse, she sent one after the other into the world to seek his daily bread. The eldest was named Peter. He went out and had already gone quite a way, a whole day's journey, when he got into a big forest. He tried to find a way out, but couldn't, and kept losing himself deeper and deeper in the forest. Besides, he got so hungry that he could scarcely stand up. Finally he became

so weak that he had to remain lying down and believed himself nigh unto death. Then suddenly a little boy was standing beside him, as radiant and fair and friendly as an angel. The child clapped his hands so that Peter couldn't help looking up at him. Then he said, "Why are you sitting there so sad?" "Alas!" answered Peter, "I'm going about the world seeking my daily bread so that I may still live to see the dear promised Saviour. That is my greatest wish." "Come with me," said the child, "and your wish will be fulfilled." He took poor Peter by the hand and led him between two cliffs to a big cave. As they entered, it was all sparkling with gold, silver, and crystal, and in the middle stood twelve cradles side by side. Then the little angel said, "Lie down in the first and sleep a bit; I'll rock you." Peter did so, and the angel sang to him and rocked him until he had gone to sleep. And as he slept, his second brother came, likewise led in by his guardian angel and, like the first, was rocked to sleep. And similarly came the others in succession, until all twelve were lying there in the gold cradles and sleeping. They slept three hundred years, however, until the night the Saviour of the World was born. Then they woke up and were with Him on earth and were called the Twelve Apostles.

3 The Rose

Die Rose

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR WOMAN who had two children. The youngest had to go every day into the forest and fetch wood. Once when it went very far in its search, a small but quite strong child came up to it and helped it diligently gather wood and even carried it up to the house; but before a second had passed it had vanished. The child told its mother, who at first wouldn't believe it. At last it brought along a rosebud and told how the fair child had given it to it and had told it that it would come back when the bud came out. The mother put the rosebud in water.

One morning the child didn't get out of bed; its mother went to the bed and found the child dead, but it was lying there very sweetly. The rose had come out that very morning.

4 Poverty and Humility Lead to Heaven

Armut und Demut führen zum Himmel

A KING'S SON was once out walking in the country and was pensive and sad. He looked at the heavens that were fair and pure and blue; then sighing, he said, "How fine one must feel when one is finally up there in Heaven!" Then he spied a poor grey-haired man who was coming along the way and addressing him, said, "How, indeed, can I get to Heaven?" "By poverty and humility," answered the man. "Put on my tattered clothes, wander about the world for seven years, and get to know its misery. Take no money, but when you are hungry, beg pitying hearts for a morsel of bread. Thus will you approach Heaven."

Then the king's son took off his splendid coat and in its stead put on a beggar's garb, went out in the wide world, and suffered great misery. He took only a little food, spoke not a word, but prayed the Lord one day to accept him into His Heaven.

When the seven years were up, he returned to his father's palace, but no one recognized him. To the servants he said, "Go tell my parents that I have come back," but the servants didn't believe it, laughed, and left him standing there. Then he said, "Go tell my brothers to come down. I should so like to see them again." They wouldn't do that either, until finally one of them went and told the king's children. The latter, however, didn't believe it and didn't bother about it. Then he wrote his mother a letter and in it described to her all his misery, though he didn't say that he was her son. Then out of pity for him the queen had him given a place under the stairs and had him brought food every day by two servants. One of these, however, was evil and said, "Why should the beggar get the good food?" and kept it for himself or gave it to the dogs, bringing the weak, emaciated

man only water. The other, on the contrary, was decent and brought him whatever he could get for him. It wasn't much, yet he was able to live on it for a time; he was quite patient about this until he kept getting weaker. But as his illness got worse, he asked to receive the Last Sacrament. When mass was half over, all the bells in the city and round about began to ring of themselves. After mass the priest went to the poor man under the stairs, but he was lying there dead, with a rose in one hand, a lily in the other, and beside him was a paper on which his story was written.

When he was buried, a rose grew up out of one side of the grave, a lily out of the other.

5 God's Food

Gottes Speise

THERE WERE ONCE TWO SISTERS: one had no children and was rich, the other had five, was a widow and so poor that she no longer had bread enough to satisfy herself and her children. Then in her plight she went to her sister and said, "My children and I are suffering the most extreme hunger. You are rich; give me a morsel of bread." The very rich woman was also stony-hearted and, saying "I myself have nothing in my house," dismissed the poor woman with angry words.

After a time the rich sister's husband came home and wanted to cut himself a piece of bread, but as he made the first cut in the loaf, red blood flowed out. When his wife saw that, she was frightened and told him what had happened. He hurried to his sister-in-law and was going to offer his help, but on entering the widow's living room, he found her praying. She had the two youngest children in her arms while the three eldest lay there dead. He offered her food, but she answered, "We are no longer asking for earthly food; God has already satisfied the hunger of three. He will harken to our supplication, too." Scarcely had she uttered these words when the two little ones drew their last breath, and then her heart, too, broke, and she sank down dead.

6 The Three Green Shoots

Die drei grünen Zweige

THERE WAS ONCE A HERMIT who lived in a forest at the foot of a mountain and spent his time in prayer and good works. Every evening he used to carry two pails of water up the mountain as an additional honor to God. Thus many an animal was watered and many a plant refreshed, for up on the heights a hard wind blows constantly, drying out the air and parching the soil, and the wild birds that shun man then soar high and with their keen eyes look for a drink. And because the hermit was so devout, an angel of God, visible to his eyes, used to walk up with him, count his steps, and when the work was done, bring him his food just as at God's command that prophet [Elijah] was fed by the ravens.

When the hermit in his piety had reached an advanced age, he once happened to see from afar a poor sinner being led to the gallows. To himself he said, "This man is now receiving his due." That evening as he was carrying the water up the mountain, the angel that usually accompanied him didn't appear, nor did he bring him his food. Then he got frightened, probed his heart, and reflected how he could have sinned to make God so angry. But he didn't know. Then he neither ate nor drank, threw himself on the ground and prayed day and night. Once as he was weeping bitterly in the forest, he heard a bird singing very beautifully and gloriously. Then he was even more distressed and said, "How joyously you're singing! The Lord isn't angry with you. Alas! if you could only tell me how I have offended Him that I might do penance and that my heart, too, might become joyous again." Then the bird began to speak and said, "You did wrong in condemning a poor sinner who was being led to the gallows; that is why the Lord is angry at you. He alone renders judgment. However, if you do penance and repent your sin, He will forgive you." Then the angel stood beside him with a dry branch in his hand and said, "You are to carry this dry branch

until three green shoots sprout out of it. And at night when you want to sleep, you are to lay it under your head. You are to beg your bread from door to door and stay no longer than one night in the same house. That is the penance the Lord imposes upon you."

Then the hermit took the piece of wood and returned to the world that he had not seen for so long. He ate and drank nothing but what was given him at people's doors. Many a request went unheeded and many a door remained closed to him, so that often he didn't get a crumb of bread for days on end. Once he'd been going from door to door from morning till night. Then he went out into the forest and found a habitable cave with an old woman sitting in it. "Good woman," he said, "receive me for tonight in your dwelling." But she answered, "No, I may not even if I would. I have three sons: they are wicked and savage, and if they return from their maraudings and find you, they would kill us both." Then the hermit said, "Just let me stay; they will do nothing to you and me." The woman took pity and let herself be persuaded. Then the man lay down under the stairs with the piece of wood under his head. On seeing that, the old woman asked the reason. Then he told her that he was carrying it about as penance and used it at night as a pillow. He had offended the Lord; for when he had seen a poor sinner on the way to his doom, he had said that the latter was receiving his due. Then the woman began to weep and cried, "Alas! if the Lord thus punishes a single word, how will it fare with my sons when they appear before Him in judgment."

At midnight the robbers came home, making a noise and uproar. They kindled a fire, and when it lighted up the cave and they saw a man lying under the stairs, they flew into a rage and yelled at their mother, "Who is that man? Haven't we forbidden you to take anybody in?" Then the mother said, "Leave him alone. He's a poor sinner who is atoning for his sin." "What did he do?" asked the robbers. "Old man!" they cried, "tell us about your sins." The old man got up and told them how by a single word he had indeed sinned so grievously that God was angry with him and that he was now atoning for this sin. The robbers' hearts were so moved by his narrative that they got frightened about their past life, rued it, and began their atonement with sincere repentance. After converting the three sinners, the hermit again

lay down to sleep under the stairs. In the morning, however, he was found dead and out of the dry branch on which his head lay three green shoots had grown way up. Thus the Lord had received him again into His favor.

7 Lady's Glass

Muttergottesgläschen

ONCE UPON A TIME a carter got his cart that was heavily loaded with wine mired so fast that in spite of every effort he couldn't get it out again. Now just then Our Lady came along and seeing the poor man's plight said to him, "I am tired and thirsty. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll get your cart out." "Gladly," said the carter, "but I have no glass to give you your wine in." Then Our Lady plucked a white flower with red stripes that is called bindweed and looks much like a glass, and handed it to the carter. He filled it with wine and Our Lady drank it. At that instant the cart was freed from the mire, and the carter could drive on.

The flower is still called lady's glass.

8 The Old Granny

Das alte Mütterchen

IN A BIG CITY an old granny was sitting one evening alone in her room. She was thinking all about how she had lost first her husband then her two children, by and by all her relatives, finally this very day even her last friend, and was now quite alone and forsaken. Then in her heart of hearts she grew sad, and so very

hard for her was the loss of her two sons that in her anguish she charged God with it.

She was sitting quietly thus, absorbed in her thoughts, when suddenly she heard the bells ringing for matins. She was surprised that she had kept awake grieving all night this way, lit her lantern, and went to church. When she got there, it was already lighted up, not, however, by the usual candles but by a dim light. Furthermore, it was already filled with people, and all seats were occupied. When the old woman got to her regular place, it, too, was no longer free, but the whole pew was packed full. And as she looked at the people, they were all dead relatives, sitting there in their old-fashioned clothes, but with pale faces. They neither spoke nor sang, yet a low hum and flutter was passing through the church. Then an aunt got up and said to the old woman, "Look toward the altar; you'll see your sons there." The old woman looked in that direction and saw her two children: one was hanging on the gallows, the other broken on a wheel. Then her aunt said, "See, that's what would have happened to them had they lived and had God not taken them to Himself as innocent children."

The old woman went home trembling and on her knees thanked God for having been kinder to her than she could have imagined. Three days later she lay down and died.

9 The Heavenly Wedding

Die himmlische Hochzeit

ONCE A POOR FARMER BOY heard the rector say in church, "Whoever wants to enter the Kingdom of Heaven must keep going straight ahead." So he set out and kept going, always straight ahead, without turning aside, over hill and dale. Finally his way took him to a big city and into the middle of the church where divine service was just being held. Now when he saw all the splendor, he thought he had now got to Heaven, sat down, and

rejoiced in his heart. When the service was over and the verger told him to go out, he answered, "No, I'm not going out again. I am happy to be in Heaven at last." Then the verger went to the rector and told him that there was a child in the church that wouldn't go out because he thought he was in the Kingdom of Heaven. "If he believes that," said the rector, "let's leave him there." Thereupon he went and asked the boy if he would also like to work. "Yes," answered the little chap, saying that he was used to work but wouldn't go out of Heaven again.

So he stayed in the church, and when he saw the people going to the image of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus carved in wood, saw them kneeling and praying, he thought, "That is the good Lord," and said, "Listen, good Lord, how thin you are! The people are surely letting you go hungry. However, I shall give you half my food every day." From then on he brought the image half his food, and the image began to enjoy the food, too. After a few weeks had passed, the people noticed that the image was taking on weight, getting plump and strong, and they marveled greatly. The rector couldn't understand it either, stayed in the church, and followed the little fellow. Then he saw the boy sharing his bread with Our Lady and her accepting it, too.

Sometime later the boy was taken ill and didn't leave his bed for eight days, but the first thing he did when he could get up again was to bring his food to Our Lady. The rector followed him and heard him say, "Good Lord, don't take it amiss that I didn't bring You anything for so long, but I was ill and couldn't get up." Then the image answered him, saying, "I have seen your good will, that is enough for me. Next Sunday you're to come with me to the Wedding." The boy looked forward to this and told the rector, who bade him go and ask the image if he might come along, too. "No," answered the image, "just you." The rector wanted to prepare him first and give him the sacrament. That was agreeable to the boy, and the following Sunday when the sacrament came to him, he fell over and was dead and had gone to the Eternal Wedding.

10 The Hazel Switch

Die Haselrute

ONE AFTERNOON the Christ Child had lain down in His cradle and gone to sleep. Then His mother stepped up, looked at Him joyfully and said, "Did you lie down to sleep, my child? Sleep peacefully, and meanwhile I shall go into the forest and get a handful of strawberries for you. I am sure You will like them when You wake up." Out in the forest she found a spot with the finest strawberries, but as she bent over to pick one, a serpent sprang up out of the grass. She was frightened, left the berry, and hurried off. The serpent darted after her, but Our Lady knew, as you may imagine, what to do: she hid behind a hazel bush and stayed there until the serpent had crawled away again. Then she gathered the berries and on the way home said, "Just as the hazel bush protected me this time, so in the future it shall also protect other people."

For this reason a green hazel switch has from time out of mind been the surest protection against serpents, snakes, and whatever creeps on the earth.

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